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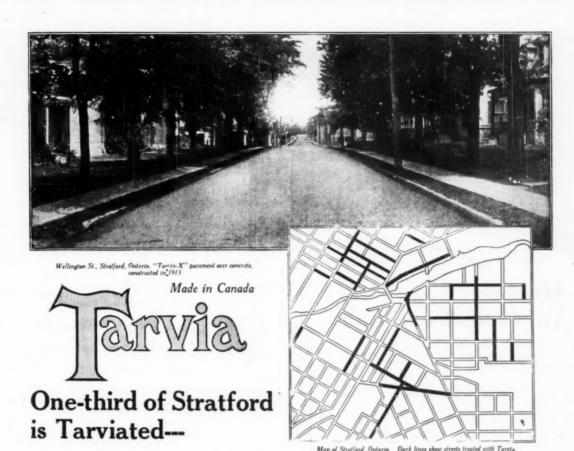
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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON, ENG., THE MACLEAN COMPANY, OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD., 88 FILEST STREET, E.C.

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 128 Bleury Street, Winnipeg, 127 Union Trust Building; New York, Rosen C.D., 121 Broadway; Chicago, 31 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 735 Old South Building.

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How We Improved Our Memory In One Evening The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones and His Wife



"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that before the evening is over."

And he did

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, iot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson I was surprised to find that I had learned—in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mis-

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York.

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I aiready had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to my mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feetbecause I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social exthering

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who know things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear any one in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real rame H. G. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, any one—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100 per cent, in a week and 1000 per cent, in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be

What the Course Did for Mrs. Jones

From what Mr. Jones tells us, the Roth Memory Course did just as wonderful things for Mrs. Jones. She became fascinated with the lessons the first evening she could get them away from her husband, and he is forced to admit that not only did she learn the magic

key words more quickly and easily than he did—but so did Genevieve, their twelve-year-old daughter.

But the fun of learning was only the beginning. In a few days Mrs. Jones was amazed to see how her newly acquired power to remember the countless things she had to remember simplified her life. The infinite details of housekeeping smoothed themselves out wonderfully. She was surprised how much more time she had for recreation—because she remembered time she had for recreation—because she remembered easily and automatically her many duties at the time they should be remembered. And when evening comes she missed much of the old "tired feeling" and was fresher than she had been in years.

At her club she became a leader because her fellow members could count on her to conduct club matters with a clear head and in orderly procedure.

In her social life Mrs. Jones began to win a popularity that she had never dreamed of attaining. The reason was easy to understand—because she never forgot a name or face once she was introduced—and this also made her a successful hostess—much to the wonder of her friends. In short, Mrs. Jones, in developing her own perfectly good memory, discovered a secret of success, not only in housekeeping, but in her social life.

Now we understand the Roth Memory Idea is going like wildfire among Mrs. Jones' friends—for she has let them into her secret.

Read the following letter from Mrs. Eleanor A. Phillips, State Chairman of the Tennessee Woman's Liberty Loan Committee:

"Enclosed please find cheque for \$5.00 for Memory Course forwarded me. This course, to my mind, is the most wonderful thing of its kind I have ever heard of, and comes to hand at a time when I need it greatly.

"As Chairman for the State of Tennessee for Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, it is very necessary for me to remember the names of thousands of women, and with the very little acquaintance I have had with your wonderful course I find my memory greatly strengthened. I feel sure that after having completed the course I will be able to know my women and the counties they are from the minute I see them."

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once, you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to improve your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Publishers of The Independent Weekly Dept. R-33, 119 West 40th Street, New York

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MPARETHE

VESTMENT SITUAT A ATT - ATT

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor of The Financial Post

This is the idea of investments that MacLean's Magazine desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwies to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares infinancial and industrial companies. MacLean's Magazine does not core to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors

Security is Now Sought will have to be cut. The steady increases in the rate, on the other hand. will be far less frequent than they have been during the past four years.

HE evolution from the restricted but well-defined tendencies of the investment field that we came to recognize during war time, is progressing very slowly. Our industrial life still is veiled in uncertainty. What we expected would be thoroughly cleared up even before now, still appears as through a glass darkly. The myriads of loose ends that have developed at the Peace Conference typify general conditions. Forces of whose strength and cohesion we little dreamed when they were held in leash by the tremendous concentions. Forces of whose strength and cohesion we little dreamed when they were
held in leash by the tremendous concentration to the end that the war might be
won, are running free and grimly determined to enforce their will, now that
war is dead. To illustrate a single
point: According to all precedent
theories, wages should slump with the
access of laborors; "supply and demand"
should operate for an almost immediate
decline. But perhaps, to our surprise,
a mightier force than our old law of supply and demand may dictate to the employer, who himself is disposed to take
a different view in many respects, than
in the past. Indeed, in an effort to
avert the unthinkable condition of
Bolshevism, it is quite possible that
labor will share in industry's rewards
for a few years to come, to an extent
that may prove too great for its fullest
development, and a slight reaction again
set in, more beneficial to the investor,
too, in such securities as are affected.

In any case, whatever the settlement
that a better understanding between em-

In any case, whatever the settlement that a better understanding between em-ployer and employee may determine, it would seem certain that for some years niver and employee may determine, it would seem certain that for some years at least the relatively high profits of many industrial concerns, particularly during the war; such as textile, milling, steel, and many specialties, will come to an end. Labor seems bound to secure a larger share in the proceeds, and equal profits must be won through growth in business, by enlarging domestic trade, or developing an export field. It must be borne in mind, too, that with the removal of the demand for war supplies the output of the various mills for normal demands will be greatly increased, and shipping facilities will gradually improve and sharpen competition. Moreover, the world-wide demands on the part of the "consumer" for a reduction in prices, inevitably will operate to cut down profits in order to encourage sales. The investor in industrial stocks would do well.

The investor in industrial stocks would do well, then, to study probable future conditions in the particular industry in which he is interested. Where management has been far-sighted and conservative, provision will have been made for the very conditions which that industry is now facing. In such cases there should be no fear that dividends

I T is just this uncertainty in the business world that has turned attention so strongly to investment in Government, and municipal bonds, and industrial to a lesser extent. It is in these directions, for the time being, that the large sums accumulated during the war are finding an outlet. The flow of a control is gradually easing un interest. directions, for the time being, that the large sums accumulated during the war are finding an outlet. The flow of money is gradually easing up interest rates in most directions, except real estate mortgages—and as a result bonds tend to appreciate in value Reference was made last month to the rapid, advances made last month to the rapid, advances made by the long-term Victory bonds, and the 20-year Issue of 1917 has reached a new high of 103% for what the public purchased originally for 98 2/3. The 1933 issue of 1918 fifteen-year bonds fell off slightly from the new price set by the Committee of 102, selling up to the present around 101½-101%—but as soon as the supply offering begins to be liquidated and better distributed, the price of this should rise to well beyond 102.

The municipalities are finding it possible now to sell bonds to yield under 6 per cent., where 6½ per cent. was common less than a year ago. Those who possess, or can secure these earlier high-rate issues, would be well advised to figure on their paying a higher rate now than the new ones will six months or a year hence.

COUPLE of months ago a reference was made to preferred stocks, with a substantial surplus to back them, as more stable and so preferable during the reconstruction period to the average common stock. The market of late has showed signs of holding this view, as the prices of a number of the better class preferred are advancing, some already several points.

A BOND dealer is advising his clientto place their securities in a safety
deposit box, or get a bank to do this it
self where it has none to rent. Some
investors have chosen the registered
bonds as safer than the coupon bearer
as the latter are just as good as bills if
lost and found. This registration of the
coupon bearer bonds can be arranged
readily on payment of 25 cents a bond
but the registered bonds, are not as but the registered bonds, are not as easily negotiated as the other. Several inquiries have come in to me

Several inquiries have come in to me in regard to mining stocks—some quite legitimate, although, of course, with the pronounced speculative element that a mining stock must always carry; some that bear more of a "wild-cat" look about them. This mining end will become a more alluring—as well. often, as a more elusive one—as conditions of labor become more favorable, especially in gold mining, which came to be unprofitable during the war. In the next month's letter this point will be taken up, and a summary given of some of the replies that are being sent out to readers who are writing in to me about these and other sources of investment.

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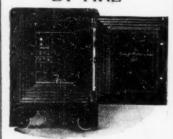
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The

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Marie Commence Land

HERE are disturbing indications to be found in the situation but on the whole business is holding up extremely well. If it were not that unemployment is beyond all shadow of a doubt steadily increasing it would seem on the surface that things were more prosperous than ever before. The public apparently has plenty of money to spend and a readiness to spend it as great as ever; in fact, the slight tendency that has already been noted toward lower prices has had the effect of increasing demand.

The one phase of the situation which

creasing demand.

The one phase of the situation which needs close watching is the matter of unemployment. Although the number of bread-winners out of work has not yet reached alarming proportions, the number is steadily increasing. In the big cities the demand for work is growbig cities the demand for work is growing steadily and it seems impossible to stem it. In some lines, where but a short time ago help was almost impossible to obtain, there is now a distinct glut. "Turning men away every day," is the report one hears in all directions. An authentic report was received from an Ontario city of about 16,000 population to the effect that a census taken the other day showed the number of unemployed heads of families to be 250—practically one man in twelve. If this is anything like an accurate average for the whole country it will be seen that the situation is growing serious enough.

be seen that the situation is growing serious enough.

There is not, however, any evidence yet of suffering. The period of industrial inactivity is following an unprecedented era of high wages and labor prosperity. Practically all of the people who are out of work have something to fall back upon. It is unfortunate if the situation means that the savings of the past three years are to be wiped out. It is pleasing to note, however, that, so far, the savings deposits in the banks have not been seriously impaired. The mild winter weather has been a great blessing in this respect.

weather has been a this respect.

Employers are realizing the dangerous aspects of the situation. If the amount of unemployment is permitted to increase the tide of social unrest uncestionably will rise. With the whole the respective proto increase the tide of social unrest unquestionably will rise. With the whole world permeated with Bolshevistic propaganda it is highly important that a prosperous condition should be maintained in Canada, for nothing will spread the doctrines of social upheaval like idleness and want. The manufacturers are striving hard to solve the problem and it is altogether probable that they will succeed in creating enough employment to prevent industrial disorder. trial disorder.

trial disorder.

In the matter of prices there has been a tendency toward lower levels but, at time of writing, the movement has not been at all pronounced. Decreases have been most marked in the matter of materials. In steel, for instance, the competitive market has been created again. In the last two years such competition as there has been in steel has been provided by the users competing for supplies. Now conditions are swinging back to the normal way and the steel mills are out looking for business. Any order, no matter how small, that steel mills are out looking for business. Any order, no matter how small, that looms up on the steel horizon is made the subject of a merry race on the part of the sellers of steel. There was a case the other day where a large order of ship plates was placed at a price of \$6.00 per hundred pounds, a drop from a scale of prices ranging within the past year from \$12.00 to \$15.00. Steel prices have been coming down quite rapidly and it follows, of course, that prices of products into which steel enters will also come down.

In the meantime, however, the range of prices on good offering at retail has not budged very markedly in a downward direction. There has been no change in food staples and there will not be for some time, owing to the fixing of prices on flour, sugar and other staple commodities. In some lines, of course, lower prices have been set and the whole tendency is downward. The food manufacturers are finding conditions most favorable owing largely to the large amount of food that Canada is now exporting. Take, for instance, canned goods. Until quite recently Canada did little or no exporting of canned goods. Since the last pack, in September 1918, nearly one million cases have been shipped to the English market. This represents a very considerable item of business and this scale will almost certainly be maintained for some time. As soon as the shipping siderable item of business and this scale will almost certainly be maintained for some time. As soon as the shipping difficulties are overcome there will be a tremendous demand from other European countries for any foodstuffs that can be supplied. It can be written down as certain, therefore, that the food industry of Canada will continue active and prosperous for some time despite the inevitable lowering of prices on this market.

THE mild weather has been upsetting THE mild weather has been upsetting in many lines of business. Merchants are carrying stocks on their shelves that they cannot dispose of in anything like normal quantities. This applies to many lines of heavy clothing and to skates, toboggans, sleighs, weather stripping, oil stoves and other distinctly cold weather goods. Some merchants stocked up in certain lines in the expectation of a coal shortage.

Another difficulty is facing the retailer at the present moment also in the matter of the sale of Government stores from the military camps. Large sup-

matter of the sale of Government stores from the military camps. Large sup-plies are being dumped on the market and, while the right of the Government to dispose of these stores is not ques-tioned, trade conditions are being very seriously upset and voluble protests are being made.

seriously upset and voluble protests are being made.

The attitude of the average retail merchant at this juncture is one of caution. Despite the fact that business on the whole is quite brisk, he is stepping out toward the future warily. Buying is influenced by the belief that prices are receding and as a result is not being done on an elaborate scale. This tendency to buy from hand to mouth may prove a factor in reducing prices. Unfortunately it is also certain to prove a factor in increasing unemployment. employment.

THE prospects for an industrial opening up in the spring are good. It is stated confidently that there will be plenty of building. In fact, enough contracts have been placed to insure a busy season. Government, municipal and private corporation programmes will materially swell the amount of building done this year. It is being urged, in fact, that public works should be undertaken on a large scale to move employment and unquestionably this will be done.

employment and unquestionably this will be done.

At the same time the prospects for export trade are looking good. The high hopes that were held out for large export business through the Government commissions are not material-izing very rapidly, and it seems now as though the most that will be done will be to complete favorable arrangements for the financing of con-tracts abroad. In the meantime pri-vate enterprise is stirring up consider-able business shread able business abroad.

When you sit before the

thinking the day's work over and any other matters that come up, what do you think about your investments?

Do you ever plan a definite system of saving invest-ment? If you do you are one of the exceptions, for the majority are inclined to let system in these matters take care of itself. Nevertheless after thought. do you not agree with us that a Systematic Investment Plan is not only wise but necessary and that you should have one?

There is a good Systematic Investment Plan which you should get and it is issued by J. study: M. Robinson & Sons, Members of the Montreal Stock Exchange, with offices in Montreal and St. John, N.B.

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How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

By MARTIN M. BRYON

OU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you talk to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about anything?"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning \$40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words—"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him pointblank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? That incident marked the turning point of my life. I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them.

I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the worst talker.

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting \$40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night deteroffice 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for 10 minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work. but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker-what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office

"This great change came over me simply as a

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXXII

Con in Section

MARCH, 1919

Number 3

"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

Something About Government Plans and the Next Session

By J. K. MUNRO

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

HAT is going to happen at the present session of Parliament? How can anyone tell when the ministers themselves don't know? At the time of writing the opening of the House is still some weeks off. But even as you read, with the statesmen all in Ottawa and settling into their regular stride, you may rest assured that more than one member of the Cabinet

is consulting the ouija board in a vain endeavor to discover just what the future may hold for them.

Not long ago Hon. Geo. P. Graham, who, after months of fumbling in the dark, finally found the missng keyhole and is now safely back in the Laurier house hold, took occasion to comment on this Union Govern

'It reminds me," said Hon. Geo. P., "of the man who used to meet a bill with a promissory note and a fervent 'Thank God that's paid.' "

" he continued, "this Government when it strikes a troublesome question refers it to a commission and says "Thank goodness that's settled."

But if the prodigal George P. hadn't been so busy finding his way back to Father Laurier, he might have discovered that this Union Government, of which we are all so proud, bears a closer relationship to the man .n his parable than even the one he suggests. Unless all reports are false it has been making a series of promises that it cannot live up to. "We aim to please," has been its motto. And if you watched the faces of the various delegations visiting the Capital, you had to admit that they all looked pleased when they departed. It mattered not what they wanted. If they came lookfor lower tariffs they went away smiling

solid protection was their prayer there was a grim satisfaction reflected from their faces as they boarded the train for home. If it was more prohibition, a little loosening of the liquor law, more advanced divorce legislation, a tightening of the moral code, or leniency for some suppressed member of the Bolsheviki, they

just mentioned it and went home happy.
"It's a darned mean cuss that won't give a man a promise," an old Western politician once said. No delegation that visited Ottawa during the past few months would dare to call the Union Government mean. Of course it is happily constituted to help along the promise industry. It has ministers to suit every possible taste and who could by selective draft be called upon to make almost any kind of promise. Would not Hon. Wesley Rowell, with a melancholy cheerfulness. wear to do his utmost to dash the cup from the drunkard's lips, to keep divorce beyond the reach of the untutored masses and to otherwise safeguard the straight and narrow path? Could not Hon. J. A. Calder and Hon. T. A. Crerar, knowing the feeling in the West, assure all and sundry that the desire of their hearts was to see the Western plains ploughed with tractors that had never paid duty and harvested by reapers that had not even hesitaed at the border? And if Sir George Foster, that grand old disciple of Sir John Macdonald, does happen to be busy with the map of Europe, don't you think that even a good Liberal like Hon. C. C. Ballantyne could be persuaded to whisper that Canada's future depended on protection for her infant industries and that this is his own, his



GRAND little Cabinet this when you come to look it over carefully. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. A bank merger, you say? Just step this way and our expert on banks will fit you out. Meet Sir Thomas White! Land for Soldiers? Boy, call Hon. Arthur Meighen. What's that? Just out of it, you say, but Hon. Arthur has gone out to try and buy some! Well, well, don't worry, we'll have it for you all ready for the spring plowing. Clemency for some members of the Bolsheviki? Oh, yes, that's work for

Hon. Gideon Robertson, our tame labor We hand-picked and imported him for the purpose. Tell him what you want and remember it's no trouble to show goods. We're a little short of help just now. Had to lend some of our staff to help clean up that European after-war muddle. But what's left of us are willing. Read once more that motto on the door mat: "We aim to please," and then cast your eye yet again to the handwriting on that wall:
"What you don't see, ask for!"

Through the merry winter months the corridors of the East Block have hummed with the low-toned but happy laughter of people who have come with prayers and gone forth with promises. But now the day of reckoning is at



More than one is consulting the Ouija board to future holds.

hand. And what makes the answer all the harder is that nobody wants to see the Government beaten. The convinced that no other hands could demobilize the troops and reconstruct the country's trade; the private members have an ever-growing fondness for that \$2,500 per; and Laurier would fain dodge the present troubles of Government and incidentally give the West another year to try and forget the war

So the accumulations of promises and problems must be faced by the Union Government and by the Union Government alone. Nor will it be allowed to say:
"We must lay this over. Sir Robert Borden is busy in
Paris." The questions that are to come before the
House are too pressing to admit of further delay. The country wants action and absolutely refuses to be further denied. Moreover, though the Opposition may not want to see the Government defeated just yet, it does not follow that said Government is to be allowed to sleep on a bed of roses. On the contrary any time the Laurierites can throw a bunch of thistles on the Cabinet couch or a handful of tacks on the Government carpet, the opportunity will not be overlooked. Nor will the Ginger Group of hard-shell Conservatives croon a cradle song in the ears of those statesmen who so efficiently operated the Order-in-Council machine. On the whole it can be safely predicted that while the Union Government won't die this session, there will be times when it will have all the symptoms of a very sick

Where the West Will Stand on Tariff

ONE of these times, of course, will be when the tariff O question comes up—that is, when it comes up in deadly earnest during the course of the Budget debate. That the Liberals, convinced that the Cabinet is pre-paring to make concessions, will make the first bid for the Western vote looks like the one best bet. An amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne looks like their move. But it won't get them anywhere. The Western Unionists will not be hard to convince that the tariff belongs with the budget. They can easily justify a vote against a Laurier free trade amendment. They'll be looking for something tangible and not be in a position to endanger it. In other words, they won't be tempted to drop the



Union bone to grasp for the Laurier shadow. And that will tide that trouble over for a month or two. But it will give the Western Unionists a splendid opportunity to cinch their deal for tariff concessions.

And while the Government is turning this tariff question over in its mind and looking for a method of compromising on its promises, the bill to Provide Land for Soldiers' Settlement can be given to the members to play with. Hon, Arthur Meighen will introduce that bill. Ever listen to little Arthur on a job of that kind? He's got an easy flow of the language you find in law books. By the time he has spoken fifteen minutes you conclude he's making out a pretty good case. Half an hour later he's into an argument with himself, and along towards six o'clock you feel like calling in Hon.
Charlie Doherty to finish an explanation that will
justify you in a conviction that you don't know what
either one of them is talking about. However that bill will take a lot of time and give the Government a chance to collect its thoughts. Not a man in the House but will want to tell a waiting world how much he wants to do for the soldier.

The Drys Are in Control

BUT there are other matters that will have to be hurried a bit. You may have noticed a number of your friends whose cellars are running dry keeping one eye on the Peace Conference and the other on Ottawa. They're wondering if, between the time the war ends officially and new temperance legislation is enacted, there won't be a temporary opening of the lines of communication between ultra-Quebec points For the order-in-council that stops the importation of liquor into dry provinces is under the War Measures Act. And some good authorities argue that, when that act goes out with the signing of the peace terms, the order-in-council will go with it.

Already the temperance forces are lined up to stop any possible break in the prohibition dam and the session will not be far along before Hon. Wesley Rowell rises in his place in the House to introduce legislation to meet the need of the hour. Will it pass?

Nothing is surer. There is no vote the average member of Parliament is more afraid of than the "church vote"—and none that deserts him more faithlessly at election time. To be sure last election saw the Unionists sweep into power on the crest of a wave of almost religious fervor. But the circumstances were exceptional. The Hun was threatening Paris. civilization was trembling in the balance and hundreds of thousands of Canadian homes yearned for fighting sons crying from the trenches for the help that must be sent to them. Men's hearts were stirred as they never were before and men voted not for

party but from conviction. But now we're drifting back to normal. The war is over. And the highly moral man will soon be voting with his party at elections no matter how loudly and piously he talks between times. he'll scare the statesmen just the same All or nearly all will vote for any kind of prohibitory legislation that is brought down. And right after they do it you'll find a lot of them out in the corridors looking for a drink to take the taste

of their votes out of their mouths.

So prepare to meet dry legislation at the earliest possible moment. Also prepare to see it go sailing through the House with hardly a tack to beat up against an adverse breeze.

The Devilish Old Senate

BUT there is yet one hope, ye thirsty one. There's the Senate! Aged and infirm it has been called.

symptoms of decay" is among the sneering de-

"Senile and showing

The track owners bad better not be too anxious to get back to business

scriptions hurled in its direction. But only last session its leader Sir James Lougheed proudly pro-claimed that "if it stood for anything it stood as a bulwark of vested rights against the clamor and caprice of the mob." Sure-ly one of man's vested rights is his thirst! surely those veterans of many a political battle are in a position to brave the "church" and all other votes. They don't need them. Also this same Senate showed only last session that there is a strain of almost devilishness in the old men yet. Hon. Charlie Doherty introduced a score of amendments to the criminal code that reminded one of the blue laws of the good old Puritan days. Hon. Charlie did it as Minister of Justice and,

for he's got a large human streak in his make-up, he did it in an apologetic tone of voice. Just what those amendments provided would not make fit reading in a family magazine. It might be said, however, that they were so wide and sweeping, or rather so narrow and deep, that they almost made a man consult his lawyer before he asked his neighbor's wife the time of day, or his stenographer to take a

note. note. The H o u s e thought of the church vote, threw hasty if malignant

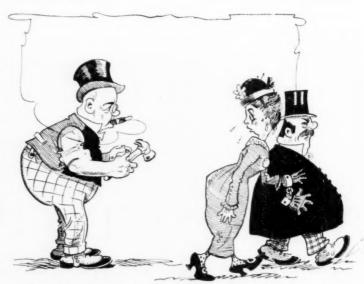
Prohibition? . . . How Wesley Rowell will attend to the

glances in the direction of Hon. Wesley Rowell, and swallowed them whole.

But what did the Senate do? Why those brave old en simply tore those amendments limb from limb. They left that House bill a tangled and mangled and unrecognizable mass of wreckage. And on this evidence of their humanity the "wets" are hanging their hopes of one more shipment from Montreal before the season of drouth is made permanent. If the bill is hung up in the Senate and the Peace Conference will hurry

up a bit there is yet a chance.

But those people who look for a relaxation of the divorce laws are in a different position. They haven't a chance in the world. In the first place the Catholic members will vote solidly against any such measure and there are plenty of others to provide a majority opinion that the sanctity of the marriage tie is the foundation of a nation's greatness. And even if the House did vote for



People looking for a relaxation of the Divorce Laws haven't a chance in the world

cheaper divorces and more of them, what would the Senate do? Would you deprive those brave old "bul-warks" of their last amusements? Hearing the evidence in divorce cases is one of the senatorial perquisites. It gives them something to chuckle over for the whole year. And sometimes if that evidence is "real good" they'll order it printed. Then if you're a trusted friend you may secure a copy accompanied by a sly wink and nod.

Rob the Senate of its divorce privileges! Not while it is able to sit up and draw its indemnities and cast an occasional vote. This war may have produced its matrimonial tangles. Let those who suffer from the snarls grin and bear it as best they may. The Honorable the Senators must not be made to suffer for troubles for which they can in no way be held accountable

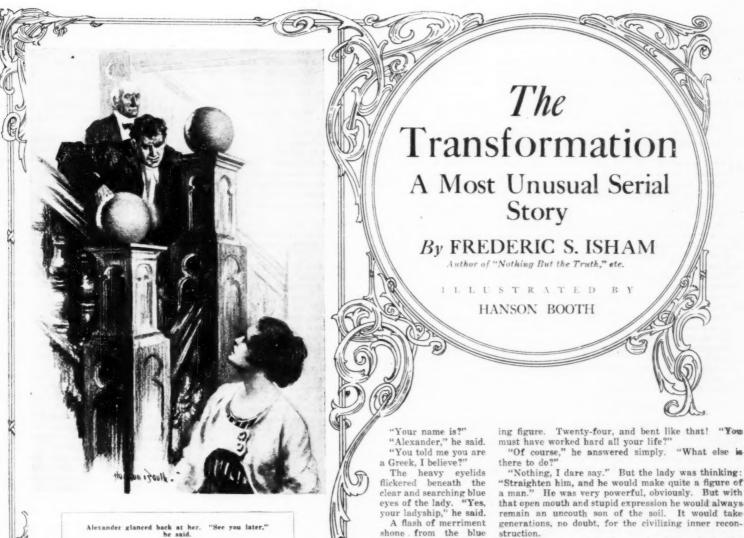
A ND while this moral question is before the House perhaps a word or two about horse racing ma,

not be amiss. The track owners and jockey clubs are naturally anxious to get back to business. For in these later days the sport of kings has turned income one of the businesses that pay dividends and large dividends too. One self-re specting track is said to clean up \$300,-000 a season and some of the others do almost as well. Now the order-incouncil that closed the tracks did not prohibit racing. It simply put a stop to the betting privileges—and the racing stopped automatically. That stoppage outlasts the war by six months and it would be just like the racing interests to chase after legislation for an immediate resumption of activities. had better go slow. Even before the Cabinet got busy a movement to put a finish to the racing game was under And it is a moral certainty that

if that movement had got before the House in the shape of proposed legislation it would have carried. It's that old "moral" or "church" vote again. Men who never miss a day at Connaught Park, and who even run up to Toronto for a week-end at the Woodbine, stated without a quaver in their voices that they would vote for it. They liked the game themselves—but the feeling in their constituencies and after all they were there to represent the views

of their constituents.

So if the horsemen are wise they will forget all about "the improvement of the breed of horses similar lines of conversation and keep out of Parliament. In fact they will be very lucky if an effort is not made to have the order-in-council made permanent. The uplift element is going strong just now and it is getting the active assistance of some politi-cians whose political pasts may entitle them to places at the penitent bench. The once chance for the renewal of the racing is that in the crush of other business it escapes notice and that the order-in-council lapses or goes into the scrap heap along with the other adjuncts of the War Measures Act. If the racing interests realize this they will be lucky. Their usual attitude towards the public is that of benefactors. And that won't get them anywhere at present. Continued on page 86



CHAPTER I.

The Lady and the Porter

ADY LANGLENSHIRE looked up. "You wish to see me?" said the man.
"Yes," said her ladyship.

"Your ladyship has another errand for me?"
"Perhaps—a long one." There was a peculiar accent
in the patrician tones. "We shall see."
"A long one?" repeated the fellow, studying her.

said, 'We shall see,'" observed the lady with a slight frown.

The man shifted awkwardly and twirled his porter's cap in his hand.

You are not to do that," said her ladyship

"What, my lady?"
"Your hands—please keep them still."

"Your hands—please keep them still."
The man became immovable.
"That is better," said the lady.
Then she was silent for a few moments, while her eyes passed disapprovingly over the details of the shabby furnishings of the somewhat abbreviated apartment in that third-class hotel to which an untoward combination of circumstances had consigned her. Percombination of circumstances had consigned her. Perhaps, at that moment, visions of ancestral halls and primrose meadows haunted her memory. The porter waited patiently. He was a burly fellow, with bent shoulders, and a countenance that might not have appeared so sodden except for a habit of keeping his mouth open. This gave him a stupid peasant look. He looked especially stupid, dull and of the proletariat, at the present moment, suffering possibly a slight embarrassment in that radiant, sylph-like presence.

THE lady's wandering attention again became focused upon him. She noted the bent shoulders, the open mouth, the grimy hands. Her gaze was singularly curious.

shone from the blue eyes. "Alexander the Great was a Greek, too, I believe," she rumin-ated aloud. "No relation, I suppose?

"Who was he?" said

the man.
"It is quite obvious you are not related," said the lady, almost merrily. "Haven't you any illustrious ancestors, Alexander?"

"No. Why?" The man stared stupidly.
"Never mind," she observed. "Let the old ancestors

If you only knew what a lot I've got, Alexander. "Yes," he assented, considering, no doubt, her ladyship was talking a great deal of nonsense.
"Never mind," said the lady, reading the thought.

"Don't try to think too hard, Alexander. It is racking to the brain.'

"Yes; it's a bother to think," he said.
"It is easier just to carry," she said, looking at the shoulders.

"Has your ladyship a load for me?"
"A load?" Again she laughed merrily. But her face soon became more sober. Her ladyship sometimes laughed when she did not feel like laughing. One laughs sometimes when the heart is very full. "A load?" she repeated. "Perhaps! Who shall say?"
"Where shall I take it?" be demanded.

sively.

"You are going too fast, Alexander," she said disapprovingly. "You must not try to hurry me. I am not accustomed to being hurried. You will please bear this in mind."

"I have my work to do," he dared return.

"And this is a part of your work. It is what you are paid for, and what I shall pay you for."

'HE lady's tones were imperious. She had a very beautiful voice—young and silvery. It might have made a poet think of silvery bells on a frosty night. But Alexander was not a poet.

"It is true your ladyship has tipped me well," he assented.

"Yes: I usually do. By the way, how old are you?"
"Twenty-four," said the fellow.
"No more?" thought the lady, regarding the stoop-

ing figure. Twenty-four, and bent like that! "You

"Nothing, I dare say." But the lady was thinking: "Straighten him, and he would make quite a figure of a man." He was very powerful, obviously. But with that open mouth and stupid expression he would always remain an uncouth son of the soil. It would take generations, no doubt, for the civilizing inner recon-

"I suppose you have the usual poor man's family,

"I have no family," he said.

"Not even married?"

"Going to be, some day?" Languidly. "You need not be surprised at my questions. I always take an interest in the welfare of those who serve me. At home I consider myself, in a measure, morally responsible for the welfare of my servants. I am merely exercising my prerogative"—here she signed—"away from

"No; I'm not going to be married," said the man, olinking stupidly. "There—there was a kitchen-girl—but—but she preferred the dish-washer. Women are all alike."

"And so your heart is broken, and you have become

a cynic?

LEXANDER did not answer. "At any rate you are free-perfectly free," said my lady

"Yes; I don't have to bother about beating a wife when I come home."

"Beating!" observed the lady, and surveyed the shambling, powerful figure. "If you beat any one I'm

"It would," said the fellow, grinning. "I think that afterward she behave herself."

"No doubt!" My lady yawned. "That will do, Alexander. Here is a mark. Run away, now!"

"Hasn't your ladyship something to carry?" In surprise.

"Not just at present."

"But—" He gazed at the coin. "I have done

'Oh, yes, you have. Only you don't know it! is it necessary to enlighten you. There are other ways of earning money than with your shoulders, Alexander. You have really served me. Possibly you have helped me amazingly. It is a little early definitely to de-Possibly you have helped

Alexander gazed at the lady steadfastly.
"No, I'm not. In fact, I'm poignantly rational, at
the moment, Alexander," said the lady. "Do you
know what 'rational' means?"

Alexander shook his head. The lady regarded him.

"How charming! You see, I have been used to clever men, and they bore one beyond endurance. To meet you is a refreshing change.

The porter bowed stupidly. He did not know what

else to do

"And now, go, most charming of porters," said the lady. "And let me dream that I am transported back to Arabian fantasies."

Alexander bit the coin.
"Yes, it's good," said the lady.

And Alexander departed. The lady arose, and, going to the window, gazed out drearily. Then she went out

HER destination was the usual place—the police station. She waited her turn. It came at length. "Well?" said a harsh voice.
"I am here to report." Qualift up your veil."

Quietly.

She did.

'Estelle Langlenshire,'" he said, reading the police er she handed him. "'Twenty-one. Single.' How paper she handed him. "'Twenty-one. Single.' How do you live?" Brusquely.
"I had a little money with me. I am conserving it

very carefully."
"Humph!" For the moment he studied her. "You may go-for now!" You mean there may be a change later?" Drawing

her breath quickly.

"How can I say?" Impatiently

"It is possible?"

"All things are possible."
"Probable, then? I may be deprived of my—my liberty?

He made a movement. "Others are waiting. You are detaining—Guten Tag!"
"Good day," she said and left.

CHAPTER II.

A Startling Proposal

AT the hotel she once more sent for Alexander. She had seemingly regained her lightness of spirits. Not a worry seemed to cloud her fair brow; no light of trouble or tragedy lingered in the violet eyes. She had lighted a cigarette and disposed her lithe form

"Alexander," she said, "you are going to be married."
"So?" said Alexander. His tones were heavy and sodden. What was the joke?
The lady smiled. "You do not ask whom you are going to marry?"
"Does that meetars?" said Alexander thinking her "Does that matter?" said Alexander, thinking her

doubtlessly bereft of her senses.

"You mean that since you were disappointed in love-since the scrub-lady 'threw you down,' as our American friends say, all women look alike to you?" she observed vivaciously.

"Suppose so," mumbled Alexander guardedly. The lady shifted; a dainty bit of hosiery was mom-tarily visible, but that evanescent gleam was lost

upon Alexander. "I am pleased to find your mental attitude what it is," said the lady.

S Alexander probably did not know what was his mental attitude, he did not answer.

"The lady you are to marry will be revealed to you at the proper moment. Meanwhile you are to make arrangements."
"Arrangements?"

"With the Greek priest, of course!" "Priest?" The lady's tone began to sound as if she meant it.

"There is a Greek priest, isn't there?"
"Oh, yes." A bit dazed.
"And a Greek church?"

"Oh, yes."

"You go there sometimes?" Severely. "Sometimes." Dully.

'And know the good priest?" 'Yes."

"Good!" She spoke gaily. "Now, listen: You are to go to him. You are to tell him you have fallen deeply in love." "Eh?" Alexander's eyes began to gleam

resentfully.

"You can tell him, can't you?"
"A big lie, like that?" Alexander

aughed hoarsely.
"Stupid!" Th The lady lifted a tolerant eyebrow "Stupid!" The lady lifted a tolerant eyestow.

"What's a little lie like that? The principal thing is, you aren't really in love. You don't have to be. Get that firmly in mind. Now, don't you feel easier?"

"I suppose so." Dubiously.

"There's no 'suppose' about it. You do." Aggres-

sively. "Get that thought firmly, and don't make the mistake of trying to think for yourself. It would be an awful error and get you nowhere. Let others think

for you, and perhaps you will amount to something some day, Alexander. A great many people become great by eliminating their own mental processes. Use other people's brains; that's the Jacob's ladder to the heaven of large attainments. It's not what you do. It's

heaven of large attainments.
what others do for you."

Alexander stared, as well he might. Did one-tenth of this filter into his dull brain?

Hand me my

cigarette case, Alexander."

Alexander tried to, and dropped it.

"How adorably useful!" purred the lady.
Alexander managed finally to deliver the case.
"Where were we?" said the lady of the couch.

yes! You had gone to the priest. You had told him you were head-over-heels in love—" Alexander made a movement. "Don't interrupt!" Imperiously. "You tell the good priest you are in love, because she is so beautiful-

"Oh!"

From Alexander. A snort!
ce!" From the lady. "Anyhow, what is the "Silence!"

"Silence!" From the lady. "Anynow, what is the difference whether she is, or not. You like money, Alexander?" Insidiously.
"Oh!" said Alexander, brightening a bit.
"You do. It's your god. It's every man's. It comes first and last. Love?" She made a movement. "But you've got to pretend, Alexander."
"Pretend?"

"Pretend?"

"That you have won her—your scrub-lady!" Alexander made a sound. "You are to seem radiant with happiness—that is your attitude before the priest.
Of course you couldn't really be radiant, but maybe you could take some of that bend out of your shoulders. Do you think you could stand up like a man in love?" Again Alexander made a sound.
"Never mind," said the lady. "I suppose it's there

Only you are to tell the priest you want to be married at once. You can't wait. It will be impossible. What you want, you want. You are distracted

to possess it immediately."
"What I want?" said Alexander.

"Well, what I am telling you you want! Did you ever dream of having a thousand marks?"

"I once saved a hundred. But a thousand-'Two thousand-that's what I meant to say, "Two!" Alexander breathed hard. The lady ob-

viously grew more interesting in his eyes. "What could you do with two thousand?"

"Do?" He stared at that figure alluring—a golden princess now. "I wouldn't have to do anything—to carry—to blacken boots—to be cuffed by the head porter! I could have all I wanted to eat—" princess now.

"And drink," added the fair temptress.
"Drink?" Alexander moistened his lips. Dreams of deep potations no doubt assailed him

THE lady's red lips curved scornfully; then tolerantly. What right had she to sit in judgment? Hadn't most of her aristocratic ancestors been four- or five-bottle men? "Why should I chide you, Alexander," she observed softly, "for the manner in which you anticipate spending the reward I am going to bestow upon you, for bestowing upon me your name, your

fortunes, and, last but not least, your non-affections?"
"Oh, it's you," said Alexander. So she was the one who wanted to marry him? "But why?"

Editor's Note.-The author of this sparkling comedy is a well-known playwright as well as author, and this, his latest story, is to be put on the boards this fall. Consequently, it was deemed advisable not to allow the story to appear in serial form in the United States; but the han was raised for the Canadian field and so readers of MacLean's will have the first opportunity of enjoying Mr. Isham's charming romance. It begins with the incarceration of an English girl in Germany at the start of the war and the means she adopted of escaping

"Pooh!" she returned. "Why get categorical? What must be, must be! Isn't that sufficient? Think of the reward, if you must think at all."

Alexander did. He asked no more questions. "That is well," said the lady.

"I sure get the two thousand?"

"On the word of the daughter of a belted earl!" said

That sounded good enough for Alexander. you want it to take place?" he said stoically.

"Say day after to-morrow. Or the day after that You see, I have my trousseau to prepare.'

Which?" said Alexander.

"A wedding-gown, in keeping with my new lofty station," said the lady.

"Oh, you mean scrub-woman's clothes?" said Alex ander practically. "Maybe I swipe some for you, some where.

"No; please don't swipe my wedding-garments Alexander," said the lady. "Have you no sentiment." Alexander," said the lady. "Have you no sentiment Please acquire them by purchase from some old-clothes man." Slipping him a few pieces of money. "Only be very secretive. There is need."

"You bet! I get you," said Alexander. Lust for the

reward was already in his eyes. "I handle this thing mighty well. You leave to me."

The lady sighed. Anyhow, he looked very big and powerful, as he spoke. It would be nice to shift some of the responsibility if she could. If? With Alexander's brawn and her brains something might be ac complished.

"And now trot along and see the priest," she said Alexander trotted. The die was cast. She had burned her bridges.

CHAPTER III.

The Flight

A TRAIN speeding northward! A third-class com-partment! Hour after hour the train had been

speeding. Now suddenly it stopped.

"The frontier!" A guard looked in; the door opened the people got out—a slow business! One man—a big fellow-yet slept in a corner, and snored-or seemed

"Here, wake your good man, woman!" cried the guard to her at the slumberer's side.

She did. The uncouth-looking fellow rubbed his eyes sleepily. Then he reached up for a bundle of old duds Then the man, followed by the woman, approached Officialdom. The examination of their papers took some moments. Once the woman seemed to sway from

weariness, or some other emotion. Her hand clutched the man's arm; he coolly thrust the bundle of old duds into her arms.
"Here, you hold 'em," he said.

The "duds" made quite an armful; held to her breas they partly concealed the woman's face.
"Learn 'em young," said the man, with a sodden

grin at Officialdom.

The peasants' philosophy! Start woman carrying things as soon as she's married and she's more likely to keep up the habit. Officialdom laughed harshly. It understood that ungentle peasant philosophy. Hadn't it been grinding down womankind for generationskeeping woman "in her place"? Trust your son of the soil for that!

"Just married, eh?" said Officialdom, surveying number of papers.
"Yes." With a loutish grin.

Officialdom peered around the "old duds." "Shy little dove!"

I tell her what she get, she look at a man." Coarsely. "You bet. man.

"Beginning right, all right!"

A GAIN the woman's figure seemed to sway. Alexander's big fingers gripped her arm. At the moment they seemed to grip her cruelly. He felt her straighter magically. Again that hateful laugh. "She mind me-you bet!" said Alex

ander.

"Well, get on," said Officialdom. No doubt Officialdom deemed this a perfect and ideal way to start the honeymoon. There seemed to exist such a perfect understanding. Oh, happy bride! Bride of the soil

"Don't you hear the gentleman say 'Ge'?" said Alexander. And to emphasize their newfound relations and his authority he gave her a shove. Now, no one had ever shoved Lady Langlenshire before. It was

a novel experience. By indulging in this little connubial commonplace liberty. Alexander almost overstepped his mark Almost the lady hurled the old duds at his feet. She had felt strangely weak and "droopy" at the moment Alexander had first placed the bundle in her arms, and his unexpected and ignominious action had oddly revived her. So, too, that subsequent conversation Officialdom. Indignation had superseded any fears and misgivings that had momentarily assailed her-Alexander's perfectly natural conduct under these cir

cumstances had acted as so many dashes of cold water upon her. Alexander had really served her, and saved her perhaps from betraying herself; but when he gave her that shove he went almost too far. She did, how-ever, manage to control herself, and somehow to move mechanically away from the gate and Officialdom. Her feelings need not be described. She was still carrying the old duds—she, the daughter of a proud earl!

Alexander came sauntering behind. Now they were on the street. Alexander still sauntered at his ease. Then he stopped to strike a match and light his pipe. She could picture him smoking. That was good; excel-lent. Several blocks she moved on. If only some of her friends could have seen her in that peasant grab, with Alexander's old duds held to her aristocratic breast. Suddenly she stopped. Alexander came up. He was smoking contentedly. A moment the lady re-garded him then suddenly she cast the vile bundle at his feet.

"Take it!" she almost hissed.

Alexander looked surprised. "Eh?" he said.
"Take it!" she repeated dramatically.
"Eh?" he said once more, his mouth still drooping.
"And walk behind!"

"But in my country—" he began helplessly.
"Where a porter should!" interrupted the lady.
Revenge for all she had endured was in her tones. She had gone back a few hundred years that day, to what women had been wont to endure. In Alexander she had beheld the prehistoric monster of her sex. would set the big, bungling animal where he belonged.
"Pick it up," she repeated imperiously. And Alex-

ander was so surprised he obeyed.

At the hotel, the lady announced her name and condition, and briefly, vouchsafed a few whys and where-fores to explain her humble attire. The landlord was sympathetic, as landlords are apt to

with nobility in distress, especially when it can pay its bills.
"And now," said the lady, "have you a nice room?"

"A cheap one will do," said Alexander, at that moment insinuating himself upon the scene with the old duds.

"Who is this person?" said the

landlord, frowning.
"It's-it's the man." said the

ady.
"A porter?"

"The porter," she breathed.
"Husband," mumbled Alexander. "Of convenience," laughed the lady. "You know our underlying? The reward you are to get?"

"Three thousand," said Alexander, who had obviously been thinking a good deal while enroute to the hotel with the bundle. "If you have that, you have more. Why for I give up much for a little? I have you. Why not keep!"

"Horrors!" said the lady.
"Scoundrel!" said the landlord. sensing the situation.

ALEXANDER grinned unctuous "Maybe we go to Greece lv. some day. You learn to work. Best for all women to work!"

"In the fields?" said the lady, "Sure," said Alexander.

"Is this a dream?" said the lady.
'This new attitude of yours! You,
whom I thought sans guile!"

"I know which side my bread is

reased," observed Alexander.
"Horrors!" said the lady again.
"At least say 'buttered."

"Same thing," remarked Alexander placidly.

"Let me tell you, Alexander," said the lady reprovingly, "you are playing a very dangerous game. And one which will only react upon yourself. Have you any porters? Turning to the landlord.

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Oh, I don't want to marry them!" Quickly. "One porter is them!" Quickly. "One porter is quite enough. I do not wish to emulate the Merry Princess and the Six Grimy Porters of Bagdad. Are

your porters strong?"
"Powerful," said the landlord.
"Call them in," said the lady.

He did. One was almost as big as Alexander. "Throw him out," said the landlord, indicating

Por thus he interpreted her intention. ment," she said. "Ask them to withdraw,

"One moment," she said. "Ask them to withdraw, for the present." The landlord obeyed.

"Now, Alexander," said the lady, "will you peaceably depart, for the time being, or be forcibly ejected?"

You mean they throw me out?

"Maybe I throw them all out," said Alexander, with

superb assurance.

"All of them?" said the lady.

"The whole blame bunch," said Alexander. "I bust up the whole crowd."

up the whole crowd."

"Could you?" said the lady blithely. "I wonder?
But that would be positively Homeric. Bust up the whole crowd! You, alone!"

"I clean out whole wineshop once. Eight men!
Break everything," said Alexander.

"This is interesting," said her ladyship. "According

to all the rules of romance you should do something interesting—something big and bizarre!"
"I'll settle him," said the landlord in an exasperated

tone, and seized Alexander.

LEXANDER gave a hoarse, harsh laugh of un-A natural glee. "Ho, ho!" he guffawed, and then he seized the landlord by the seat of his trousers and the next moment was performing dumb-bell exercises with him. The lady burst into laughter; Alexander, at that moment, was magnificent. She forgot about his cupidity, his treachery, his guile! Alexander at length set down the host, who looked sick and seemed

dizzy. He could hardly stand.
"I go now," said Alexander. "Where's the nearest wineshop?"



Even Pelton would be impressed by such insouciance

"A-round the-corner," the other managed to sputter.

"I don't know when I come back," said Alexander. "I my own master. Do what I please!"

"Of course," said the lady faintly.

"You don't want me to come back?" he asked.

"On the contrary, I should miss you dreadfully! don't know when I have been more entertained."
"Oh, you see me again, all right," said Alexander

naively. "I keep my eye on good thing!"

And strode out.

"Isn't he delightful?" said the lady.

But what the landlord said is neither here nor there

A LEXANDER showed his independence once more, by staying out all night. The lady could not get a boat that first day, so had to wait until the next. Whatever his adventures, and whether Alexander slept on a bench or on the beach, he appeared in the morning, spick and span—for him—and apparently as fresh as a daisy. In fact, dissipation and riotous living seemed to agree with Alexander; he looked like a man who had retired seasonably, slept soundly, and had arisen with a good conscience in the morning. No one, to gaze upon him, would ever have suspected him of wild debauches and unstinted revelry.

The lady had left word that he was to be admitted. to the hotel parlor, and so great was her social prestige and high standing in the aristocratic world that her wishes were respected, if secretly resented, by the disgruntled keeper of the establishment. He gave Alexander a wide berth, as that individual entered with the tread of a gladiator. Then the proprietor shrugged his shoulders. Her ladyship was incomprehensible: but she had seemed that to many people, before this.

> ALEXANDER found a transformed lady. She had evidently been shopping, and had established a line of substantial credit some where. She wore a wonderful Paris gown, and the daintiest of shoes. Her golden hair was no longer brushed straight back but was an aureole of light.

Alexander looked at the gown, and then he looked at the shoes.

"Where you get all that?" he said.

"At the shops."

"Cost a lot! "Quite a lot."

Alexander pondered. "Good wives, in my country, don't spend money," he observed.

"I suppose not," said the lady calmly.

"No woman could work in that. Alexander's next comment.

"No?" Alexander pointed an accusing ager. "Too small," he said with

a frown. "My shoes? Pardon me," gaily, 'a perfect fit!"

"What you do with the others?"
"I threw them away."

"Good shoes, like that!" Indig nantly.

"You will find them reposing in some rubbish heap." Tranquilly.
"Rubbish heap!" cried Alexander

"I really couldn't locate it for

ou." Languidly.
Alexander pondered some more. Apparently he gave up the shoes for lost.

You throw away the dress, too?" "Of course."

"Fine clothes!" Alexander looked depressed. "I not like wife, like that," he said.

"So sorry you disapprove of me, Alexander!" The lady was begin-Alexander!" The lady was begin-ning to enjoy herself once more. psychology of Alexander was

mildly entertaining.
"You keep shawl?" said Alexander. "Maybe, I get something for that."

'No. Alexander."

He breathed deeply. "All those fine things!

Continued on page 60

The CANADIAN KING-MAKER

Note.—That Max Aitken, has not been popular in Canada is a fact that can fairly be stated. His knighthood and later his elevation to the peerage were regarded with disapproval. Of late, however, Canadians have been wondering about this meteoric young man. They have heard that he played a prominent part in Imperial war affairs, that he engineered the accession of Lloyd George to power, that he has been a "power behind the throne," and that his handling of the Ministry of Information was a vital factor in winning the war. Must a new estimate be placed on Beaverbrook? Must the dislikes that were engendered during his career in Canada be forgotten in the light of his later achievements? Maclean's Magazine commissioned a well-known English journalist to tell his version of Lord Beaverbrook's career since he went to England. The accompanying article suggests that in Canada we must be prepared to attach more importance to the personality and achievements of this prodigy from the Marvitimes.

A LITTLE over seven years ago there appeared in MAC-LEAN'S MAGAZINE an article which was interesting in itself and which the lapse of years has invested with a stronger interest. It was a sketch of Max Aitken's career and character up to September, 1911. And it put these questions to be asked of the future: "Will that figure grow or will it dwindle? Is he in ascent or at the zenith? Has he courage to keep on or will he go back and complete his career as a financier? Or will he stand by his fate as a politician, whether it be to die as a backbencher or to lead a nation—or more than a nation—an Empire?"

To some of these questions time has given its reply. It may amuse us to pick up the strings of that seven years old story and see where thirty-nine has led thirty-two.

Beaverbrook never went back to business. Few have been the quitters in the realm of high finance but he was one. He may yet provide many astonishments, but that is not one of them. And the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Grant (who wrote the first article in MacLean's) undoubtedly misunderstood the reason for Aitken's refusal in 1910-11 to go on with his business career, the abandonment of his ambition to bestride Canada like a financial colossus. He thought that Beaverbrook was dazzled with the Chamberlain idea of Empire. Grant was undoubtedly wrong. It was not the voice of this cuckoo always calling from the next field that lured Beaverbrook from the seats of the money-changers. Had that been it, he would have been back in Canada within a year. For to put it bluntly, there is no such imaginative idealism in his mental make-up. We like to paint men after the image in our own hearts, but a little realism is a good tonic. So throw away the notion of Beaverbrook dreaming of the British Empire as Rhodes did. Here is no architect of the cloud-capped palaces of some state beyond the horizon, some Dante dreaming of the union of Empire and Church, some Pericles idealizing his Athens; but a man of the hour, almost of the moment, swift to see the realities and possibilities of a situation which other men have created and yet missed. It is a mind, then, lacking in constructiveness—or, at least, lacking in that infinite patience, steady consistency, and unyielding faith which marks the builder of ideal states. Was he not so in business?

Why, then, did he chuck finance in Canada and migrate to Westminster and politics? Probably he could not tell you himself. The most vital actions of our lives are the things we can least explain to ourselves. They are too near that inmost core of consciousness that itself scrutinizes and explains our actions. They are not objects in the ray of the scarchlight; they are the ray, and the ray cannot see itself.

Beaverbrook's Part in Imperial War Politics By MAURICE WOODS the election of December, 191 entered the very citatel of free



Above: Lord Beaverbrook and Sir George Perley are standing second from the left and right respectively. Below: Lord Beaverbrook on a recent visit to the Canadian front.

Something there was, no doubt, in it of the petulance of a tired child who is sick of his Teddy Bear; something of reaction against a colossal effort crowned with success. Perhaps he felt that life was not just cash, and that in grabbing cash you missed what made it worth having. Life itself, full of alluring hopes and brilliant vistas, lay, somehow, far away from 'Change, and he went to look for it.

In N spite of the deep-cut feuds which had seamed his business career, Beaverbrook left Canada in the heydey of a public and almost notorious popularity. That was before the mergers became unpopular, or cement got mixed up with politics. It was true that a prominent financial man had attacked him in the Board Room of the Cement Company. But most men take little interest in the private quarrels of the finance magnates; the cynical thought his opponent foolish for shouting on the housetops that he had been worsted in a deal.

Suddenly all this changed. Cement and trusts became an election cry, and the Government press turned with fury on the pioneer of the movement. And there were plenty of enemies to keep the papers full of stories, true or untrue.

There is a curious strain of maireté in Beaverbrook's character. He was immensely surprised and hurt by this outbreak of virulent criticism. In business he looked on himself as a friend of the public, and he did not go back on his friends. Why should he suddenly be described as an ogre? Nor could he understand that, if you dash people rudely aside and roll them in the dust, they will sit up after a time and plan a revenge. The opportunity for the counter-attack was opened in the press by the Reciprocity election. So, after a restless visit to Canada in 1911—when he found the Conservative leaders far from keen upon him as a champion—he went back to England as the "unwanted child."

Barnum and Bailey Methods Won

There he had scored heavily at the start, and entered Parliament with a splash. Deserting a safer seat for

the election of December, 1910, he entered the very citadel of free trade, Lancashire, and made a grab for Ashton-under-Lyne. The seat was supposed to be hopeless. He had a fortnight before the polls. There was no organization; he made it in a day. He was told not to touch the tariff issue; he made it the first plank in his platform. He advertised his personality as Barnum and Bailey might a new elephant. The method was vulgar, but effective, and he won amid consternation and astonishment.

Lancashire is regarded as pivotal in British politics, and the victor gained more than a local celebrity. He was entertained at a dinner by the Unionists when Parliament met, and snuffed himself out in his speech. The tub-thumping manner of the polls does not impress the Westminster man, and guests went away, saying: "Write the epitaph on another brilliant outside reputation buried in the tomb of the House of Commons."

And yet he proved himself neither a nonentity nor a failure. For months he would do nothing, not even attend the debates. Then he would come down, as in the summer of 1912, with a clear, forcible and convincing speech, rout the Government on finance, and compel Mr. Lloyd George to give to the national debt 3\% millions of surplus that he was suspected to be nursing for nefarious and partisan purposes.

farious and partisan purposes.

The same baffling quality applied to his speaking. You might say that when it was prepared it was ordered, but wooden, and when unprepared, glowing, but chaotic. Yet the essence of rhetoric, the frame of the oratorical mind, could be clearly

the oratorical mind, could be clearly detected in the originality of the ideas and the startling novelty of the metaphors. But gestures there were none, and his modulation was defective. Many great orators have started with these drawbacks and have overcome them by constant practice. But these have begun young. One feels that Beaverbrook might be an orator yet, if he would take the trouble to learn. At the bottom of his heart he does not care enough. He would rather put out the natural rhetoric in him through a defective instrument than bother to amend his technique. He does not, after all, rely on public speeches for the reality of power.

Power—there we have the keynote of the storm of controversy which rages about him. He has power. Why should he have it? He has done nothing remarkable in the Commons, he cannot sway vast audiences, he held no office till last year, he is not even a great newspaper king like Northcliffe, for he owns only one paper, influential as that may be. Why should ministers and ex-ministers, both in Canada and England, listen to the words of this man, and, as a hostile critic said the other day, "Plaster him with honors?" There must be something sinister and mysterious about it; something which we cannot understand, and, therefore, dislike and fear. So cry many voices on both sides of the Atlantic.

When you get an acknowledged fact, such as power, which seems, on the face of it, inexplicable, one way is to ask how it came about. That is the historical method. Let us apply it to this case and see if it helps us. The Ashton election—to follow this method—was a flast in the pan. So was the knighthood which followed. Canadians seem to have been surprised at it. In England they knew the value of such a decoration better. It was the ordinary reward for a sensational election-eering feat. The wonder was, not that it was offered, but that it was accepted. That the tinsel glitter of such a title should have caught the coming man's fancy, shows a flaw in the character.

Friendships With Leading Men

THE real story of advancement was quite different. No one has ever denied Beaverbrook to be firstrate company—an attraction so rare that it draws clever men like a magnet. And he never made the mistake of thinking he could teach the British their own political game. He knew he was at school again. This knowledge made him seek for good teachers, and his own attractiveness secured them

At the week-ends at his country house, Tim Healy, or Sir F. E. Smith, or Sir Edward Goulding, might constantly be found, while Mr. Balfour, then the leader

of the party, was no rare visitor.

Among these, Tim Healy, wise in every fierce political battle which had raged since 1880, was the principal mentor. But a process which began to be one-sided, ended by being mutual. This strange gnomelike visitor from overseas asked his questions of the experienced Healy, and got his answers. Gradually, imperceptible degrees, the umbrella began to turn The old hands began to propound questions, ne new one to solve the problems. Why did inside out. too, and the new one to solve the problems. Why did they listen to him? Why does one listen to another who helps to solve a quadratic equation? does a man follow his favorite sporting tipster in the press, or a critic in the review of a book, or a stock-Simply because he backs broker's advice on shares? the judgment of anyone who is usually right. Beaverbrook's business backers in Canada would have given much the same answer to the questions.

The years 1911 to 1914 happened to be a period when advice was a priceless commodity to the Tory, because there was so much of it and so little that was good. Toryism had struggled back after its crushing defeat of 1906 to a respectable and growing minority in 1910. But, though Mr. Chamberlain was no longer on the active list, the old tariff divisions still muttered in entrails of the party. They were cross-cut by all kinds of other divergences between the old ideas and the new, and by cliques supporting individual leaders. Nothing except a victory could give Mr. Balfour the confidence or command of his party. The victory was withheld, and the leader, finding his position growing more difficult, and tired of reconciling the irreconcilables, re-

signed his leadership. Then the cat was among the pigeons with a ven-Who was to succeed to a position which cargeance. ried with it the reversion to the British Premiership? The majority of the party supported Mr. Walter Long, but an active and powerful minority of the newer school were for the Birmingham tradition and for Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Neither side would give away an inch, and a fatal schism was imminent.

Aitken Gets Behind Bonar Law

Max Aitken had in no way created this situation, but he was the first to see its possibilities. It was, he said, a case for a compromise candidate, and, using all the personal influence he had acquired, he put forward the name of Bonar Law. This was a startling pro-posal, but a shrewd one. Bonar Law had only been a junior member of the last Tory Government. On the other hand his tariff reform sincerity was above suspicion; he was not a member of any "old gang"; his native caution, a kind of wary way of looking at life, commended him to the moderate Conservative mind; he had no enemies and numerous friends. These rallied The unexpected happened, and Bonar Law round him. became the Tory Leader. The inner circle knew that it was Aitken who had spotted and backed the "dark ' had gone into the Daily Express to support his candidature, and had been the principal instrument in pulling off the winning event.

But he had been essential in other respects. One of Bonar Law's qualities is a sincere modesty. He was unwilling to compete for the leadership against veter-ans, and more than once wished to retire from the contest. It was only the personal influence of Aitken which brought him up to the front; and we shall see the same influence exerted later on a more crucial

His Preferment is Vetoed

 $R_{\mathrm{undoubted}}^{\mathrm{EPUTATIONS}}$ grow by success and here was an undoubted success of judgment. Nor when one comes to look into it is there anything very mysterious about the achievement. It wanted a shrewd eye and a bold hand—that is all. These had been found, and when the party leaders were in difficulties they were

apt to look to a proved source for guidance.

None the less, a battle of this kind leaves scars, and there were many supporters of the other rival candidates who resented the intrusion of a parvenu King-Something of this crept out when Bonar Law wanted to make him his Parliamentary secretary. The desire was natural. But the offended deities put forth

a veto. Such a post, they said, went with long service in and experience of the House; it would be impossible to a new-comer, however brilliant. matter of fact, it was the position he took, two short years later, when war broke out.

On the tariff, Aitken had always held firm and consistent views. To him a scheme of preference which did not include Canadian wheat was practically meaningless. In 1913 a strong attempt was made by some backers of the Tory party, marching in solemn proression behind the robust figure of Lord Derby, to get the food taxes dropped out of the programme. Against abandonment of principle Aitken threw his whole weight. He induced the party leader to come down with him to Ashton, under the very walls of the Manchester citadel, and there they both proclaimed their adherence to the original policy. Within a week, Bonar Law had been stampeded out of his position. What would Aitken do? Would he be found standing to his guns, or, as the radical papers maliciously suggested, in full and hurried retreat? Would silence suggest itself as a way out of embarrassments? The member for Ashton-under-Lyne instantly summoned another meeting in the same hall, and reiterated word for word all the convictions he had given voice to a few days before. Whatever this was, it was not the act either of a time-server or a man of straw. It was his declaration of independence.

His advice was soon badly needed by his party. The Ulster crisis was, in the late spring of 1914, pressing heavily on the world of British politics. There were extremists on both sides who were ready for civil war and even courted a crash. On the other hand, the more responsible leaders were for accommodation and compromise before the peace was broken. Could terms be arranged? And if the moderate of both parties could agree among themselves, could they hold their own followers to the pact? This last was the real dif-

ficulty in making a pact at all.

To Patch an Irish Peace

AITKEN'S reputation as a negotiator and a man of compromise was already so well known to the inner ring that he was picked out to make the attempt. There may have been an additional reason for the choice. the event of success the negotiator might have become odious to the extremists of his own party; he could then be said to have sold the pass. A man of Cabinet rank might hesitate to incur the risk, yet a man of power and weight was essential. The man on whom the lot fell did not shrink from the test; political cowardice is not one of his failings.

It would certainly be indiscreet and possibly tedious to describe the course of bargaining. Aitken scored one great initial success: he induced all the leaders to meet at a series of conferences, held both at his home at Leatherhead and at his rooms in London. Even this

was not easy, for the waves of passion were running higher and deeper as the ship neared

After that came failure. The persuader persuaded in vain. The conference could not agree. Things came to an impassé. And yet a small hope still shone like a tiny candle under the vast arch of night: for peace is often reached in the moment of moral shock when the finger is on the trigger. It was to mask this break-down and gain this precious hope of delay that the much trumpeted Buckingham Palace conference was held. It was a facade only; the real building was the private con-ference. What would have happened none ference. can say, for while the bolts of the rifles were clicking home in Ulster, the noise was drowned by the tramp of the armies mobilizing in Europe

Such was Aitken's position in the spring of 1914—known as a power in the political world, but hardly a name to the great mass

HEN came the war in one fell and devastating swoop. The old world vanished: all the old signposts and landmarks were blotted out, values changed, and reputations rose and fell like rockets.

was not likely that Max Aitken would go under in the flood. The age was one of violent change and he is most A adaptable. It was a moment for the practical imagination, for the prevision of the unforeseen,

and this he had marked out as his sphere.

It so happened that a quite unofficial meeting of a number of Unionist leaders was taking place at Sir Edward Goulding's place at Wargrave and Aitken—he was not yet Lord Beaverbrook-also was there, a sure

proof of his position in the party. The first idea had been to discuss the storm cloud which seemed about to break over the plains of Ulster. But since the party had been arranged a tempest compared to which the Ulster storm was a ripple in a teacup had mounted in the heavens, and was threatening to burst on the ocean of humanity. The party leaders came to discuss Ulster; they stayed to discuss the outbreak of war.

The decision was to support the Government unconditionally if they declared for war, and that even-ing the whole party left for London to convey their decision to Premier Asquith. The effect, if any, was to strengthen the hands of the party of intervention.

The first idea, when war was declared, was to have a Coalition Government. But nothing came of it. The Liberal possessors of offices were not keen to give them up. The Tories were doubtful of the wisdom of taking them. Both sides thought the war would be a short one. It was better for many reasons, argued the Tories, that the Liberals should have the handling of the episode. There would be fewer pro-Germans and, if there was any backfire after peace, the Government would get it. Aitken strongly dissented from the view of a short war, but he was in a minority of one.

HE decision not to form a Coalition Government A seemed to throw Aitken into the shade. His voice would have been heard in no uncertain tones when the make-up of such a Ministry had to be decided, and he himself was obviously destined for office of some kind. But the Opposition had by its own choice dedicated itself to a patriotic inaction. Amid the roar of the rapidly rising waters his barque seemed to be swept down the stream.

Not a bit of it. It must be remembered that all this time his connection with Canada had never been cut. Twice a year he went to Canada, and for many years he undoubtedly thought that this temporary visit might prove enduring. If he went to school in British politics it was in part to find the best of the Universities. His instinct told him not to enter Canadian politics direct—as the official spokesman of his own industries. Everything he said or did would have been suspect. But for long he undoubtedly cherished a desire to return—as a private individual coming from the British Parliament. Canada after all is his home, and his friendship, help and hospitality have always been freely offered to his fellow-citizens who cross the Atlantic. In 1913 indeed he had made up his mind to the transition. He was desperately ill from a disease which is frequently mortal, and death seemed waiting to tap him on the shoulder. Life in the bracing climate of the Dominion promised some hope. He wrote to Ashton-under-Lyne to announce his resignation. He was invited He was met by such a demonstradown to discuss it. tion on the part of Liberals and Conservatives alike as rarely falls to the lot of a member who has sat for a

constituency even for 20 or 30 years. If the histrionics of his personality represented the outward show of his immense popularity, the solid work in the constituency had been done by his wife; the combination was irresistible.

Perhaps he wavered in his purpose of

abandoning his seat. But the question never arose in practice. He went to Canada, grew worse instead of better, so that ambition of any sort appeared to be futile. He was sent to Switzerland as a last resort and suddenly-recovered. He was always a man of surprises.

The closeness of his connection with Canada through all these years had been more real than apparent. He had acted on more than one occasion as ambassador extraordinary between the men of influence in Ottawa and in London. Gratitude is not altogether extinct in politics even if it may be described as the expectation of favors to come. When, therefore, politics seemed dead in England and he asked the Canadian Government to send him to France as Eye-Witness the request was readily granted.

Why didn't he go as the British Eye-Witness—another job which was there for the asking? Oh why did he want to go to France at all? One thing is clear. A man just back from the edge of the grave could not stick the trenches. Yet see war he must, if he was to advise on war policy. Besides in 1914 no one

wanted to be out of the show. Then why not go with the British G. H. Q., and get out at once, instead of lounging round waiting for the Canadian 1st Division? One can only judge by the results. He waited till February 1915, but as Canadian Eye-Witness and subsequent head of the Canadian War Records he

broke the British Military Censorship and led the whole British Empire in the race to develop War Publicity If he had gone to Lord French's headquarters would he have been allowed to do this? Not likely. He would have been wrapped in swaddling clothes or put in the guard room, and there would have been no semi-independent Government to dig him out. He has a reputation for farsightedness. Perhaps he foresaw the greater possibilities of the Canadian office

His Post in the Coalition

FROM this task events in England recalled him sud-denly. The Liberals had proved unequal to sustaining unaided the weight of Government. The quarrels between Admiral Fisher and Winston Churchill and the shock of the Shell Scandal had induced the Leader of the Opposition to intimate to the Prime Minister that he must put down a Vote of Censure. Only three alternatives were possible. The Liberal Government might fall, it might be discredited. or a Coalition Government might be formed. The third alternative was chosen, though it cannot be said that anyone was particularly keen about it. At least it avoided obvious evils. Aitken was sent for because the Opposition were in doubt and because the allocation of coveted places among expectant office holders was intensely difficult. So 200 years ago St. John or Harley used to send for Swift when some ravelled knot of politics had to be untied. On all these matters the adviser had his say. He, himself, took no office. If one was offered him it was not worth taking. There was a tense struggle at the narrow gate of promotion. A wit summed up the situation in a four-line epigram

At Pembroke Lodge in Edwards Square Like rooks the claimants caw Where Aitken keeps with gargoyle stare His vigil over Law.

He returned to France, and put in much arduous work as a negotiator between the Canadian Government, the War Office, and G.H.Q., in France. a severe dose of pneumonia sent him home for good.

HE sat down to organize the Canadian War Records in the endeavor to show the world what publicity really meant. It may fairly be said that he succeeded. Photographs and the cinematograph came into their own as weapons of war propaganda in his hands. The desperate combat which developed with the Military Censors, who thought that war was a thing waged in private by an army of professionals and best conducted when least talked about, ended finally in his favor. Every writer and every regiment in the Empire profited indirectly by his success. And so did the Imperial cause. For he was the first man to translate into practice the doctrine that war was the affair of the masses, and that without knowledge no public morale is possible. When he had forced the breach others were swift to follow, but let it be recorded that he was the first man over the wall. His achieve ment was little appreciated outside Canada. So much so that when he was made Propaganda Minister many newspapers in England asked what qualifications he possessed for the task! As a matter of fact he had perhaps been too clever, for he had found it necessary to spend months as Minister explaining to the United States public that the war on the Western Front was not fought entirely by the Canadian Corps. The States might well reply: "Well, you told us it was the year before last and we believed you!"

All this was achieved by a vast amount of detailed work and the story of it is therefore tedious. It needs the swift and dramatic event to stir the fibres of the

Forming the Lloyd George Government

BUT the supreme sensation was not to be delayed too long.

By the autumn of 1917 the first Coalition was in serious difficulties. It had never been a very healthy child. Offices had been distributed between the parties on the basis of peace-service. The Administration was unwieldy, the war was going wrong. Mr. Asquith dominated his colleagues completely in the game of give and take. When each section had given with the left hand and received with the right everyone was perfectly happy and well off, but no particular result visible. In fact everything was all right except the war.

"Time," said Mr. Asquith, "is on our side."
"Time," said Mr. Lloyd George, "is a doubtful "Time."

This was the showing of the standard of revolt, Mr. Lloyd George was then War Secretary. He was hampered not only by the facile optimism of the Prime Minister and the terrible debates of a monstrous Cabinet, but by the conservatism of generals who did not agree with him. Alone he was pawarless. He could resign; but a Cabinet Minister, like a bee, has

only one sting, that of suicide. But there was another powerful malcontent in the field. Sir Edward Carson had quitted the Government out of a discontent rather resembling that of Lloyd George, who remained. hind him were gathered a powerful force of Tory malcontents-men who hated the Government, men whose claim to office had been ignored, men who were convinced that without some drastic change at the helm the ship of State would founder. Partisans, peacemen and patriots together, they numbered nearly half the Unionist Party in the Commons.

Carson determined to throw down the Ministry. is said that Lloyd George encouraged him. The attack was launched with considerable skill at a selected weak point in the defence. When Bonar Law took office he had announced that he would only retain it so long as he possessed the confidence of his party. If, then, it could be proved that that confidence was no longer his he must resign, and the other Conservatives in the Cabinet would have to follow his example. It had already been proved that the Liberals could not stand alone. Therefore, if Bonar Law went, the Government must fall. It remained to pull out the lynchpin of the Ministerial Coach.

The first challenge came over the Nigerian debate The principle at stake was preference. was in the Free Trade lobby, and nearly half his fol-lowers in the opposite one. The shock was a severe lowers in the opposite one. one, and the next division of the kind might see the catastrophe.

The Canadian Comes Into Action

T was at this point that Aitken, immersed in Cana dian publicity, began to sit up and take notice Those curious pupils of his would set like jade, and a few curt words shot out would indicate his opinion of the party officials who assured their Chief that the episode was an "accident," or that the revolt would "fizzle out." The position was bad. The Opposition was strong enough to destroy the Government, but not was strong enough to destroy the Government, but not to put a stable one in its place. The Tory Party would be torn asunder in order that the National interest might be compromised. What was to be done? He calved the problem with characteristic audacity. The solved the problem with characteristic audacity. way was not to crush the attack but to turn it into a real success, which would produce a more active and yet a stable Government. This could only be done by the adhesion to the movement of Bonar Law and the slow-moving respectability of the Conservatives for

But it is easier to lay down the ideal, or even the practicable objective, of a campaign than to carry out each successive step towards it. Here the obstacles were immense, and a lesser man would have shrunk back appalled. Carson, Lloyd George and Bonar Law had all to be driven in a team. Bonar Law's is not a placable disposition. Slow to anger, his wrath endures, and he had been bitterly offended by what he considered Carson's ingratitude for his support in the Ulster crisis. Also some pretty hot things had been said in the Nigerian debate. With Lloyd George the Conservative leader's relations were different but not much better. Though cold judgment might be for Lloyd George's view of the war, something in his temperament answered more readily to the Asquith lure. Besides, in the first Coalition, Lloyd George had shouldered him very roughly out of the leadership of the House or a compensatory office which was his by right. In fact Lloyd George was a self-seeker. Was it safe to entrust the Premiership to such a man at the crisis of an Imperial fate? And then there was the question of loyalty to Asquith, whom he liked and respected, and to his colleagues as a whole. The mental air was thick with doubts and difficulties. Aitken set his teeth and plunged into the thick of the snowstorm. He was going through

He kept after the distinguished three like a sheep dog after three sheep who are selecting different turnings at a cross road. Under his auspices they met and they conferred and settled nothing: they met and conferred again and nothing came of it, and so it went on for days. Each meeting meant probably three in-dividual interviews for the organizer of victory. There were steps forward and then desperate breaks back Finally things reached so advanced a stage, that Mr. Asquith could be addressed in a common letter. rist of the demand was simple-a War Cabinet under George's chairmanship. Mr. Asquith was imperturbed, unhurried and evasive. He thought there was something in the idea but—he saw Lloyd George, he saw Bonar Law; they came away from these interviews with very vague ideas of what the Prime Minister meant.

The team was by this time in fairly good working order. They had got to know each other again during their compulsory intercourse, and old scars and new suspicions had been laid aside. They had always

agreed on the conduct of the war. In fact, the Cana dian had done his work. Anyone might praise his energy and faith, but these qualities would have been perfectly futile. He was the great persuader as Rhodes was, because genius danced in some elfin mood behind the rigid outlines of character.

At last Lloyd George launched an ultimatum. Prime Minister was startled out of his benevolent somnolence. He began to promise concessions. But before he could move the Unionists had taken action on Bonar Law had summoned the Unionist members of the Cabinet together and told them what

he had done.

They passed the famous resolution calling upon Asquith to resign. It frightened Asquith, who did not understand exactly what was meant by it. He sent for Lloyd George in a hurry and came to terms with him Then, infuriated by an article in the Times, or because information had reached him that his rival could not hope to form a Government, he wrote to Lloyd George and broke off negotiations. Then, as the Tories back him, he resigned. Let Lloyd George form a Ministry if he could or dared. The King asked Bonar Law to form a Government, but he declined, as Lloyd George was the leader in the battles and on him power and responsibility must rest. Lloyd George ac epted the offer and formed a Government within 48

The writer dares not peer any further into the re cesses of Downing Street or Buckingham Palace. Here knowledge may be dangerous and conjecture mislead ing. All these things will be written in the biographies of the future. Right through the veering tempest the future Lord Beaverbrook had held to his judgment and never blenched a whit even when the whole edifice of his conception seemed shaken to its foundations by

the passing gusts of changing events.

Perhaps he is a bad man: certainly he is a bold one The same verdict has been passed upon David Lloyd George. The cynic may retort that bold, bad George. The cynic may retort that bold, bad men were wanted to beat the Prussians. Perhaps again we misread the auspices, and greatness like a crown of falling leaves covers the imperfections of the On all these grave matters men must form their own moral judgments. Only don't let's be silly and in some beautiful Alice-in-Wonderland of radical frenzy put sentence before verdict and evidence. majority, looking at the evidence, will say that Beaverbrook performed a great national service and helped materially to win the war.

The Faith of the Two Leaders

So ended the great battle with the fall of Asquith As the smoke began to roll away from the field of Carson had shown his usual dogged obstinacy in cling ing to what he believed right. He might abstract from Lord Milner the motto, "Damn the consequences." Lloyd George ran the principal risk and reaped the greatest reward. He believed that he could win the war and that no one else could, and in the crisis of his fate he showed great courage, and a consummate tact in handling Mr. Balfour and the Labor Party.

But all might have proved vain but for the drastic intervention of Beaverbrook. He and Lloyd George alone believed that, even if it snowed ink, Lloyd George could form a Ministry and hold the Commons. "He could form one," Lord Randolph Churchill once said of Lord Salisbury, in the bitterness of his heart, the waiters at the Carlton Club." A War A War Cabinet wuld be formed, said Beaverbrook, out of the back enches of the Tory party. And no one else thought hat he was right. The pundits of Liberalism and that he was right that he was right. The pundits of Liberalism and Toryism, wise with the experience of 30 years of Parliament, measured their judgment against this young man from Canada; and they were wrong and he was right. Certain old financial hands in Canada had had a similar experience.

Lloyd George had secured the assent of the Tories, of half the Labor Party, and a section of the Liberals, and Tory appointments were made by Beaverbrook's ad vice. But what about himself? He had been the Chief of Staff in the campaign. It is an open secret that he wanted the Board of Trade, where his knowl-edge of business might have shone. It was refused him It is an open secret Other appointments did not suit his mind. Finally as offered a Peerage and took it.

Most men are snuffed out for good when they are embalmed in the gilded mausoleum of the Upper House. Better the House of Commons with its windy battles on the Plains of Troy than these barmecide feasts of Olympus where debate is a farce without power. Of course a snob likes to be a Lord. Cardinal Manning used, it is said, to gaze on the Cardinal's hat hanging on the peg in his bedroom and murmur

Continued on page 58

Lend Me Your TITLE By ONOTO WATANNA

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

PART II.

SKED the Count? Did you A SKED the Count.

expect him to understand or answer you?"

"He is getting on remarkably -simply marvellously well with his English. He said with perfect fluency: 'Mister Dig' —— It's so amusing and charming to hear him refer to Mr. Bradley as 'Dig'— 'Mr. Dig,' he said, 'say unto me. You marry wiz Mees Kitty Collins.' 'All lide, I say. Much

"He lies, mother. It is not true."
"I have told you more than once, that I will not have the word of a guest of ours impugned."

"Mother "That will do!"

"Oh, mother, Dick couldn't-"

"Dick Bradley couldn't. Humph! He always was as fickle as the weather. I never had any faith in him at all, and the only action of his I have thoroughly approved of, is his sending to us his friend, the dear Count Ta——Oh, I wish
I could say the whole
name. It's so high-sounding! So aristocratic. So
— You know, Kitty, all the royalties, even in

Europe, have long names like that. Fancy it being your name, Kitty! Are you coming down?"
"Yes, shortly. I want —just a few moments to myself. Mamma, I'm going to write to Dick. I'm going to ask him."

"Ask him?" "Yes, mother. Please—please—go! I want to be alone!"

IX.

TWO LETTERS AND SOME TEARS.

DEAR Mr. Bradley:

You know I am having my Fridays as usual. Do come and have a cup of tea with us. We would like to see you so much!

We find Count Ichijo so interesting. Really, if you don't come soon to see me, I'm afraid he is going to 'cut you out' with us all!

Cordially,

Katharine Field Collins.

My Dear Miss Collins:

I have your letter and would gladly accept the invitation to one of your delightful "teas," but for the fact that I expect to make a trip to Japan very shortly. Our friend, Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo, has painted such glowing pictures of the country and people, that I've finally decided I can wait no longer to see it.

Take care of the Count for me, won't you? He's the best ever. In fact I think as much of him — more

indeed — as of myself.

Talking of titles! Whew! He has one as big as the Mikado's own, and a Shiro (that's Japanese for castle) as old as Adam. The common Japanese consider him

Well, good-bye pro tem. I will not see you again probably until June, when I hope to have the pleasure of wishing you many happy returns of the day of

your twenty-first birthday.

Again commending my friend, Count Ichijo, to your kindly consideration, I am, believe me,

Yours truly,

Richard Sheridan Bradley.

Sounds issuing from Miss Kitty Collins' pillow: "I hate you. Dick Bradley! I hate you! O-O-O-O-I hate you! Oh Dick, how could you?" How could you?"

X.-TEA

"S-s-s-- Mees Collin! Goo-goo-goo—nide! Thas a beautiful day ad these house! Tangs. Aexcuse!"

"Beautiful day! Why, it's pouring!"
"Those beautiful pour! Tangs! Aexcuse!"

"We know all about you. You're an adventurer!"

You like rain, do you?"

"Wis you — yaes!"
"Well, I hate it — with you!"

"Kit-ty!"

"Sir! How dare you call me that?"

"Thas nod you beautiful name? Tangs."

"Miss Collins, please!"
"Misterer Dig — he tellin' me speag you name jos lig' those — Kit-ty!"

"My goodness! He's even got Dick's inflection!"
"S-8-8-8-8-"!"

You can tell Mr. Bradley from me that I appreciate nou can tell Mr. Bradley from me that I appreciate—oh, so much—his kindness in giving permission to his friends to—yes, Anna? Just give me the cards. The Count won't bite you! Oh, certainly, I'll see them. Mother, it's Jimmy Bowker and Mr. Young."

"Indeed?"

"Jimmy --S-S-S-S-S-S!"

"Did you speak, Count Ichijo? Do come over here, mother. It's too bad to expect me all alone to—
Ah, Jimmy! How well you're looking. Mr. Young—
Perhaps I don't need to present you to Count Ichijo.

I believe you were all at college together."
"Er— Count ———? How do you How do you do? No, I don't recall you."

- sayonara!" "S-s-s-s-s-s-

"Maybe Bowker remembers you."

"How do you do? No, I can't say -

"S-s-s-s---Ohayo!"

"I remember a Japanese who entered just as we passed out. It may be - what year - ?

"What year - ?"

"Ss-s-s-s-Nuruhoda!"

"Don't you speak English? If you went to Coll-

"You see, the dear Count passed through college under most interesting circumstances. Dick has written us all about it. You see, being practically of the royal family, he could not very well mix in with the common students."

"Mother!"

"Kitty, allow me to finish. So he took the coursesunseen."

"Unseen!"

"Oh yes. As Dick explains it, in those days royalty was not allowed to be seen by ordinary mortals, and indeed a prince of the blood never even stepped his feet upon the ground. Of course things are changed since then."

"But about the course-

Yes, I'm coming to that. So dear Count Ichijo was obliged to take the courses unseen. The Professors went to him, which was perfectly proper, under the circumstances.

"I never heard of --what year -

"Well, Mr. Bowker, you know there are a great many things that the ordinary run of students really never hear anything at all about."

"Er - then he speaks

English, of course?"
"Charmingly! Let me explain. You see, the Japanese have very peculiar etiquette. It's considered bad form to speak any but their own language when they first meet strangers. He was explaining it to us quite recently, and Dick recently, and Dick—— Mr. Bradley you know— wrote us all about it. Why, the first day he came to see us, he never spoke a single word save in Japanese, and when we think of the when we think of the things we said — never dreaming he understood — well, it was very barrassing. But you embarrassing. But you have quite forgiven us, haven't you, dear Count Ichijo?"

Tee-hee-e-e-e!" - Ss-s-s-s-"Hi, fu, mi, vo-"And we would never have known the difference, but that Kitty recalled that Dick had said in his letter that they were at college together. So we pressed the Count — and the explanation shortly followed. Ah, I think it a charming custom! So reticent! So — er exclusive, don't you know. So ——very characteristic——so ultra refined. None of —— That's right, Kitty. I'll have a cup too. Count, do draw your chair up closer. There, I've put it right next to Kitty's."

"WHAT do you think of this, Bowker?"

W "Think? I think he's a d— impostor.
There's something curious here. I sniff it. He doesn't even look like a Jap." even look like a Jap.

"I'll drop in on Dick this evening. You don't s'pose this is some lark of his?"
"Not on your life. He's wild about her. Think he's going to spoil his own chances by doping them up with a thing like --- that!"

"Let's pump the old lady. Did you ever see her so got up? Whee — I tell you what, it pays to be a little smutty-faced Count?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young?"

"Tell us some more about this — Count. does Dick say about him?" What

"I have his letters right here. There, you may see one.

"Hum - That's queer!"

"Queer?"

"Yes, I never knew Bradley to lay himself out like this for anyone else before. It's his writing all right. Hm-m-m-m! Haven't seen him lately ——— Bowker, there's something wrong here. Something damn black. I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to look up this fellow's history. Can easily find out through friends of mine at Ottawa. I'll set them on to the Jap Consul there. If he's what he pretends to be

"Would you have believed, Young, that she'd have gone back on Bradley in this way? Just see how she's letting little slant eyes look at her. By Jove! did you see that? He's got his little yellow paw on top of hers."

"After that - I'm going."

"So'm I."

"Going, Mr. Young? So soon? Oh, what's your hurry?

"Good-day, Mrs. Collins. Count ---- Ichi what's your name?

"It na, ya, ko."

"Your name, I said."

"Here's the Count's card. Isn't it pretty? Really, I do think our own insignificant bits of hideous white

cardboard look ridiculous when laid beside a gorgeous crested, crimson, artistic article like this. Good-day, Mr. Bowker. Come soon again, do!"
"So soon, Jimmy? So sorry!"

"Good-bye, Kitty. Have you seen—Bradley lately?"
"N—no. Do tell him when you see him, how pertectly delighted we —— I am with Count Ichijo. Oh, good-bye, Mr. Young. So glad you came."

"NOW they're gone, and I'm not going to pour another drop of tea. Mother will pour for you, Count Ichijo. My head is — splitting."

"You look exceedingly well, Kitty. That color — be-coming, is it not, Count Ichijo?"

"Ah-h-h-h! Ss--s-s-—Loftily, augustly loavely those red ad you chicks. Tangs. Much 'bliged." "I hate compliments, Count Ichijo."

Whas those - compli-

"Personal remarks - supposed to be flattering."

You no lig'? But you also got those person marks."

"Yaes. S-s-s-s-Tangs. On top you honorable

"My nose?"

"Ah, yaes! Those loavely person marks. I lig' those beautifullest spots of thad honorable sun." "Oh, the idea! He means my freckles."

"I'm so pleased, dear Count Ichijo, that you admire Kitty's freckles. They have been the bane of the poor child's life, and I confess that I too have felt some distress about them, though my dear father used to say that freckles never went on anything that's foul."
"Ah-h-thas so? He no go on top those chickens?"

"Ah-h-thas so? He no go on top those chickens?"
"How you do make us laugh, dear Count. No, not that kind of fowl. Our Kitty's a golf enthusiast. Mr. Bradley taught her. You know he has taken several cups. They do sa — people that don't approve of him, Count, that he has neglected all his opportunities for the sake of his golf. Personally I think it a very foolish, very senseless game. Er—— it is so easy a game to play, and it does seem such a useless waste of time and force to be following a little ball around and hitting it once in a while. Really, that is all there is to the game. Do you play it in Japan?"

"Those golup? No — thas western science we still got study."

"Not worth your time, dear Count. I marvel at Kitty spending so much time at it. Now Kitty's

"Mother, please don't discuss my freckles with him. Now, I think, really, I've done my — duty for to-day, and I want to go to my room. Don't get up, Count

Mother, come here. I want to say just a word to

'Don't you know, Kitty, that it is very rude to sper in company?

"Then come up with me. Come-"
"Kitty' Really, I won't be pulled along in this manner

"My room at last! Oh, mother, mother, mother, I'm o m-m-miserable!"

"My poor Kitty, if indeed-

"No, mother, I am going through with it. I let him even hold my hand. I knew they'd see, and tell

"It didn't hurt your hand, you see

"No. I can't understand myself, mamma. When he was holding it, and looking at me, right into my eyes, I had the most curious feeling about him. A strange sort of emotion seized me. I—i—it almost eemed as if Dick were holding my hand, and looking into my eyes!

"I'm surprised that you even mention his name." "I must have no shame, mother. I think I—I clung on to the Count's hand. It seemed somehow as if Dick wished me to, and oh, what am I saving?"

"Kitty, will you never get over that childish habit of flinging yourself headlong on your bed in that

My poor little -"Don't pity me, mamma. Something has happened to me. Yes, just this afternoon. When he held my hand—right before you all—a feeling of peace—of rest—seemed to flood my very being, and I clung to his hand—as if to a very anchor!"

XI.

ON THE LINKS

SUPPOSE, Count Ichijo, that this is the first time you've ever been on golf links? I do hope you are going to like the game. We've got the best professional here to teach you."

"His name? Muldoon."

"No, not a professor—a professional. You didn't look very pleased when I mentioned Mr. Muldoon's name. Maybe you've heard of him. Some people don't like his method. Now Dick — Mr. Bradley — goes by Braide only, and scorns any sort of advice of Mr. Muldoon's. But, I think him all right. Just think, he taught Mr. Carnegie and Mr. "Dooley" and oh, all sorts of famous people. I take him along with me often instead of a eaddy, just to learn all about them. often, instead of a caddy, just to learn all about them. often, instead of a caddy, just to learn all about them. He's awfully interesting, if he is rather garrulous. His favorite expression is: "The brains of the coonthree are playing it, miss." You look quite glum. Here he is. This way, Mr. Muldoon."

"Now, you will be able to brag, Mr. Muldoon. I've brought you somebody worth teaching. Mr. Muldoon, Count — Oh dear, I can't say all of that way just Count Ichijo, of Echizen, Japan. How queer you look. Count Ichijo! Have you met Mr. Muldoon be-

"Why, it's awfully funny, but you are picking up all sorts of American expressions. Of course you've got to stay here. You can't go out on the links first. You've got to learn first how to hold the club, then how to swing — and you've got to keep that up — oh-h for hours and hours, and maybe, if you're real smart, Mr. Muldoon will let you hit the ball presently, won't you, Mr. Muldoon?

"Nobody ever learned it in a few minutes. You've been listening to mamma. She doesn't know the first thing about it. She talks just like everyone who has never even held a club in his hands. It's a very diffiult — a really scientific game. Now just be patient —and you'll soon learn."

"That's the way! Why, didn't he bring that club up that's the way: Why, didn't he bring that club up fine? So many beginners just chug it up. Now don't hurry Mr. Muldoon. He'll show you about it. Really I like his way of addressing the ball better than Mr. Bradley's."

"Wh-why! You lock like a real thundercloud! You want to learn properly, even if it takes time. You don't want to be a duffer in golf. Well, I'll be off now; I'm going to play with Mr. Young. See, he's waiting for me over there."

"No, no — you can't come too. They don't let beginners on the links. Maybe, by and by. I'll just do the meadows, and then when ' get back you can come with me over the hills, and caddy for me, if you like. Most of my friends think that a big — privilege. I'm coming, Mr. Young!" "No, no - you can't come toc. They don't let be

"Do you know, I really heard the Count — s-swear! Yes sir, a great big D——. Honestly! Ah ha-ha-ha! Oh, I feel so fine — so happy! It's these blessed links! They are as exhilarating as wine. Come on."

"Yes s-sir, you've got to give me a great big handicap. I believe I'll use my cleek here. I can't manage my wooden clubs when there's anyone watching. Awful big crowd to-day, isn't there? Spring, tra-la! Now! Not a word!"

"How mortifying! I know I'm as red as a beet. I never made such a poor shot before. I'll do botter after we pass the first bunkers. The crowds make me nervous."

"Oh, what a bully approach that shot was! Let them pass us, Mr. Young. I know we're a twosome; but I'm so slow, and I always make it a point to let really good players go by me. Let's call to them."

"My goodness! Look who it is. Why, it's Count Ichijo! Wh-why — he is playing. Isn't that perfectly odness! Look who it is. Why, it's Count astonishing?

"Well, well, Muldoon, your pupil is growing away from you."

"Learned in fifteen minutes! Says the Japan learn everything quickly. Oh c-o-ome, Count Ichijo! There's a twinkle in Muldoon's eye anyhow. I believe ou knew the game from the first. Just look where my ball is — right in the bunker. There, it's down. Now wait till I show you a pretty little trick to send it over in quite a long shot, too. Mr. Bradley taught me See, I just turn my mashie up—so. Then it lifts the ball clear up of the bunkers and — That wasn't bad, was it?"

"Oh, oh, oh! You've made the green in two, and just look where your ball is!"

"Don't, Mr. Young. I want to see the Count putt. Oh! Oh! Oh-h! Did you see that? Made it in three. How many for you, Mr. Young? Eight? You, Mr. Muldoon, did you play? Five? Mine — I did it in bogey. I did! Why, the idea! Do you mean to insinuate Mr. Young —." bogey. I did! ate, Mr. Young

"I'm so glad you play golf so beautifully, Count Ichijo. It's my favorite game. It was pretty modest of you to say nothing about it to us all.

"No, I didn't learn from Mr. Muldoon, nor a pro-fessional either, for that matter. Somebody better than a professional. A dear friend taught me."

"Do you know, if you weren't Japanese, I wouldn't answer half your questions. They are the most — impert — embarrassing things I ever heard. Well, his name, since you ask so bluntly, is Bradley. Yes, our

"Do you know, you've tee-ed my ball just as I like it — as I'm used to it. Why, isn't that funny? You withdrew your fingers just like D—— Mr. Bradley used to do. He used to set the ball just pat on the bit of sand, with his two forefingers underneath, and withdraw them without touching the sand or any clumsy upset. Did he show you?"

"You showed him? Really! Now, isn't that curious? He told me that he made that particular trick up himself. I'm beginning to ——"

"Yes, I'm all ready!"

"That's something like! Just because there's no one here to see. Oh, doesn't it make one feel good when we've made a good, long, clean, straight shot like that' Count Ichijo, you're a dandy mascot!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Young."

"Well — er — suppose you and Mr. Muldoon go on without us. I much prefer a twosome anyhow."

"Thank goodness, he's gone. An awful prig! Let's take our time. The boys will get the balls all right. You know, it's awfully strange, but somehow, out here on the links with you, you don't seem one bit Japanese
— except your hair and your — er eyebrows. I mean
your lash — Really I feel positively chummy with
you! Just like I used to with Dick, when we played together. Anyhow, do you know, you remind me him a lot."

"Well I can't say just how."

"Ye-es. I think there is a resemblance."

"N-no, not the eyes, though they - they have some thing the same look and — color too! Oh, do you know, your eyes aren't black at all! I always thought Japanese had black eyes. Yours are blue! They

"Well. I never noticed Dick's nose particularly."

"He wore a moustache — a beauty — so I don't know what his mouth was like, but it felt — I think — it — was very attractive indeed."

theogness gracious, no! He had red hair — a perfect mop of bright red curls. His mother called it Titian, and I agreed with her. But it wasn't, it was just good old honest carrots. I like your hair better. Count Ichijo." "Goodness gracious, no! He had red hair -

"I wish Dick could hear that!"

"Oh, what an embarrassing question, Yes, I did like

"Better than you? Why - I detested you t-till re

"No, I don't want to sit here — of all places! Why, Dick pro—— I want to go on and finish the course."

"Do you know, you're the first Japanese I ever heard use such expressions. If I were to close my eyes could almost imagine it was Dick himself speaking."

"Have you heard from him?"



"I'm glad he likes Japan so well. I suppose he's become infatuated with one of those fascinating little geisha girls one hears so much about. Are they so pretty and clever?

"I suppose it's a matter of taste. Come on — let's play, not talk. It's a queer world, isn't it?"

XII.

BASE SUSPICIONS

"HELLO, Taku! Sitting up for me, huh? Take these. Don't touch that. I'll put it away. Any-

o-s-s-s- Yaes, sir. Aexcuse. Mi and Misterer Young, he come. Tangs."
"What, again?" Misterer Bowker

"Aexcuse. Yaes, sir, S-s-s-s-"
"Leave any message?"
"No sir. They speag ad each udder. Say they tink "No sir. They speag ad each udder. Say they tink thas lie thad you go unto Japan. Also that beeg one, Bowker—he loog unto you clothes — you brush for hair — you brush for tooth, etceterays."

"He did! Hoom! Why didn't you explain that I bought all new things to go away with?"

"I sesso. He say quig then: 'Whose those?' I bowing lig' those, say 'Thas honorable garment of most exait illustrious Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune

Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"Oh, that was a bad break, Taku. Don't you suppose they know my things?"

pose they know my things?"
"S-s-s-s-aexcuse. Tangs. Yaes sertinly. So I mek
explain. I sesso thad you mek present all those honorable clothes unto you fliend thad Count Taguchi
Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo."

"What! Oh I say, you've put me in bad here. You think I want it all over town that I'm wearing the secondhand clothes of myself."
"Thas no disgrace! Ss-s-s-s Many Japanese do!

Count Ichijo velly poor. He got wear mebbe second, mebbe third, mebbe fourth hand clothes."

"Not this Count Ichijo. He's a swell dandy. Taku, I'm going to be a credit to your race! You Japs are

going to be proud to acknowledge me! What else did they say?"
"Misterer Young, he say, wiz some wet on his eye,

"Misterer Young, he say, wiz some wet on his eye, thas he suspect they's fowl plays ad thees 'partment!"
"Young has the instinct of a Sherlock Holmes all right-oh. He used to go round at college just sniffing up mysteries. I'll be he's got good old Bowker all stirred up. There's the bell! Now remember, Mr. Bradley in Japan. Count Ichijo royally invisible."

"MAKES no difference. We are coming in! Get out of the way!— Here he is, Bowker. Yes, we mean you! Where's our friend, Mr. Bradley, and what are you doing here, in his rooms?"
"Hoshi, boshi, Oh mi moshi!"

"S-s-s-s-s- Tee-ce-ce-e-!"
"We knew all about you. You're a damned little ad-Japanese Consul or in Ottawa. Thought that'd make you sit up and take notice a bit — What's the matter with you. Taku? You look as if you're going to explode. I suppose this Count is a friend of yours, huh? Well, Mr. Count Ichijo, you may as well own up. What have you done with Mr. Bradley?

"Won't answer, huh? Well, let me loosen up a bit and tell you what we've found out about you. You're

a Count, all right—in Japan. We don't deny that. But here in America, you're rothing but a servant— a but here in America, you're rothing but a servant — a but her — a valet, a handy man. We got that straight from the consul — Look out there, Bowker, that Jap is going to spring at you!"

"Taku! You go — Leave the room!"

"So you can speak English after all. Declighted to hear you! Suppose now you tell us what your little game is You can't make us believe that Bradley has

game is. You can't make us believe that Bradley has gone off, leaving you — a Japanese butler—in his place using his clothes and all his personal article don't believe it. Go ahead, ring the bell.

Browning, the manager of this place. We'll tell him a thing or two ourselves.

"Did you ring, sir?"
"Mr Browning, Send — up!"

"Good evening, Count. Want to see me? What can I do for you?"
"Inject — those cuttam fliend, Mr. Bradley!"
"Mr. Bradley's friends! Why, what's the trouble? I know these gentlemen well."

"Thank you, Browning. Bowker and I want to know what's become of Bradley. We don't like the looks of the thing."

"Mr. Bradley has gone to Japan."

"Without his clothes?"

"Seems so."

"It's incredible."

"I saw him the day he went, Mr. Young. He stepped in the office to wish me good-bye. Said he was starting off on a sudden impulse. Said while he was gone his rooms would be occupied by his friend, Count Ichijo."

"You are quite sure it was Bradley?"
"Oh, absolutely. I had a long chat with him. He had all sorts of nice things to say of his friend, the Count here.

"Well, if this is so, then all I - we've got to say, is we're blanked sorry we —er—that our—er suspicions against you seem unfounded. Good night."

XIII

JUST A -- BUTLER

"BUT a butler — a valet — a common servant, Kitty! Oh, it's quite impossible! I'm so sorry. my poor little girl!"

"Mother, you know, and everyone else does, that many Japanese of the finest families go to work in America in the most menial capacities. And really, when it comes down to an analysis of the thing, what Continued on page 66

The STRANGEADVENTURE of the NILE-GREEN ROADSTER

By Arthur Stringer

HOPE you slept well, sir," said Benson, as I sat down to my breakfast of iced Casaba and eggs O'Brien, a long month later. "Like a top, thank you," I was able to announce to

that anxious-eyed old retainer of mine.
"That sounds like old times, sir," ventured Benson,

caressing his own knuckle-joints very much as though he were shaking hands with himself.

"It feels like old times," I briskly acknowledged.

"And this morning, Benson, I'd like you to clear out my study and get that clutter of Shang and Ming hences off my writing deak."

bronzes off my writing-desk.'

"Very good, sir."

"And order up a ream or two of that Wistaria Bond used to use. For I feel like work again, Benson, and I used to use. that's a feeling which I don't think we ought to

"Quite so, sir," acquiesced Benson, with an approving wag of the head which he made small effort to

conceal.

It was the truth that I had spoken to Benson. The drought seemed to have ended. The old psychasthenic inertia had slipped away. Life, for some unaccountable reason or other, still again seemed wonderful to me, touched with some undefined promise of high adventure, crowned once more with the fugitive wine-glow of romance. Gramercy Square, from my front windows, looked like something that Maxfield Parrish might have drawn. A milk-wagon, just beyond the corner, made me suddenly think of Phaeton yond the corner, made me suddenly think of Phaeton and his coursers of the stellar trails. I felt an itching to get back to my desk, to shake out the wings of creation. I wanted to write once more. It would never again be about those impossible Alaskan demigods of the earlier days, but about real men and women, about the people I had met and known and struggled into an understanding of. Life, I began to feel, was

Editor's Note.—This is the final story of the series by Mr. Stringer. It will be remembered that, at the outset, the hero ran over and presumably killed a man while speeding in his automobile. This placed him in the power of his chauffeur and led to his estrangement from Mary Lockwood with whom he was in love. In the present instalment the tangled skeins are unraveled in an unexpected way.

a game, a great game, a game well worth watching, doubly well worth trying to interpret.

So when I settled down that day I wrote fever-ishly and I wrote joyously. I wrote until my fingers were cramped and my head was empty. I sur-rendered to a blithe logorrhea that left me contentedly limp and lax and in need of an hour or two of open

So I sallied forth, humming as I went. It was a sparkling af-Spring and as I paced the quiet streets I turned pleasantly over in that half-torpid brain of mine certain ideas as to the value of dramatic surprise, together with a carefully-registered self-caution as to the author's over-use of the long arm of Coincidence.

Coincidences, I told myself, were things which pop ped up altogether too often on the printed page, and occurred altogether too seldom in actual life. a lazy man's way of reaching his end, that trick of riding the bumpers of Invention, of swinging and dangling from the over-wrenched arm-socket of Coincidence. It was good enough for the glib and de-lusive coggery of the moving-pictures, but—

AND then I stopped short. 1 stopped short, confronted by one of those calamitous street accidents only too common in any of our twentieth-century cities where speed and greed have come to weigh life

I scarcely know which I noticed first, the spick-andspan clover-leaf roadster sparkling in its coat of Nilegreen enamel, or the girl who seemed to step directly in its path as it went humming along the smooth and polished asphalt. But by one of those miraculouslyrapid calculations of which the human mind is quite often capable I realized that this same softly-humming car was predestined to come more or less violently into contact with that frail and seemingly hesitating

tacle which instinct told me would be horrible. For still again I felt the beak of cowardice spearing my vitals. I had the odynephobiac's dread of blood. It unmanned me; it sickened my soul. And I would at least have covered my face with my hands, to blot out the scene, had I not suddenly remembered that other and strange ly similar occasion when a car came into violent col-lision with a human body. And it had been my car. On that occasion, I only too well knew, I had proved unpardonably vacillating and craven. I had run away from the horror I should have faced like a man. And

I had paid for my cowardice, paid for it at the incredibly extortionate price of my self-respect and my peace

CHARLES L. WRENN

So this time I compelled myself to face the music. I steeled myself to stand by, even as the moving car struck the hesitating body and threw it to the pavement. My heart jumped up into my throat, like a ball-vaive, and I shouted aloud, in mortal terror, for I could see where the skirted body trailed in under the running-gear of the Nile-green roadster, dragging along the pavement as the two white hands clung frantically to the green-painted spring-leaves. But I didn't run away. Instead of running away, in fact, I did exactly the opposite. I swung out to the side of the failen girl, who stiffened in my arms as I picked Then I spread my overcoat out along the curb, and placed the inert body on top of it, for in my first unreasoning panic I assumed that the woman was dead. I could see salvia streaked with blood drooling from her parted lips. It was horrible. And I had just made sure that she was still alive, that she was still breathing, when I became conscious of the fact that a second man, who had run along beside the car shaking his fist up at its driver, was standing close beside me. He was an elderly man, a venerable-looking man, a man with silvery hair and a meek and threadbare aspect. He was wringing his hands and moaning in his misery as he stared down at the girl stretched out on my over

"They've killed her!" he cried aloud. they've killed her!

"Do you know this girl?" I démanded, as I did my

best to loosen the throat of her shirt-waist.

"Yes— yes! She's my Babbie. She's my niece.
She's all I have," was his reply. "But they've killed her! They've killed her!"

"Acting that way won't help things!" I told him, almost arguity. Then Llooked up atill noggily to see

almost angrily. Then I looked up, still angrily, to see what had become of the Nile-green car. It had drawn in close beside the curb, not sixty feet away. I could see a woman stepping down from the driving-seat. All I noticed, at first, was that her face seemed very white, and that as she turned and moved towards us her left hand was pressed tight against her breast. It struck me, even in that moment of tension, as an indescribably dramatic gesture.

THEN the long arm of that goddess known as Coincidence swung up and smote me full in the face, as solidly as a blacksmith's hammer smites an anvil. For the woman I saw walking white-faced yet deter-mined towards where I knelt at the curb-side was Mary Lockwood herself.

I stood up and faced her in the cruel clarity of the slanting afternoon sunlight. For only a moment, I noticed, her stricken eyes rested on the figure of the woman lying along the curb-edge. Then they rose to my face. In those eyes, as she stared at me, I could read the question, the awful question, which her lips left unmuttered. Yet it was not fear; it was not cowardice, that I saw written on that tragically color-less brow. It was more a dumb protest against injustice without bounds, a passionate and unarticulated pleading for some delivering sentence which she knew

could not be given to her.
"No, she's not dead," I said in answer to that un-"She may not even be seriously hurt. poken question.

I stared down at the tell-tale saliva streaked with blood. But the silvery-haired old man at my side put an end to any such efforts at prevarication.

"She's killed," he excitedly proclaimed.
"She's no such thing," I just as excitedly retorted.
"But you saw what they did to her?" he demanded, "But you saw what easy clutching at my shoulder. "You saw it. Iney like a dog. They've ruined her; they've

I could see Mary Lockwood's hand go out, as though in search for support. She was breathing almost as quickly, by this time, as the reviving girl on the curb

"Shut up," I curtly commanded the old man as he started in once more on his declamations, for the customary city crowd was already beginning to cluster about us. "It isn't talk we want now. We must get this girl where she can be taken care of."

It was then that Mary Lockwood spoke for the first time. Her voice was tremulous, but the gloved hand that hung at her side was no longer shaking.
"Couldn't I take her home?" she asked me.

home?" I was busy pushing back the crowd.
"No," I told her, "a hospital's best. I'll put her in your car there. Then you run her over to the Roosevelt. That's even better than waiting for an ambulance." bulance."

I stooped over the injured girl again and felt her pulse. It struck me as an amazingly strong and steady pulse for anyone in such a predicament. And her respiration, I noticed, was very close to normal. I examined each side of her face, and inspected her lips and even her tongue-tip, to see if some cut or abra-sion there couldn't account for that disturbing streak of blood. But I could find neither cut nor bruise, and by this time the old man was again making himself heard.

"You'll take her to no pest-house," he was excitedly proclaiming. "She'll come home with me—what's left of her. She must come home with me!"

Mary Lockwood stared at him with her tragic and still slightly bewildered eyes.

"Very well," she quietly announced. "I'll take her ome. I'll take you both home."

And at this the old man seemed immensely relieved. home.

And at this the old man seemed initially.
"Where is it you want to go?" I rather impatiently manded of him. For I'd decided to get them away demanded of him. from there, for Mary's sake, before the inevitable

patrolman or reporter happened along, "On the other side of Brooklyn," explained the bereft one, with a vague hand-wave towards the East. I had to push back the crowd again, before I was able to gather the limp form up from its asphalted resting-

"And what's your name?" I demanded as the old man came shuffling along beside us on our way to the waiting car.

"Crotty," he announced. "Zachary Crotty."

I' wasn't until I'd placed the injured girl in the soft-I ly-upholstered car-seat that that name of "Crotty," sent like a torpedo across the open spaces of distraction, exploded against the hull-plates of memory.

Crotty! The very name of Crotty took my thoughts

suddenly winging back to yet another street-accident, an accident in which I myself had figured so actively and so unfortunately. For Crotty was the name of the man. I remembered, who had confirmed my chauffeur Latreille's verdict as to the victim of that neverto-be-forgotten Hallowe'en affair. Crotty was the individual who had brought word to Latreille that we had really killed a man. And Crotty was not a remarkably common name. And now, oddly enough, he was figuring in another accident of almost the same nature.

Something prompted me to reach in and feel the hand of the still comatose girl. That hand, I noticed, was warm to the touch. Then I turned and inspected the venerable-looking old man who was now weeping volubly into a large cotton handkerchief.

"You'll have to give us your street and number," I told him, as a mask to cover that continued inspection of mine.

He did so, between sobs. And as he did so I failed to detect any trace of actual tears on his face. What was more, I felt sure that the eye periodically concealed by the noisily-flourished handkerchief was a chronically roving eye, an unstable eye, an eye that seemed averse to meeting your own honestly inquiring glance.

That discovery, or perhaps I ought to say that suspicion, caused me to turn to Mary, who was already in her place in the driving-seat.

"Wouldn't it be better if I went with you?" I asked

her, stung to the heart by the mute suffering which I could only too plainly see on her milk-white face.

"No," she told me as she motioned for the girl's uncle to climb into the car. "This is something I've

got to do myself."
"And it's something that'll have to be paid for, and well paid for," declaimed our silvery-haired old friend as he stowed away his cotton handkerchief and took up his slightly triumphant position in that Nile-green roadster.

It was not so much this statement, I think, as the crushed and hopeless look in Mary Lockwood's eyes that prompted me to lean in across the car-door and the gaze of those eyes as they stared so unsee ingly down at me.

"I wish you'd let me go with you," I begged, putting my pride in my pocket.

"What good would that do?" she demanded, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. Her foot, I could see, was already pressing down on the starter-knob.
"I might be able to help you," I rather inadequately

ventured. Even as I spoke, however, I caught sight of the blue-clad figure of a patrolman pushing his way through the crowd along the curb. I imagine that Mary also caught sight of that figure, for a shadow passed across her face and the pulse of the engine in-

creased to a drone.
"I can't wait," she said in a sort of guilty gasp. "This girl needs help. And she needs it quickly."

UNCONSCIOUSLY my eyes fell to the other girl sitting back so limply in the padded seat. was, clearly, coming round again. But as she drifted past my line of vision with the movement of the car I made a trivial and yet a slightly perplexing discovery. I noticed that the relaxed hand posed so impassively along the door-top bore a distinct yellow stain between the tips of the first and second fingers. That yellow stain, I knew, was customarily brought about by the use of cigarettes. It was a mark peculiar to the habitual smoker. Yet the meek and drab-colored figure that I had lifted into that car-seat could scarcely be accepted as a consumer of "coffin-nails." It left a wrinkle which the iron of Reason found hard to eradicate.

It left me squinting after that departing roadster, n fact, with something more than perplexity nibbling at my heart. I was oppressed by a feeling of undefined conspiracies weaving themselves about the tragic eyed girl in the Nile-green car. And a sudden ache to follow after that girl, to stand between her and certain activities which she could never comprehend, took possession of me.

Any such pursuit, however, was not as easy as it promised. For I first had to explain to that inquiring patrolman that the accident had been a trivial one, that I hadn't even bothered about taking the license number of the car, and that I could be found at my number of the car, and that I could be the home in Gramercy Square in case any further information might be deemed necessary. Then, once clear of the neighborhood, I hesitated between two possible courses. One was to get in touch with Mary's father over the phone, with John Lockwood. The other was to hurry down to Police Headquarters and talk things with my good friend Lieutenant Belton. either movement, I remembered, would have stood distasteful to Mary herself. It meant publicity, and publicity was the one thing to be avoided. So I solved the problem by taking an altogether different tack. did what deep down in my heart I had been wanting to do all along. I hailed a passing taxi-cab, hopped in, and made straight for that hinterland district of Brocklyn where Crotty had described his home as

standing.
I didn't drive directly to that home, but dismissed

my driver at a nearby corner and approached the house on foot. There was no longer any Nile-green car in sight. And the house itself, I noticed, was a distinctly unattractive-looking one, a shabby one, even a sordid one. I stood in the shadow of the side-entrance to one of those gilt-lettered corner-saloons which aromatic cases out of man's most dismal Saharas, studying that altogether repellent house-front. as I stood there making careful note of the minutest characteristics a figure came briskly down its broken sandstone steps.

What made me catch my breath, however, was the fact that the figure was that of a man, and the man was Latreille, my ex-chauffeur. And still again, I remembered, the long arm of Coincidence was reaching

out and plucking me by the sleeve.

But I didn't linger there to meditate over this abstraction, for I noticed that Latreille, sauntering along the opposite side of the street, had signalled to two other men leisurely approaching my caravansery from the nearby corner. One of these, I saw, was the old man known as Crotty. And it was obvious that within two minutes' time they would converge somewhere disagreeably close to the spot where I stood.

So I backed discreetly and quietly in through the side-O entrance of that many-odored beer-parlor. There I encountered an Hibernian bartender with an empty

I encountered an Hibernian bartender with an empty tray and an exceptionally evil eye. I detained him, however, with a fraterna! hand on his sleeve.

"Sister," I hurriedly explained, "I've got a date with a rib here. Can you put me under cover?"

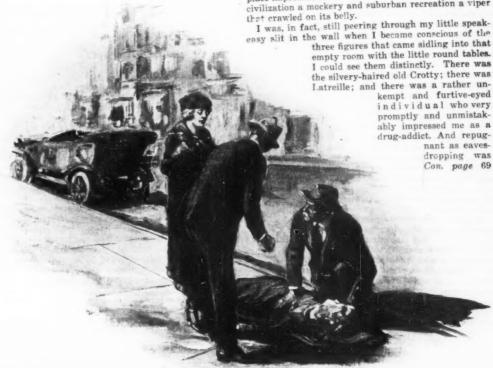
It was patois, I felt sure, which would reach his understanding. But it wasn't until he beheld the five-spot which I'd slipped up on his tray that the look of world-weary cynicism vanished from his face.

"Sure," he said as he promptly and impassively pocketed the bill. Then without a word or the blink

pocketed the bill. Then without a word or the blink of an eye he pushed in past a room crowded with round tables on iron pedestals, took the key out of a door opening in the rear wall, thrust it into my fingers, and

off-handedly motioned me inside.

I stepped in through that door and closed and locked t. Then I inspected my quarters. They were eloquent enough of sordid and ugly adventure. They smelt of sour liquor and stale cigar smoke, with a vague overtone of orris and patchouli. On one side of the room was an imitation Turkish couch, on the other an untidy wash-stand and a charred-edged card-table. Half-way between these there was a "speak-easy," a small sliding wall-panel through which liquid refreshments might be served without any undue interruption to the privacy of those partaking of the same. This speak-easy, I served without any undue interruption to the privacy of those partaking of the same. This speak-easy, I noticed as I slid it back the merest trifle, opened on the "beer parlor," at the immediate rear of the bar-room itself, the "parlor" where the thirsty guest might sit at one of the little round tables and consume his "suds" or his fusel-oil whiskey at his leisure. And the whole place impressed me as the sort of a thing that still made civilization a mockery and suburban recreation a viner civilization a mockery and suburban recreation a viper



"She's not dead," I said in answer to that unspoken question

RAIDING the RHINELAND

W ITH the excep-tion of hunger, probably no single

An Article on the Bombing of Germany

By Lieut. J. VERNON McKENZIE

factor more directly paved the way for the Peace Conference now in session than the Independent Air Force, which hombed the Huns night and

day (weather permitting) the final thirteen months of the war.

Lord Weir, Air Minister, is said to have told Premier Borden, some months before the final collapse, that the Rhine and Saar towns were "getting it" much more severely than the public knew, and that a situation akin to panic was gradua-ally, but surely, arising.

The systematic bombing of military objectives in Germany began in October, 1917, and progressed with a renewed vigor from June, 1918, when General Trenchard took over command of these squadrons, later ten in number, which consti-tuted the British Independent Air Force. A huge program was laid out in the summer of 1917, after cor respondence between allied powers, which, it is believed, called for three hundred squadrons, British, French, American and Italian, but all countries concerned fell far short of the mark.

Besides squadrons operating from the English Coast and Dunkirk, the British had the Independent Force, located south of Nancy, almost behind the American front. The I. F. had, when peace broke out, five day-bombing and five night-bombing squad-rons. During the period from June 6 to November 10, 709 raids were made on large German towns. German aerodromes established for the defense of the Rhine, and other military objectives in Alsace and Germany; more than 616 tons of bombs were dropped in this period of five months.*

Reports from our Intelligence agents showed that the German towns so treated got colossal "wind up" when they found their own defenses unable to cope with the attacks. At the time of the St. Mihiel salient push, for example, one railroad siding was made so hot, that, according to a captured German letter, all troops which would normally have entrained there had to be marched to a siding twenty miles away.

Plans to Bomb Berlin

H AD the Armistice not been signed November 11, Monday, it will be remembered, a serious, and probably successful, attempt would have been made to raid Essen the following night, and to raid Berlin Friday or Saturday of that very week.

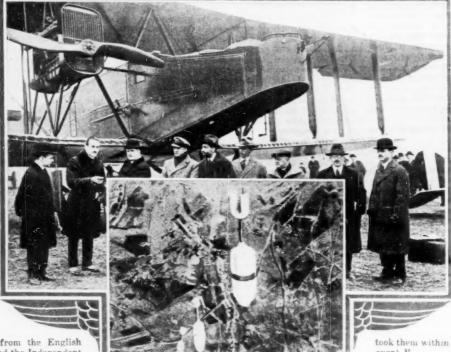
The distance from the Independent Force aerodromes

to Berlin by air was 482 miles. This was too long a trip to be done by ordinary Handley-Pages, and the job was to have been done by Super-Handleys, and huge Vimy bombers, which, loaded with crew and bombs, could do 100 miles or more per hour, and the latter machine could remain in the air for ten and

Just how close the German capital came to being treated to a dose of its own medicine may be seen when it is learned that the first service Vimy bomber it is learned that the first service Vimy bomber reached France about October 26, and the first week in November was landed in Independent Force territory. Pilots and an observer from 100 Squadron were selected for the work, one specially-qualified pilot being recalled from leave in England to undertake the stunt. The week of the Armistice had a moon nearing the full, and it was the fullness of this Hunters' Moon for which

e selected crew was eagerly waiting.
"Bombing Berlin" had for at least two years been

**These are "short," or Canadian, tons. The figures are taken from a Government statement issued to the British press, and quite evidently there must have been more than 709 individual MACHINES crossing the lines to drop 616 tons. For, during part of the period covered, the "F.E." was used, and its normal load was about one-eighth of a ton.—J. V. M.



Above: Handley-Page, twin-engined. Note window, a'so immense size of bus. Pilot and front observer sit in cock-pit located straight above fourth man from left. Below: Wonderful photo, showing three bombs, just released; the objective, in Austria, can be seen about three miles below.

one of the most popular topics in R. A. F. messes. Lt.-Col. W. A. Bishop, V.C., etc., Canada's premier "ace," offered to make the attempt a year and a half ago, if he could select the machine he wanted.
"Do you think we could reach Berlin on our H-P., if

"Do you think we could reach Berlin on our H-P., it we had an extra petrol tank built on the top wing?" a well-known observer in the I. F. asked his pilot one night last September.

"I guess so; let's try," was the response.

So they had the Flight-Sergeant put in a flat gravity-tank holding petrol for another hour. Then they worked out in detail the time necessary to attain height, and to go the distance, and found that, under ordinary irrumentages with an even break as to weather they." circumstances, with an even break as to weather, they'd have about ten minutes' margin only!

Needless to say, the Wing C. O. refused to let them y. They started for Essen a couple of times in this machine, but weather conditions were not propitious They were annoyed that they were not allowed to try

A raid on a much more pretentious scale, was being planned by a well-known Winnipegger, Lieut.-Col. Mulock, D.S.O., etc., who had a remarkable record with the Royal Naval Air Service, and was training a Wing (two or more squadrons) on the coast of Norfolk. His squadrons were being equipped with super-Handleys, and it was planned to send a huge fleet to visit the Rhine towns each propitious night. By night, Col. Mulock's men (including a large percentage of Can-adian flyers) would strafe the Huns in Essen, Berlin, and North Rhine towns; by day—if they got back—they would get a well-earned sleep in a secure English Lt.-Col. Mulock received his machines at the end of October, and, though all ranks work night and day. they were only completed November 8.

The Italians sent a squadron of Capronis into Bo-hemia, as soon as a virtual peace had been arranged with Austria, and if the Germans had turned down the

planned to reinforce the Caproni squadron with

British, French and American Wings. From the particular spot chosen in Bohemia, to Berlin it was just a nice little

joy-ride of about 115 miles each way, and, making al allowances for time taken in attaining height, even the older type Handley-Page could do this easily in five hours. As an ordinary H.-P. can remain in the air about eight hours there was an ample margin

The Sad Fate of B-

GERMAN night-flyers did practically nothing of importance to protect the Saar and Rhine towns; the chief casualties suffered by British were due weather conditions, anti-aircraft fire, and "conked" engines, which necessitated forced landings in Hun or Allied territory, under con trol or out of control, as the case might be.

One German aerodrome One German aerodrome. located at B---, got into a lot of trouble through "gratuitously" interfering with one of the British night-raiding squadrons. It happened in this way: an squadron was sent one night to raid Frankfort and Cologne, and their air route

took them within a few miles of (though not directly over) B.——. Some Hun machines from b-took it upon themselves to intercept the British with a most unusual display of Hun daring, they brought down two of our chaps, and got clean away themselves-for a brief spell.

Thereafter, B—— aerodrome was made a target for our chaps to practise on at every possible opportunity. There was a very special "hate" on. If a machine was assigned to a raid on Saarbrucken. Frankfort, or perhaps Cologne, and weather conditions to recently the reaching of the prescribed of the reaching of the reachi prevented the reaching of the prescribed objective, then the bombs were dropped at B—— on the way back; if a pilot and observer felt specially vindictive back; if a pilot and observer felt specially vindictive scme night, they would make a short detour on their way to the prescribed objective, and drop an "egg" or two on B——; if a crew wanted a little practice to keep its hand in, off it would tootle to B—— and unload; and all these trips would be in addition to regular strafes outlined for B—— by Head quarters! B—— had a pretty thin time of it for meanths.

Just before the Armistice one of the day-flying chaps dropped in for a visit, and said:
"I was flying over that 'drome we've been strafe

ing so much; how many hangars out of those thirty do you think are still in evidence?"
"How many?" several asked at once.
"EXACTLY THREE!"

The Machines Used for Bombing

DREVIOUS to the union in April, 1918, of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps under the name of the Royal Air Force, reprisal bombdender the name of the Royal Air Force, reprisal bomb-ing at night was done almost entirely on a machine designated the "F. E." Fighting Experimental, the initials are supposed to stand for. This stout old bus was a pusher—that is, had the propeller behind—and the usual load was one 230-th bomb, two 112-lb, bombs, or a number of 16-and 20-pounders. This machine carried a pilot and observer, the latter stuck out in front, and armed with a Lewis gun mounted on a

These "FEE" merchants (R.A.F. slang) were stout chaps, and used to do two or three short shows during a night. They carried on in all sorts of weather, and could stay in the air about six hours. One Canadian observer, Lt. George L. Z.—, an Elmira, Ontario, banker, had an exciting experience in a machine of this type just a little more than a year ago.

It was about his second or third trip over the lines, and he and his pilot were coming back from a short "show" when a blinding snow-storm came up, and soon raged to such an extent that they lost all track of their location. They flew around for two or three hours, tossed like a chip in the gale, almost perishing with the cold, and the stinging flakes smiting their faces. There is, by the way, mighty little protection for the observer in an "F.E."—none at all, in fact, except his own clothing. Have you ever tobogganed in a swirling snow-storm, the sled going about 'umpteen miles per minute, and tried hard to get a breath? Well, it's like that, only ten times worse?

When they flew out of the storm they were amazed to find that they were over the open sea; no land was visible anywhere. Which direction should they head? Z——finally picked up the lights of two ships which he had reason to believe were heading away from land. So he and his pilot flew in a direction opposite to that in which the vessels were heading, and soon discerned the lights of a port—what port, they knew not.

As the petrol was almost exhausted, they made a anding, quite safely, about a mile or so from this port own, and as the "F.E." bumped they wondered whether they were in French, Belgian, Dutch, or German territory. They agreed that most probably they had anded in Holland, so, following orders issued in case of a landing in a neutral or enemy territory, they set are to their machine. As she blazed merrily away they trudged sadly toward the lights, prepared for nany weary months or years of internment, and walked into—Hayre!

The old Royal Naval Air Service had a couple of Handley-Page squadrons in use in 1917, and during the last few months of the war the night-bombing work was chiefly done by these leviathans of the air, although the "F. E. 2b" was used by one squadron right up to August, 1918. By August the night squadrons had Handley-Page's and the day chaps had Sopwith Camels, D. H. 9. D. H. 9A., and D. H. 4 machines, the lastnamed being equipped with Rolls-Royce engines. "D. H." stands for De Haviland, the name of the British officer who designed them. The much-talked-of Liberty motor was used in the D. H. 9A. machines, i10 Squadron being equipped with these.

The day bombers usually suffered more severely than their night-flying confreres. One example: twelve machines set out on or about October 21, 1918, flying D. H. 9A.'s (Nine Akks), to raid Cologne; of the dozen, only two returned safely. Three others crashed somewhere on French soil, the other seven machines, each with its crew of two, were posted "failed to return."

The Huge Handley-Page

HOW huge even the old type Handley-Page was, probably few in Canada realize. It had a wing span of ninety-eight feet and from tip to tail was seventy-two. The early bombing types were equipped with two powerful engines, and a speed of sixty to eighty miles an hour could be attained. The four-engined Handleys were not built in time to see routine service in France.

The engines were placed one in each side of the fusellage, it body, and designated "port" and "starboard." The pilot and front observer were seated, side by side, almost in the very front of the machine, and the second observer, or rear gun-

ner, was about twenty feet in the rear, having a comfortable and roomy cock-pit of his own. While in the air there was usually no communication between front and rear, unless a very crude arrangement such as a string on a pulley, which was installed in a few machines. The manufacturers made no provision for such communication. Entrance to both front and rear compartments was by climbing up a ladder and through

a trap-door. Each H.-P. had at least two windows in the fusellage.

The pilot acted chiefly as chauffeur, and the front observer was navigation officer and bomb-dropper. There was a small cock-pit forward of the pilot's seat where the bomb-sight and bomb releases, as well as the forward Lewis gun, were installed. There was a trap-door connecting the compartment in which the pilot sat, with the cock-pit in the extreme tip of the machine. The usual way of ingress and egress was by this door, but it was a tight fit for me, and occasionally, in the night time, I climbed over the top to get there. I did it once in the day time—but, never again. It needs the blackness of night to hide where a slip would land one! The rear observer had two Lewis guns—one firing above, to the rear, and to each side; the other firing down through an opening in the fusellage.

The bomb sight was, of course, luminous, and could be adjusted to suit wind, height and speed. The direction of the wind made no difference, as bombing was done either up or down wind—usually the former.

Routes Carefully Charted

THE route was carefully charted out in advance, and a definite compass course set. This was done by means of a C. D. I.—Course and Distance Indicator—which made allowance for speed and direction of the wind, as well as the speed of the machine. A change in the speed and direction of the wind, after leaving the ground, was difficult to detect, but for this there was a "gadget" called the Drift Indicator. Its chief points were taken from a device found in the debris of the Cuffley Zeppelin. Properly used, it was an extraordinarily useful instrument.

Weather reports came in every few hours from an official known in the R. A. F. messes as "Meteor," and enabled the observers to work out their courses almost the last thing before going up. These reports gave the direction and speed of the wind, and also added a forecast, up to the early hours of the next morning.

On but very few nights during the month was the moon kind enough to disclose adequate guiding landmarks, and in order that the work might be carried on during all possible nights, a dozen or so light-houses were erected on the Independent Force front, each flashing a different letter at regular intervals. These proved invaluable as guides. In addition, the simple-minded Boche provided guides which were of immense value to the Allied night flyers.

and they had the advantage over our light-houses that they could float up above the clouds and mists, and prove an almost infallible aid. So reliable did they prove that many of the Independent Force flyers charted their courses from an "Onion" group to the prescribed objective. Whether these light balls were inflammable was never discovered, though a veteran pilot claims that one touched and settled on the fabric of his machine without setting it on fire. He had made a detour in order to investigate these mysterious onions and actually bumped into one. He came back as much in the dark as ever. I never met this pilot, but I heard that he described the onion with which he collided as very light and not in any sense inflammable. He had concluded it was some kind of intensely luminous balloon. But as to how it was anchored, he had no idea whatever!

A novice night flyer came back to his squadron last summer with a breathless story of how he had "bombed a Hun 'Onion' battery, and put it out of busi-

"I got a beautiful hit on that 'Onion' battery at 'L'," he boasted to the Recording Officer. "I don't think they'll send up any more 'Onions',"

"What the blazes did you do that for?" he was asked,

"What the blazes did you do that for?" he was asked, and his smiles died quickly away as he saw the glares of those around him—coupled with disgust.

He got not praise for this, but was in for a severe strafe-ing, as he soon discovered. He had done nearly as much damage as if he had blown up one of our own light-houses! The onions were a real blessing to us on our night flights.

When the Huns were not flying at night "onions" were not usually sent up. It was easily possible to stand on a 'drome, ten miles from the line, and watch those queer balls. Capt. Paul Bewsher, poet, and a pioneer H.-P. pilot, regarded them as a wonderful sight, and has verified and rhapsodized about them. Certainly, to see these eerie objects floating so weirdly in the night skies gave those privileged to witness such sights extraordinary feelings.

The Useful Pop Bottle

A WAR crew usually was three. A full load of bombs would weigh just a little short of a Canadian ton. the bombs carried were: 112-lb., 230-lb., 550-lb., 1,650; and "BIB," or Baby Incendiary Bombs. A normal load would be 16 of the 112's; one 550 and eight 112's; or one 1,650-pounder. The "B.I.B." would be carried in the back, and with them the rear observer would endeavor to spread conflagrations.

Apart from this work, and the firing of his Lewis guns at searchlights or hostile aircraft, the rear observer had a pretty glow time. The longli

aircraft, the rear observer had a pretty slow time. The loneliness, monotony, and persistent roar of the engines proved so hard on more than one observer's nerves that they have declared themselves, after several hours' flight, almost driven to jump out—to vary the monotony! One bright chap hit upon a way to liven things up, and claims to be the first man to put a Hun "Archie" battery to flight with a pop bottle. The "Archies" and the searchlight parties are usually located together, it may be stated.

One night this officer took up a bottle of pop to drink, and when he finished it naturally decided to chuck it overboard. Just by way of a lark he threw it out when over a Hun "Archie" battery, and as the bottle descended the wind rushed in at the mouth and caused weird and piercing shrieks. Experiments afterwards showed that sounds occurred exactly like those made by a falling bomb, and explained why that Hun battery dashed to their dug-out when they heard the shriek of the

pop bottle. Of course, at night the crew could not actually be seen making for shelter, but from the action of the searchlight everything could be pretty well deduced. The finger of light would be searching the heavens for the British machine, and now and again might catch it in its rays. Suddenly, the light could be seen wavering uncertainly and wobbling within a more limited focus; then it would come to rest, and point



Flying above the clouds—a wonderful, eeric and awesome sight. Photo taken from machine showing darkly at right.

The Mysterious German Onions

"Onions," greenish balls of light, were shot into the air in some mysterious way which we could never discover—at least, practically nothing was known of their nature up to the time of the Armistice. They would be in groups of two, three, or four light balls, and would always be sent up from the same place. Boche "Onions" could be seen for forty miles, or more,

straight up into the skies. It was easy to imagine the Hun crew dashing for safety with such speed that they didn't stop long enough to turn off the light.

Putting Hun batteries to rout with pop bottles after that proved a popular amusement.

TOWARD the end of the war bombs and bomb-racks were improved so that there were very few "duds." But even as late as the spring of 1918 it was reported that two Wings in Northern France dropped nothing but "dud" bombs for forty-eight hours, owing to faulty manufacture.

Almost every bombing squadron has some tale to tell about a pilot who came back with a circumstantial story of exactly where his bombs landed and what damage they did, only to be dumbfounded, after finishing his story, to have some practical-minded comrade point out that all his bombs were still on the rack under his machine. It was a sad fact that the bomb release gear sometimes did fail to work.

Electrically-heated clothing was in pretty general se, and there was little need to suffer from cold. Pilots and observers flying at night always wore an immense amount of clothing in addition, preferring this to the electricity. The layers would run some-thing like this: one or two suits of thick woolen underwear and socks (with silk next to the skin); fleece-lined flying boots, reaching to the hip; several shirts and a chamois vest or two; cardigan jacket; heavy breeches and tunic; two or three mufflers; wristlets; silk gloves; fur-lined leather gauntlets; fur-lined helmet; and the whole from ankle to neck covered with a Sidcot suit (built like a suit of combinations). This suit practically superseded the better-known leather flying coat, in which non-flying members of the R. A. F. were so prone to swank about.

Occasionally, the Hun came over and bombed the British night 'dromes, so that flying from that particular spot might be interrupted for days or weeks. A long distance gun bombardment caused one night-flying squadron to move about a year ago, because the landing ground was so ploughed up that to take off was well-nigh an impossibility. In case a "flock" of night-birds went away on a show, and the landing ground was wrecked during their absence, certain signal lights

were shown, and a pre-arranged alternative landing ground would then be used.

How Landings Were Made

BOTH the British and the Hun employed dummy landing grounds, the Hun going to greater extremes in this respect than we did. The Boche always was a great chap to "play it safe." The distinguishing mark of a landing ground at night is a huge "L," composed of electric lights or hurricane lamps. The up-and-down part of the "L" was usually 100 yards to 150 yards, while the bottom of the "L" would be 50 yards. A machine would land from the top of the letter to the bottom, and knowing the exact distance would be able to make proper allowances. The Huns sometimes would place old machines in a too-conspicuous light on their dummy aerodromes, and hope that we would bomb this ground. But the British flyers were seldom fooled after, perhaps, the first time, and reports regularly came back each night to the I. F. Headquarters, showing what activity existed at certain Hun stations, specifying both real and dummy 'dromes.

Every afternoon, usually between three and four o'clock, orders would come from the Wing, specifying what places were to be bombed during the night. places which received most attention were hostile aerodrames; railway junctions near the front line; and the larger towns along the Saar river and the middle The Independent Force bombed, Baalon, Baden, the Black Forest, Bonn, Cologne, Coblenz, Darmsdatt, Duren, Dillingen, Frankfurt, Forbach, Hagendingen, Heidelberg, Hagenau, Kaiserslautern, Karthaus, Karlsruhe, Ludwigshafen, Landau, Mainz, Mannheim, Lahr, Lumes, Luxemburg, Oberndorf, Offenburg, Pforzheim, Pirmaisens, Rastatt, Rombas, Rottweil, Sallingen, Saahburg, Saarbrucken, Stuttgart, Treves, Weisbaden, Worms, Voelkingen, Wadgassen, Zwei-brucken, and other miscellaneous targets.

What Happened to Kaiserlautern

EACH Handley-Page was assigned to a definite objective, though alternative objectives were named in case the one named was not reached, owing to changing winds, mist, engine trouble, or some other cause. The shorter trips, and those between the I.F. and Mannheim.

for example, naturally became the best known, and the result was that when a pilot and observer decided, for one reason or another, that the longer trip pre-scribed could not be made, the alternative town near by suffered intensely as a consequence. Kaiserlautern, a favorite objective almost directly on the routes to Mannheim and Frankfort, was an easy place to locate, even on "dud" nights, and here is one actual occurrence which showed how the sleep of the Kaiserlauternites was wrecked.

One night I was "flare officer"-that is, I had to see the machines away, and receive their reports when they returned—and I sat in the orderly room, with the squadron recording officer, awaiting the hum overhead which would denote that our first machine was back. We had five "aloft" that night. Soon the first one home landed safely, and the observer came in to report on

his trip "to Cologne."
"Well, did you get the cathedral, or the big bridge?" we asked him.

"Neither; a mist came up, so we dropped our 'eggs' at Good results, too.

Then came the next crew, who had headed for Mann

"Where did you drop yours?" was the query

"Oh, it wasn't a good night to go to Mannheim; we went to Kaiserlautern."

The third and fourth came back—with the same

ory. Finally, in came the fifth man. "Did you too, by any chance go to Kaiserlautern?"

"Yes and say, there was something queer about it," said the observer. "They seemed to be expecting me Long before I got near the place I could see the search-lights flickering all over the map. They spotted me right off and maybe the Archies didn't get busy! I ran into a regular hornet's nest."

"Drop any eggs?"
"The whole outfit. I wasn't going to be scared off that way," replied the observer.

Truly, there must have been a hot time in the old

town of Kaiser autern that night. Why everyone picked on the place I don't know; perhaps they didn't like its name.

Continued on page 73

The City of Lost Laughter





"The people here (Courtrai) have suffered too much to have any complete reaction, yet some of them called out 'Good Morning!' and all their men doffed their hats to us, but with gravity and a kind of dullness like people who had long been stunned by misery."

—Philip Gibbs.

Roubaix sang and Lille rang in our triumphal way.
At Tourcoing the dying year sat up with eyes of May.
We entered Bruges to storms of joy with banners atreaming gay—
But the City of Lost Laughter was the remnant of Courtrail



Oh, four years of war tears had dried the wells of woe, The townsfolk had no cistern left to bubble up and flow In rainbow showers of happiness; they let us come and go As voiceless as their belfries, struck to silence long ago.

From each dug-out they flocked about with leaden, hungry eyes, Young children grown too old for joy at freedom's strange surp The aged that could not straighten to behold the tranquil skies, And wondered at the stranger in the Liberator's guise.

Deliverance disturbed their trance of misery—no more. Dumb sheep of slaughter, piteous beneath the axe of war! We trod their ways where autumn leaves lay red as trails of And listened to the echo of the dying cannon's roar.

The fiendish guns of fleeing Huns still swept the streets with fire And shards of Death flew thick as rooks about St. Martin's spire; Joy could not make her matins heard against that warring choir— The mart was a necropolis, each curb a smoking pyre.

I paused beside the teeming tide that cleaves the town in twain, Where yesterday we British closed the Hohenzollerns' reign, And wept for citizens too crushed to feel or joy or pain Who dully told me nightmare-tales and went their ways again.

"The Prussian dread is gone," they said, "but to return, forsooth! Old men and infants cannot fight. They've taken all our youth." For peace was only one day old, nay, hardly that in truth, And a thousand and five hundred days had steeped Courtral in ruth!

The seven first who braved the worst and ranged the prison town Were clutched by frantic hands, like straws snatched at by men who drown; They took the pent-up welcome for the hosts in khaki-brown 'Ere hope sank back to sullenness and doubt that would not down.

Oh, towns bloomed and towers boomed on our triumphal way. And all along the dying year looked up with eyes of May The khaki-coats had banished all the hordes in leprous gray. But a City of Lost Laughter was the phantom of Courtrai!

The THREE SAPPHIRES

CHAPTER XX-Continued

HEY moved forward, Finnerty the path with the bamboo feeling rod. He hugged the wall on his right, knowing that the passage, skirting the hill edge, must lead to beneath the palace. Suddenly, shoulder high, the gloom was broken by a square opening, and through it Finnerty saw the handle

and through it Finnerty saw the handle of the Dipper in its sweep toward the horizon. Beneath this port was a ledge to support a machine gun, as the major surmised. Every twenty feet were openings of different shapes; some narrow, vertical slits for rifle fire. Once Finnerty's rod touched a pillar in the centre of the passage. His fingers read grotesque figures carved upon its sides, and he knew they were in second to the said Historia by and he knew they were in one of the old Hindu rajah's emi-sacred excavated chambers. Twice, on his right, his hand slipped into space as he felt his way—open doorways from which dipped stone steps to lower

Suddenly his bamboo rod came dead against an obstructing wall in front. Set in this was a flat steel door, with a keyhole which admitted one of the other keys. Finnerty closed the door, not locking it, but when he had taken two steps he caught a clicking sound bekind. Turning in apprehension, he pushed upon the door, but it refused to give. He inserted the key; the bolt was where he had left it, shot back. door was immovable. A shiver twitched his Had he himself touched something that autobut the door was immovable. matically locked the door, or had its swing carried warning to some one who had electrically shot the bolts. The door itself was massive enough to hold any sort of mechanism; it was like the bulkhead of a battle

Twice Finnerty found a closed door in the wall on his right; no doubt within, the chamber beyond were cannon that commanded some road of approach to the hill. Next his hand swept across a four-foot space, and against the farther wall of this stood open a heavy teakwood door; from the passage beyond drifted nauseating, carrion smell, such as hovers over a tiger

Twenty yards beyond, Swinton touched the major's shoulders and whispered: "I heard something behind; I feel that we are being followed."

The major shivered; not through personal fear, but if they were trapped, if they failed, what bloodshed and foolish revolt would follow. To turn back and search was useless; they must keep on. They must be close to the many chambers beneath the palace where the ammunition and guns, no doubt, were kept. It was ominous, this utter absence of everything but

WITH a gasping breath, Finnerty stood still. With a gasping breath, Finnerty stood still. A slipping noise in front had caught his ear, but now, in their own silence, they both heard the slip of velvet feet on the stone floor behind, and in their nostrils struck full the carrion smell.

"Tiger!" Finnerty whispered, and the pulled-back hammers of his gun clicked alarming loud on the death

Swinton, too, cocked his rifle, and whispered: "Push on: I'll guard the rear!

In ten paces Finnerty's gun barrel clicked against iron; it was a door. They were trapped. Behind, the

"Light a candle and hold it above my head; I must settle that brute," he said, in his mind also a thought that perhaps the light would frighten away the animal that trailed them

As Swinton struck a match it broke, its flickering fall glinting green two devilish eyes in the head of a tiger that was setting himself for a spring, ten feet tiger that was setting nimself for a spring, ten feet away. The roar of Finnerty's 10-bore, the two shocks almost in one, nearly burst their eardrums, and Swinton, having slung his rifle, stood keyed to rigidity by the call for steady nerve. There was no rushing by the call for steady nerve. There was no rushing charge. A smothered cough from the tiger told that

blood choked his lungs.

A man's voice came from the darkness almost at elbow, saying: "Sahib, I am Darna Singh-a friend!"

"Come here!" Finnerty answered. "But no treachery!" For he feared it might be an impostor.

Darna Singh drew close, whispering: "The tiger is dead, so do not make a light. How did the sah b get here—has he keys for the door?"

Finnerty told how the princess had sent him Darna's ring of keys.

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooswa," "Thoroughbreds," etc.

Illustrated by ARTHUR HEMING

Concluding Instalment

Darna Singh explained: "I was cast in here by Ananda to be killed by the tiger who has been let down from his cage. Perhaps they do not know that

"Have they heard the gun?" the major asked.

"The doors are very heavy, and through the rock they would not have heard. If they have, the key will not open the door if they wish."

Then Darna Singh told what lay beyond the door.
The magazine was all prepared for blowing up should Ananda's plan fail, and there be danger of discovery of his imported guns. Wires ran from the magazines to a room in the palace, where a switch could bury every-thing in a second. The passages were lighted by thing in a second. electricity, and the dynamo might have gone wrong, causing the darkness, or it might be an entrapping scheme. There would not be more than one or two German guards at the magazine, where the guns were, and if the sahibs could fall upon these in the dark, Darna Singh could win over the native guards, for they did not love Ananda.

THE door opened to a key, showing beyond no glint of light. They passed through; this time Finnerty, finding a fragment of rock, fixed it so that the door not be closed behind them. Hope suggested that the shot had not been heard, for no storm of attack broke upon them.

After a time Darna Singh checked, and, putting his lips close to Finnerty's ear, whispered: to the gun and ammunition room. I will go a little in advance and speak in Hindustani to the sentry; he will think it one of their natives, and as we talk you must overpower him."

Meeping within striking distance, Finnerty and Swinton followed. As they crept forward, with blinding suddenness an electric glare smote their eyes, and from beneath the reflected light a machine gune stuck forth its ugly nose. Behind a steel shield a German-flavored voice commanded: "Drop your guns!"

Both men hesitated. To surrender was almost worse than death.

"Obov, or get shot!" the ugly voice called.
"We'll put them down, major," Swinton said; "dead men are no help to the Government."

As they laid down their guns two Prussians slipped into the light and picked them up. From behind the steel shield two others appeared, and following them loomed the gorilla form of Doctor Boelke, his face wreathed in a leer of triumph.

At a command in German, one of the men swung open an iron-barred door, disclosing, as he touched a button, a cell ten feet square. Boelke turned to Fin-nerty: "Major, you haf intruded without der ceremony of an invitation; I now invite you to make yourself at home in der guest chamber."

"Your humor, like yourself, is coarse," Finnerty

" Boelke waved a "You vill enter der door, orhand, the bayonets were advanced to within striking distance, while the machine gun clicked ominously.

'INNERTY realized that to resist was suicide; no doubt Boelke would prefer to have an excuse for killing them-there was absolute murder in the bleary animal eyes.

Swinton said in an even, hard voice: "The British

Government will have you shot as a German spy."
"Perhaps Captain Herbert vill be shot as an English spy to-morrow; and now"—Boelke raised his arm ven I drop my hand you vill be shot for resisting

We won't give the hound an excuse for murder," Finnerty said, leading the way through the door. A German followed them in, and ran his hands over their bodies for revolvers; finding Finnerty's hunting knife, he took it away. The door was locked, and a guard placed in front of it.

It was only now that the two noticed that Darna Singh had disappeared; nobody seemed to have seen him; he had simply vanished. Probably the guard, even if they saw him, took him to be one of their own



"Colleen, I love you. Nothing in the world is going to take you from me-nothing."

natives-not associated with the sahibs who had dropped into their hands,

CHAPTER XXI

CAPTAIN FOLEY sat in Doctor Boelke's big chair in the doctor's bungalow, seeing a lovely vision in the smoke which curled upward from his cheroot; he saw himself the possessor of two race horses he would buy when he went back to Europe—perhaps it would have to be in Germany—with the money Boelke had gone to the palace for. The crafty captain had would have to be in definant,—with the money booked had gone to the palace for. The crafty captain had demanded "money down"—the two thousand pounds he was to have for delivering the stolen paper, and that, too, before he showed the paper. To guard against force, he had allowed Marie to keep the document, but Marie should have been in the bungalow; however, she could not be far—she would be in shortly.

From where he sat at Boelke's flat desk, Foley looked upon a wall of the room that was paneled in looked upon a wall of the room that was paneled in richly carved teakwood, and from a brass rod hung heavy silk curtains. On the panel that immediately fronted his eyes was Ganesha, a pot-bellied, elephant-headed god; a droll figure that caught the captain's fancy, especially when it reeled groggily to one side to uncover an opening through which a dark, brilliant eye peered at him. The captain's face held placid under this mystic scrutiny, but his right hand gently pulled a drawer of the desk open, disclosing a Mauser pistol.

When the whole panel commenced to slide silently, he lifted the pistol so that its muzzle rested on the desk. Through the opening created in the wall a handsome native stepped into the room, salaamed, and, Nawab Darna Singh, the brother of Rajah Ananda's princess. May I close the door, sahib?"

Foley lifted the Mauser into view, drawling: "If

you wish; I have a key here to open it, if necessary."

Darna Singh closed a door that led from the front

the desk from Foley, said: "The major sahib and the captain sahib are prisoners of Doctor Boelke; they are below in a cell—they will be killed."

In answer to a question, Darna Singh related how the two men had been captured and how he, not observed, had slipped away, and, knowing all the passages, had made his way to the stone steps that led from the tunnels to Doctor Boelke's bungalow.

Foley in his cold, unimpassioned voice asked, "What do you want me to do?'

'Save them.'

The captain's eyes narrowed. "They are not friends of mine; they searched me to-day, and if I play this silly game I chuck in the sea two thousand quid. It's a damn tall order."

DARNA SINGH'S voice throbbed with passionate D feeling: "I am a rajput, sahib, and we look upon the sahibs as white rajputs. We may hate our conquerors, but we do not despise them as cowards. I never knew a sahib to leave a sahib to die; I never knew a rajput to leave a brother rajput to die."

Foley puffed at his cigar, and behind his set face went on the conflict the rajut's appeal to his man-hood had stirred. Darna Singh spoke again: "The sahib will not live to be branded a coward, for his eyes show he has courage. And we must hurry or it will be too late, for these two sahibs have risked their lives to save the British raj against Prince Ananda's, who is a traitor to the sahib's king; he is a traitor to his wife, the princess, for to-morrow he will force into the palace the white mem-sahib who is here with Doctor Boelke.

"By gad!" At last the cold gambler blood had warmed. His daughter Marie, eh? That was different! And to funk it—let two Englishmen die! One an Irishman, even! No doubt it was true, he reasoned, for that was why Darna Singh was in revolt against

What chance have we got?" Foley asked.

"There will be a guard at the cage.
"A German?"
"Yes, sahib."

"They have seen me with Doctor Boelke; perhaps we can turn the trick. But," and his hard gray eyes rested on Darna Singh's face, "If, when we go down there is no chance, I won't play the giddy goat; I'll come back." He handed Boelke's Mauser to the rajput, saying: "I have a pistol in my belt."

Darna Singh slid the panel, and they passed from the room to a landing and down a dozen stone steps to a dim-lighted passage. Here the rajput whispered:
"I can take the sahib by a dark way to where he can

e the cage in which the two sahibs will be."
"Hurry!" Foley answered, for he was thinking ruefully of his money.

THE underground place was a cross-hatch of many tunnels, and Darna Singh led the way through a circuitous maze till they came to a bright-lighted cross passage, and, peeping around a corner, Foley saw, fifty feet away, a solitary German leaning against the wall, a rifle resting at his side. Raising his voice in the utterance of Hindustani words, Foley rounded the corner at a steady pace, followed by Darna Singh. The

sentry grasped his rifle, and, standing erect, challenged. In German Foley answered, "We come from the Herr Doctor.

The sentry, having seen Foley with Doctor Boelke, was unsuspicious. and. grounding his rifle tight against his hip, he clicked his heels together at attention.

"The two prisoners are wanted above for examination," Foley said. "You are to bind their arms behind their back and ac-company us."

"The one sahib is a giant," the other answered, when this order, percolating slowly through his heavy brain, had found no objection.

'Give me the gun; I will cover him while you bind his arms."

The sentry unlocked the door, took a rope in his hand, and, saying to Foley, "Keep close, mein Herr, entered the cell.

Finnerty and Swinton watched this performance, in the major's mind bitter anger at the thought that an Irishman could be such a damnable traitor.
"Will the Herr Kapitän

give orders in English to these schweinehunds that if

they do not obey they will be killed?"
Foley complied. What he said was: "Major, put your hands behind your back; then when this chap comes close throttle him so quick he can't speak

A hot wave of blood surged in a revulsion of feeling through Finnerty's heart, and he crossed his hands behind his back, half turning as if to invite the bond-When the German stepped close a hand shot up, and, closing on his windpipe, pinned him flat against the wall, lifted to his toes, his tongue hanging out from between parted lips.
"Bind and gag him, Swinton," Foley suggested.

In a minute the sentry was trussed, a handkerchief edged in his mouth, and he was deposited in a corner. Outside, Foley turned off the cell light, locked the door, and, handing the guard's gun to Swinton, led the way

back to the dark passage.
On the landing above the stone steps, Darna Singh silently moved the carved Ganesha and peered through the hole. Then whispering, "The room is empty," un-locked and slid open the panel, locking it behind them as they entered Boelke's room.

THE bungalow was silent. There was no sound of servants moving about, no doubt they were over at

the palace, waiting for the thing that was in the air.
Out of the fullness of his heart, Foley spoke in low tones: "Gentlemen, the doctor will be here shortly with money for me, and your presence might irritate him."
"I'll never forget what you've done for us, Foley,"

Finnerty said.

"Neither will I if you do me out of two thousand quid by blathering here," Foley drawled. Swinton put his hand on Foley's arm. "Forgive me for what I said on the trail, and I give you my word that what you've done for us will be brought to the sircar's notice; but we've got to capture Boelke. We've

got to nip this revolt; you know there's one on."
"Look here, Herbert," Foley drawled, "I don't mind risking my life to help out a couple of sahibs—a fellow's got to do that—but I'm damned if I'm going to

chuck away a kit bag full of rupee notes."

"I've got nothing to do with the money; that's a
matter you must settle with Boelke," Swinton said in
dry diplomacy; "but if you and the major will hide behind that heavy curtain and capture this enemy to the British raj, I can promise you an unmolested return to England. There's another thing"—his words were hesitatingly apologetic-"we are now your heavy debtors and can't make demands on you for that paper, but if it gets into Prince Ananda's hands it will make his revolt possible. He will show it to the chiefs who meet him to-night."

"And with that I have nothing to do. I'll deliver the paper to Boelke and take my money; what you do to the Herr Doctor after that is no concern of mine."

With a smile, Swinton held out his hand, saying "Darna Singh and I are going to blow up the magazine but I'll just say, thank you, for fear I get pipped."

CHAPTER XXII.

FOLEY and Major Finnerty took up their positions I in a corner behind a heavy curtain, Foley making two slits in it with a pocketknife. They were clear of the door leading below, and even if Boelke came that way he would not detect their presence.

In five minutes Marie entered the room, and stood looking about as if she had expected to see some one. She were a riding habit, and through the curtain slit Finnerty could see that her face was drawn and white.

her eyes heavy in utter weariness.

Almost immediately a heavy tread sounded in the hall, followed by the thrust of Boelke's ugly form through the door. He glared about the room, and. rashing into his chair, asked gruffly: "Vhere is your

"I don't know," the girl answered wearily.
"You don't know! Vell, vhere is der paper?"

"You must get it from my father.

"I don't like dot; some one is a liar!"

The girl's silence at this brutality but increased Boelke's ugliness. "Your fadder don't trust me. Being a thief himself, und a traitor, he pays me der same compliment—he refuse to deliver der paper till der money is paid. Here is der rupees, und I vant der

"You must wait, then, till he comes."

"He toldt me you had der paper still—for fear he might be robbed. I suppose. Vhere is it?"

"Get it; der rajah vaits."
The girl sat with no movement of response. Finnerty could see her face draw into a cast of resolve Both he and Foley felt that it would be better to wait for the girl to leave the room before they rushed upon Boelke; there might be shooting.

The doctor's rage increased. "If your fadder is

traitor to me—if der paper is not produced in five minutes, I will send out word that he be shot on sight, und between you two ve vill find der paper." sat back in his chair with a snorting growl.

"Listen to me, Herr Boelke," the girl said in a voice clean cutting as a steel tool that rips iron. "My father is acting loyal to you, though he is a traitor to his own government. He stole that paper because he faced what he called dishonor over gambling debts, and I was blamed for taking it. I was the one who faced dishonor, and, through me, Lord Gilfain. I escaped and made my way to India under false names, not to help, as you thought, but to recover that paper and give it back to the government or destroy it.

"Haf you destroyed it?

"You will never get it. Herr Boelke. I have to tell you this-that you may know my father did not act the traitor to you.'

"Ha, ha! You are as mad as your fadder. It der paper is not here in five minutes do you know vat vill happen you?

"I am not afraid; I took all these risks when I came here to clear my name."

"Here is der money-my time is short."

TWICE Foley had laid a hand on Finnerty's arm in restraint.

"Never! I swear it. I am not afraid."

"No; like your fadder you haf not fear or sense. But vait. You do not fear for your own life-I know dot-but vill you trade dot paper for der life of der man you love—Major Fin-nerty?" The listeners nerty?" The listeners heard a gasp. "I mean dot, He und der udder fool, Svinton, is below in a cell caught dere as spiesund to-morrow dey vill be shot as spies. Dey took care dot nobody see dem go in, und I vill take care dot nobody see dem come out." Cont'd on page 78.



The doctor's rage increased. "If your fadder is traiter to me

FITTING IN the RETURNED MAN

By GEORGE PEARSON

EDITOR'S NOTE .- Mr. Pearson is one of the best known of Canadian soldier-authors and is also an officer of the Great War Veterans' Association. He is, therefore, in a position to interpret accurately the viewpoint of the returned soldier, his needs and his demands. In an early issue he will deal with the forces behind and the objects of the G.W.V.A.



Canadian troops landing at Halifax on their way home from service overseas

worn socks before the war. Myself, I felt something snap. It was that something like a steel spring which had pressed on my brain all these years of war; as it has on those of millions of other men and women and children. A strange exaltation began to take possession of me. It went to my head like old wine. I found myself almost shouting: "Why, I feel a thousand years younger: I can enjoy life again." And with that thought relief

swept over me: I talked rapidly; I gesticulated. last, my mind was free.

minded her that we had

My thought flew back to other days and other men-the dead men who had made this great day possible. It leapt back over the sadness of the years behind us to my comrades of the regiment, the Princess Patricias, and of how they had died, and my thought included my comrades of all other regiments of all the other armies of our Allies so that I visualized the great host of the soldier-dead. And it leapt forward to the years to come so that these two thoughts became inextricably interwoven, that one of the dead men with this thought of the years to be.

And gradually my joy in peace died and was re-placed by a quiet and serious satisfaction, freighted

with a sense of terrible responsibility. For I saw that when peace was signed, the new war had automatically declared itself.

I N approaching the problem of the returned soldier it is necessary first to acquire an understanding of the veteran. He is not normal. And in tracing the reasons for his abnormality, the threads lead back to the training camp, the trenches, the hospital. War has made a different man of him, physically and mentally.

Let me quote from my own experience.

When I first awoke in hospital, it was to the dull apathy of numbed horror, unable to reason, afraid to if I could, for fear of what I should discover in my own And all about me were other men, thinking these ame thoughts, or fearing to do so, staring at one another with that dull look of ineffable sorrow common to soldiers who have just come out of their "bad time." The haunting horrors of those days I shall never forget! Yet they were sweetly mingled with so many precious things which we had never thought to see again, the lovely laughter of little children, the undisturbed song of birds, flowers bursting into bloom, and all other things of peace and that old forgotten world which we had thought had surely died.

And then the nostalgia of bitter longing for our own folk that swept over us, for the dear irregularities of our own speech, the faces of those we knew, the sounds of their voices, the sights, the smells of home.

These alien people about us; they do not understand

our thoughts but those at home will. And then we will be happy!" So we thought.

Lack of Understanding at Home

We don our And then, when we get home at last. We don our "civvies" and never shall I forget how I looked forward to that great occasion. There was only one other event in my life comparable to it, and that was in those palpitating days of the long-ago that preceded my dis-carding of skirts for my first pair of pants.

When I first put on civilian clothes again, I felt my-self to be the cynosure of all eyes. It was much more strange and embarrassing than the first wearing of a uniform had ever been. I had longed so desperately to get into "civvies," out of that uniform and away from the sight of it and all other uniforms and all other things that might remind me of the army or the war. For I was sick to the soul of the sight of a uniform.

To forget: That was the thing. To forget that there was a war or that I had ever been in it or in the army. But I could not. The thing rode my shoulder like a nightmare, giving me no rest. I could think of no other thing. And the silly questions of the people! It was disappointing. These did not under-stand either. It was just the universal gulf existing between the soldier and the civilian mind. Like all my kind, I took refuge in silence, so that again I heard "How is it that none of you fellows who come back will ever tell anything about what happened to you over

When we told them they doubted us, or read the wrong meaning into the facts of our recital. They were a bloody-minded lot, always curious about that horrible side of it which we sought so desperately to forget. There was that one stock question: "Did you actually stick a bayonet into a German?" and "What did it feel like?"

One man said to me. "I don't believe this war is half so bad as you fellows make out or else those of you I have seen didn't have any tough times. Anyhow, I never hear you say anything about it."

never hear you say anything about it."
These ghouls would never dare to ask me for the painful details of a horrible death in a sick-room, or the suffering of loved ones. War is both those things on a monumental scale, with trimmings of filth and sordidness unknown in quieter deaths. Women, for the most part, seemed to understand. They looked at one with sombre eyes and asked no questions. And when they spoke it was of the suffering. Perhaps it is their quicker sympathy, greater powers of imagination? I do not know. But so it was. But the men; they spoke of charges and the glory of them and asked

For a long time I eschewed the companionship of

my kind, seeking solace in forgetfulness. But that was bad; so then I plunged into a premeditated gayety, holding my nose and taking that like the medicine of the doctor. And gradually, I began to get a grip on things and on myself. I began to enjoy myself and life. laughed without forcing, took interest in the small things of life. But always in the back of my mind that knowledge which made my nights a hell of horrid dreams of blood and war and weariness, forced on me the thought that in all this talk of slackers I was the biggest slacker of them all; for I knew how bad a time my comrades over there were having; I had not the excuse of these others, of ignorance; I knew. And I could never rid myself of the feeling that even though I was physically anable to go, yet I should go. And that same feeling did operate to send back to the ranks many a man who had been discharged for wounds. these thoughts and experiences of mine are those of all soldiers who have had a bad shaking-up. I have talked to hundreds on the subject and all accounts

THE first year was the worst. It took all my powers I of concentration, all my will-power, to keep me at my tasks. It was not that I wanted to do anything else—I did not know what I wanted to do—but I did not want to do what I was doing. And even now, as I write this, I find that I must drive myself to an extent that was wholly unnecessary before the war, even when I was on an uncongenial task. And I love this one; it is my supreme interest in life.

It is that terrible restlessness which possesses us like an evil spirit, the indefinite expression of a vague dis-content, the restlessness of dying men, little children and old soldiers, and which I fear expresses itself in many inconsistencies.

The Wounds of the Soul

The returned soldier is not a statistic: he is a man. sometimes crippled by war in a way that all may see. cometimes invisibly crippled, perhaps even in the head, but always with a new slant on life that is hidden to others and probably to himself. The passionate protest we feel when we contemplate wrong conditions in our own country is sometimes nullified by a certain illogical quality of viewpoint, forced on us by the abnormality of the life we have led. We are the vic-tims of a set of evil experiences which have done us no good except to force on us, through no merit of our own, the broader vision that the raw depths of horror bring to men. And that is not the broader vision of the traveler in new countries, unless the countries are of the mind. It is that broadness of vision which belongs to the mind that has become acquainted in all the unlovely details of an intimate contact with all the shocking barbarity of war and its upsetting of all old and cherished thought.

It is a question whether the vision gained will offset for the soldier the loss of much of the sweetness of life, many precious qualities of heart and mind. war has aroused and given birth to a new and a better world. No man who has studied the manifestations of the awakened conscience of humanity can deny this fact. And the majority of the men and women of the world to-day are better men and women than they were four years ago. People sacrifice now, as a matter of

habit, who never before had realized their duty as eitizens to their fellowmen and to their country.

But there has been a cost. And that cost is not all one of blood and arms and legs. None the less, it has largely been paid by the soldiers, or yet will be. It is the cost of the wounding of the soul of the man. It is impossible for society to place in the hands of the soldier a rifle, bid him to break one commandment and then expect him to respect the others. The brutalizing experience he goes through in war gives him a certain disrespect for all laws.

This fact must be considered as a definite part of

the returned soldier problem. Above all other things, they require sympathy and patience. But not all are worthy on the basis of individual character. The measure of their worth must be adjudged not upon what they are, but upon the nature of what has made them what they are. For some are and will be unworthy, some who were once men of good character, but who in war have been wounded in the soul. In other words, a man may turn out to be an ingrate and a thief, and still be entitled to sympathy and kindly attention because the demoralizing and brutalizing effect of war on him has operated to deaden his sense of moral values. This is his wound of the soul.

THIS incident occurred in Toronto a few weeks ago: 1 There was the sharp "rat-a-tat-tat" of knuckles knocking at the door of a certain house. That had given way to the repetition of muffled blows as with a doubled fist, before the woman of the house, in a mild panic at her neglect, ran to the complaining door.

She opened it full in the face of a nervous-looking man of middle age who shot an angry glance at her from beneath drawn brows, and who then, without more ado, unceremoniously thrust into her unprepared highly colored lithograph calendar which depicted the gory scene of some soldier's last sacrifice in the mud of Flanders; accompanying the action with: "Buy one o' these, lady: Only twenty-five cents," and in a tone that dangerously approached one of command. "No, thanks," she said evenly. "I don't think I

want one to-day."

"You don't, huh? What's the matter with all you women 'round here?" he flared out. "Didn't yuh see this?" And he glared sombrely at her whilst his fingers fiddled nervously with the returned soldier's button in his coat lapel.

The woman glanced at it unmoved. "No, I hadn't noticed it; but I don't see what that has to do with my buying something I don't want." And she began to close the door.

"You don't, huh?" he rapped out savagely and as he spoke, thrust his heavy army boot into the door-way so that the woman drew back in sudden alarm. "Well, you will—all you people 'round here that don't. Just you wait 'till all the boys get back; we'll show you a thing or two; you're not worth fighting for; it'd do you an' this bloody country good if the Germans had it for a while." He paused and then added in a fresh burst of vitriolic rage: "An' they can too, for all o' me. Damn sure I wouldn't lift a hand to stop them next time." He withdrew the obstructing foot and

the obstructing foot and shambled off, mumbling, making for the next house.
That incident illustrates

the viewpoint of one kind of returned soldier, the kind who says: "I've done my bit; I've fought for this country; now it owes me a living. I'm through with work." That kind trade on the aroused generosity of a grateful country.

The Soldier's Great Ideal BUT we are not all like D that. There are two classes of returned soldiers, and much the largest demand from their country for themselves nothing but an adequate pension for such actual physical disabilities they suffer from and an opportunity to make good in civil life. That is their second greatest ambition.

For they do have a greater one and this is it: That this Canada for which their comrades died shall become worthy of its dead sons so that for their children the world will truly be a better place to live in. That is all they ask. And to a greater extent than the public realizes, the better element, and that means the great majority, become consecrated to that ideal, once they leave the army and cease to think the stifling

army thoughts. And it is this determination that impels most of their demands, not a selfish desire to forward the class interests of returned soldiers. The latter influence exists but nowhere is it so stoutly fought as within the returned soldiers' movement.

I attended a Great War Veterans' Association mass meeting on the night the armistice was signed. All the speakers were leaders amongst the returned men, officials of their

organization. I heard W. E. Turley, the provincial secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association for Ontario, state that, "a mild social revolution was coming in Canada," that "we have a solemn obligation to those who died over there," that "we must educate the mass of the Canadian people in the true meaning of mass of the Canadian people in the true meaning of democracy," that "we have a good deal of kindergarten work to do with the Canadian public.'

There were references by others to conditions here that "would not stand the sneering criticisms of the machine-guns," and yet sanely coupled with that the admonition: "Don't rock the boat; row the boat."

There was a reference to "the new war that peace has brought," and to the fact that "we who have been engaged in the destruction of life and property recognize the value of a policy that will lead to the conservation of both here at home"; which was a reference to the campaign the Great War Veterans' Association is waging with the Dominion Government for better housing accommodation for the mass of the Canadian people, even though at the cost of large holders of land

One speaker said: "It is only by the enactment of such social legislation that we can hope to make good the loss of the best of Canada's manhood," and that "the United States and Canada were to-day taking lessons in democracy from the British Isles, again was a reference to the general trend of British policy to improve the lot of the poorer classes at the expense of the richer.

Views of that nature may be open to criticism as unfair to a class, as visionary, as impractical, but at least they are not open to the charge of being selfish views. They are impelled by a genuine desire for the betterment of the country as a whole, and not the returned soldiers as a class.

Even the better class of well-intentioned men are sometimes very "difficult" in their private relations, a fact which no doubt reacts on their general group policy. They still suffer from "nerves" for a long time after their return to civil life, but it is some comfort to know that the evidence of that fact diminishes as the man is assimilated by his civilian environment.

Employers Are Disappointed

THERE is considerable disappointment in Canada over the returned man and the difficulty experienced in getting him to stick to his job. That feeling of employers may be warranted by the facts; but they in turn are explainable and excusable. The

turned man is irritable, nervous, is hampered, and hampers those who employ him, by numerous fickle inconsistencies of character which are for him just as surely the aftermath of militarism as is the wooden leg of the soldier who must drag that through life Many employers, out of a mistaken sense of kindness give returned men positions for which they are constitutionally unfitted, thereby laying up trouble for a later day. And whether the man has the right kind of a job or not, there is always that sense of futility. that restlessness, which pursues him like a wraith of terrible uneasiness. I have heard of two cases almost identically the same which illustrate the extent to which this may be overcome, provided the employer and the soldier are both willing to try and the former is able to stand the loss.

A soldier had returned to his old position in Toronto. After some days he buttonholed his employer: use: I've got to quit. I can't seem to stand it in here: I can't settle down: I want to be moving: I want to be

"That's all right," his employer said, "Whenever you feel that way, you just go out and take a walk or a smoke; do anything you feel like and don't bother about your work at all. I want you to feel that I'll do

anything I can to help you."

The soldier remained at his work, but after some days spoke again: "It's no use. I appreciate what you're doing for me and I go out several times every as much as I feel I ought to, but it's just the same I'll have to go."

Again the employer said: "You try it again. Go out oftener. Never mind about me. Go out all you want—every time you feel that way. You'll come out all right "

That soldier could be seen day after day, many times throughout the day either sitting on the steps, smoking, or perhaps walking with bent head in the vicinity of the plant. At last he did overcome his restlessness and is to-day as able and steady a workman as there is in that plant.

Again, from some plants comes the word that the returned-soldier employees are amongst the best men there. But the purpose of this article is to present certain phases of both sides of the argument.

The existence of that terrible restlessness lies back of much of the dissatisfaction and disappointment ome returned men may cause. One employer said to ne: "They won't settle down. They work a week and quit, or they quarrel with the boss or the other men and

appear to be dissatisfied with all the conditions of work. seems right to them, and they don't even know what they want themselves. What am I to do? I want I want to help them but they won't let me. I must have efficient help: I must live, too." And this employer was discussing the better class of returned men, those who really want to get on.

So even these well-in tentioned ones are beginning to wear on a warweary public. The whole world has a bad case of war nerves.

The Bug-a-boo of Noise

Noises are our greatest bug-a-boo. The crack of carelessly held dishes makes me shudder. Not even vet can I hear the

terrible noises of our city streets, the grinding clatter of street cars, the whistles of factories and the shrill clamor of the newsboys without experiencing a shock that is as definite as a physical blow and a sharp tremor of pain that strikes and vibrates on the unseen wires of my body. And I weigh two hundred pounds and look like a prize-fighter. And all who have been in it know what it is, for months and even years afterward, to wallow all night in saturnalias of unforgettable horror, up to the elbows in blood; and to jump shricking from the middle ground of sound sleep to the cold centre of the bedroom floor, shaking with fright. These are some of the invisible wounds of the soldier

There was a returned soldier in Toronto ho was having difficulty in securing Continued on page 76



Scenes in demobilization campi

A SHADY DEAL. By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE Author of "Willow, the Wisp," "Link Gaffum," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

"Oh, we'll tramp, tramp, tramp Ter de margin ob de ribber, An' we'll flap our wings An' soar away ter heben Soar way ober Jordan, Ter de golden stran'."

ANE ANN, kneading fragrant bread-dough on the kitchen table, slapped the spongy mass before her with big hands, punched it with her fists, banged it with all the ardor her glad heart backed by two hundred and ten pounds of vigor could muster. For Jane Ann believed in carrying the spirit of her religion into her work.

"Oh, we'll tramp, tramp, tramp"

Biff, biff, biff-her fists kept time on the dough.

"An' we'll flap our wings An' soar-"

She slapped her hands together, sending a cloud of

fine flour ceilingward.
"Ter de golden stran"." Here, very gently, the flattened dough was lifted and rolled into a ball, only to be beaten flat again in time to the inspiring camp-meeting song.

Suddenly the song died, midway between "tramp" and "soar," and Jane Ann stood, mouth agape, gazing fascinatedly from the window, across the sun-kissed lawn, and down the winding track leading to the Brady Stave Mills. Something animate had detached itself from the stationary scenery and was moving towards her, something which grew, as she gazed, into the tall slouching figure of a very black negro, whose shuffling feet seemed to mark the measure.

"I'se goin, don' know where, I'se goin, ah don' care "

"So, he done quit his job again, has he?" Jane Ann's ample bosom swelled at her big intake of breath, and her eyes rolled from the golden, dew-drenched cut-of-doors, to rest upon the rolling-pin beside the bread-board.

Orinoco, the hound pup, who had been vainly striving to stretch himself thin enough to secure the benefit of a narrow splash of sunlight, rose furtively and noiselessly, and pussy-footed it for his secure nook behind the wood-box, where he crouched, sad eyes filled with suspicion and apprehension.

Providence, luck, or whatever power it be that takes care of hound pups, had been kind to Orinoco. ponderous colored-woman had a way of starting in on a big undertaking, such as she now had in mind, by warming up for action on the first object which met her eyes. On this occasion that object chanced to be a box of June-Bug cigars, reposing in gilded elegance on the cupboard shelf.

WITH a grinding swish the heavy rolling-pin M descended, reducing that box of treasured smokes to flaky particles of gilt and tobacco which, mingling with the haze of flour hanging in the air, lent to the angry Jane Ann such a demoniac and fiendish appearance that the pup, his craven soul slumped to the very root of his long tail, gave one heartrending howl and bolted for the screen door. The door was closed and latched, but Orinoco went

through the blue mosquito-netting like a bullet through paper, and on down the path to the gate with a succession of mad leaps and soul-gripping howls bespeak

ing terror of the most violent type.

Jane Ann gave one startled glance after that hurtling brown body, then, dropping the rolling-pin to the table, she sank into a chair and laughed till the tears rolled down her black face.

"Oh, Lor', wasn't dat pup scared tho'! Oh my, oh my! Didn't dat Orinoco bolt true fer freedom! Lor'— dat pup will shorely be de deff ob me yit. I reckon from de air, dat Orinoco didn't know whever he done strike a snow-sto'm or been caught in a chimney-fire. Pore li'l' doggie."

She arose, rubbing her laughter-tired muscles, and waddled to the door. Then her eyes grew sombre again, as she saw the tall, lanky negro, her husband, coming up the path, the whimpering Orinoco in his



Jane Ann stood and frowned at the partner of her joys and sorrows

Jane Ann stood, arms akimbo, frowning down at the partner of her joys and sorrows.

"Jane Ann, dis hayr pup done hab a streak ob sun-stroke," Len greeted her. "I fin' him grovelin' low down by de gate. His nose am right hot an' his eyes

down by de gate. His nose am right hot an his eyes am blood-shet. How come he get dat away, Jane Ann?"
"Don' yo' be wastin' no sympathy on dat pup, Len.
Yo'se goin' ter need it all fer yo' own self, afo' I'se froo wif yer, an' dat's gospel truff. Fust off, ans'er me, and ans'er me wifout perification. How come yo'se trailin' back home dis hayr time ob day? I s'pose yo' done quit yore igh as usual?" quit yore job, as usual?"

EN'S off eyelid fluttered and the corner of his mouth twitched. He lifted the pup's long ear and examined it closely. "Dat spot look a little like mange,

Jane Ann, it do so-"
"Len, I'se waitin', in patience, fer a explanation. How come yo're home?'

"Mill shet down tight. No bolts."

"Den fer why dat mill whistle blow same as usual, dis mornin'

I.en squirmed uneasily. "Fer why? Is dat what yo' l wanter ter know, Jane Ann? Why dat whistle all wanter ter know, Jane Ann? Why dat whistle blow dis mornin'? Why, I kin tell yo' dat; sure kin!" "Den tell me, nigger, an' tell me right quick." "Sho, yo' don' mean ter say yo' really wanter know

what dat whistle blow-

'Look yo' here, Len Ballister, yo'se hedgin', yo'se takin' time ter t'ink up a lie ter tole me. Oh, don' I know yo'-all? Now den, fer de las' time I ast yo' why dat whistle blow dis mornin', if mill aint runnin'?"

Len placed the pup on the ground and watched it

creep, belly low to earth, into the house, and behind the wood-box.

"Jane Ann, if yo'll promise not fer tell, I'll explain fer why dat whistle done blow dis mornin". You see—" as the woman squared her shoulders, "if dat udder stave-mill, 'cross de ribber, done get ter know dat our mill was shet down, dey would go af'er our customers. Us hab heaps ob orders ter fill, an' if dem cooper-shops what gin 'em fin' out we'se short ob basswood bolts, why dey would cancel and gib dem orders to de Snooter Mill see"

'Well, what's dat gotter do wif de whistle?"

"It's got jes' dis ter do wif de whistle. Mr. Brady, he done say ter de engineer, las' night: 'Yo' blow dat whistle at seben o'clock, noon, one o'clock, and six o'clock, as usual. Den dat Snooker mill it t'ink us am workin' right along.' If yo' don' believe me, Jane Ann, yo'se welcome ter listen, come noon, an' yo'll hear dat whistle agin."

Jane Ann stood, frowning, but convinced. "long afo' dey'll be goin' full blast agin, Len?"

"To-morrie. Dere's tew carloads of bolts on way here now. Dey all'll be here ter night, but mill won't start runnin' till to-morrie af'ernoon."

"An' yo'se dead sure dem cars 'll 'rive prompt ter night. Len?"

"Yes, I'se sure. But mill it won't start runnin' till

"How so?"

"Kase de cuttin'-knife done bust, an' it'll take more'n a day ter fix her up. I reckon us'll hab ter lug dat knife ober ter Bridgetown knife-fac'ry ter get her fix

"Us, what yer mean us?"

"Me an' Boss Holdaway. Isn't dat jes' like his meanness, ter make me trail 'long ober dar, when I don' wanter go, nohow?"

"An' aint it jest like yore contrariness ter wanter buck yer own bread an' butter, you low-down nigger slibber. yo?"

slibber, yo?"
"But, Jane Ann---"

Shet up. Fer two cents I'd twis' yore neck so hard yo'd hab ter walk back'ards ter see whar yo' was goin'; I do declar' yo'se jest that naturally lazy and no-count it ud wear de life plum outer any woman tryin' ter keep yo' at yore work."

JANE ANN took a backward step into the house, and

Len made bold to circumspectly follow.

"Yo' see, Jane Ann——" he began, then paused, his startled eyes taking in the wreckage on the floor, particles of gold paper, splinters and tobacco-chaff. Not a single June-Bug had escaped whole.

Jane Ann, picking particles of tobacco leaves from the bread-dough, vouchsafed no explanation, Lenix

eyed the wreckage sadly. Then he chuckled, The woman wheeled upon him. "What yo'-all laffin' at, Len?"

"Why, Jane Ann, I was jest t'inkin' how s'prised Joe Hall ud be when he kim 'arter his se-gars; dat's all.

"His se-gars. How come dem's his se-gars. Didn't

dat detective feller gib em ter yo'-all?"
"Yes, but I done trade em ter Joe fer dat pair ob bantum chickuns yo'se allars wanted ter own. Joe. he was bringin' de chickuns ober ter night, but I reckon now I'll hab ter drap in an' tell him de trade's

For one moment Jane Ann stood, slowly digesting this distressing intelligence, then slowly she slumped into a chair. Gone from her eyes was all the fire and ire of battle, and in its stead now rested a dumb apreal. "Len," she said pleadingly, "I does lub dem li'! banty chickuns, oh, Len, I shore does lub dem li'l'

Lenix, absently filling his pipe from the cigar-wreckage on the floor, paid no attention.

"Len, d'ye 'spose Joe ud sell us dem bantiès?" Len shook his head. "Yo' see, Jane Ann, Joe he's

some queer dat-a-way. It was dem se-gars he wanted, nuffin' else." "But yo' kin run down ter de pool-room an' buy him

anudder box. Kaynt yer, Len?"
"Not se-gars wif gold bands like June-Bugs, Jane

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Ann. Aint no se-gars like dem in Chatville, I'se mighty sorry, kase I naturally wanted dem chickuns fer yer, knowin' how yore heart was sot on 'em.

"Len, tole me, where am de June-Bug se-gars sold at, "Dat box done come from Bridgetown. Likely der's

more ob dem dar. But dey's mighty expensive. Dey's free dollars a box." "And kin yo'-all fotch back a box ob June-Bugs wif yo' ter night?"

"Yes, but dey's mighty expensive, dey's free dollars

a box.

Len turned slowly towards the door. "Hol' on a minute, Len."

JANE ANN was plunging a hand down in her stocking. It came forth grasping three crisp one dollar bills

"Her' yo' is, Len. Jes' yo' fotch along a box on dem June-Bugs ter night. An' min' yo', nigger, don' yo' break 'em.

Jane Ann's white teeth flashed in a smile as she noted with what an air of dejection Lenix took the money and shoved it deep in his pocket.
"I do declare," she mused, as she watched him slouch

away down the path, "dat man sure despises money cept fer use ob his own mean selfish pleasures. If he as off ter buy fish-lines er rifle ca'tridges wif dat free dollars, now, he'd be burnin' der air gettin' down ter store, he would so."

She turned and waddled back to the table, her black

She turned and wadded back to the table, her back face abeam with happiness and joyful anticipation, She had always wanted a pair of bantam chickens and now she was going to get them. And, too, she was more than a little pleased to think that Len had done his

han a little pleased to dink that the little best to give her a pleasant surprise.

And what had she done? She had allowed hot anger to master her and had smashed the box of June-Bug cigars which Len had so generously sacrificed that she might have what she desired. Her lip trembled as she gazed about the littered room. Big tears leaped from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Remorse was tugging at her heart-strings, kindling within her ample bosom a volcano of self-pity which threatened to burst her waist-huttons

What right had she, she told herself bitterly, to sit in judgment on one so tender, so solicitous of her slightest wish? Did she ever express a desire for anything which Lenix did not fulfill? Never. And what expressions of gratitude had she ever shown him for it. And what None whatever. Jane Ann heaved a sigh that sent the gold cigar bands on the floor eddying off in tiny whirl-Who else but Len could have outwitted those two wind. clever bank-robbers, and led them right into the hands of the police? And hadn't he promised her a sorrel driving-mare just as soon as the reward came only this morning she had risen in her wrath and smote that box of June-Bugs which had been given Len by the great detective himself, as a tribute to Len's courage and skill. "Oh, lordy, lordy," groaned the woman, rocking to and fro, "I feels like I'd snatched de Victory-Cross from some brave so-ger's

breas' an' throwed it in de rib-ber. Oh my, oh my."

BY and by the storm subsided. Jane Ann arose, purged by the struggle, clear visioned as to her future visioned as to her course. Henceforth she would shew Len that she was not oblivious to his greatness, his loving thoughtfulness. had called him a shiftless good-for-nothing for the last time. And in order to start right in without loss of time, she would for him a batch of the pies he liked so much, grill for him a pot of dough-nuts, and have a tender boiled shank ready for him that evening. when he returned from Bridge town with the box of June Bug cigars.

Having mapped her course, Jane Ann pushed the tobacco-sprinkled bread-dough from the board, and proceeded to mix another batch.

A little bird just outside the window resumed its interrupted song. And, sift-ing flour from the can, ing flour from the can, Jane Ann too commenced to sing.

When de moon ride high in de purple sky. My lubber come ridin' from de wes'. He clasp me close in his love-stron' arms An' grip me ter his breas', An' us stray along ter de night-bird's song From de Now ter de Anywhere. Souls atune ter de stars ob In de skies ob I-Dean-Care

Jane Ann, humming her love song, proceeded with her work, a smile on her face and a deep gladness in her heart. The little bird outside the window was fairly splitting its throat with a song of happiness.

II

T'S a queer old world, a world of surprises. Lenix had had one surprise that morning already, and, having resumed his old-time shuffle, once outside the zone of Jane Ann's watchful eyes, his long feet were leading him straight towards another and even bigger surprise. Well, the fact that a skater has successfully circumvented one air-hole promises no assurance that he may not drop into another one further on, and Len's life held plenty of air-holes. His long black face had become furrowed, his eyes squinted, in watching out for them. And if he were known as the Chatville Diplomat, there was reason for it. Any fool could Diplomat, there was reason for it. Any fool could drop into troubles, but it took one with brains to extricate himself. Lenix must have had the brains, for manifold as were the difficulties he managed to become entangled in, he always succeeded in coming up smiling. with a plausible explanation.

Then again, paradoxical as it may seem, sometimes it takes brains to plan brainless and foolish undertakings. Lenix had just succeeded in giving Jane Ann a very reasonable excuse as to why he was not at work. He had even managed to set her suspicions at rest con-cerning the mill-whistle. It's those little things which count for success or failure. Of course, if Jane Ann's suspicions swelled to such extent that she might deem it expedient to saunter down to the brow of the hill. and see for herself if that mill was or was not run-

ning, well-

But this was one of Jane Ann's busy days; little likelihood of her doing that. What she might just do, though, was run down to Boss Holdaway's house, at noon, and interview him. But Len had told her that Holdaway was accompanying him to Bridgetown, to get the cutting-knife fixed. He had, as was his custom, been careful to gather in all the loose ends. He had taken care of the little things.

And now he was on his way to an auction sale, to b held on the farm of Jim Johnson, three miles out of the city. Lenix bore on his person money to the extent of eleven dollars and ten cents. Eight dollars and ten cents of this amount he had won at shooting craps at or this amount he had won at shooting craps at moon-times. The other three dollars was the money given him by Jane Ann. This he considered rightly his, Jane Ann having maliciously destroyed certain property belonging to him valued at three dollars. It had taken some headwork to devise a scheme to secure the value of his demolished smokes without awaking

True, Lenix didn't know why he was going to the auction, or what he intended buying after he got there. But that was a minor matter. The big thing was he was on his way. His heart was light and glad. He hummed as he shuffled along through the scented sum mer air, and crinkled the bills in his pocket to the tune of

"Oh take me on de steamboat Down de old Miss-iss-ippi; Oh, I'se a goin' ter leab yo' But, honey, don' yo' cry-"

NOTHING to whisper warning of the air-hole ahead A world brimful of golden sunlight, joy, tranquil ity, and at least one lank negro's heart atune with it. Who would ever anticipate disaster? Certainly not Lenix. There wasn't the faintest sign of trouble. He had no reason to feel a premonition of trouble. Had he not lived right up to the letter of the Law of his superstitions? Had he not walked around a ladder. superstitions? Had he not walked around a ladder, when by walking under it he could have kept in the shade? Had he not been careful to stick the pin he had that morning picked up on the sidewalk in an unpainted board above his head—although he had been obliged to walk a block and a half out of his way to find such board? And he had broken no looking-glass since the day, two years ago, when he had let his shaving mirrer fall, on Sunday, and had the dentist extract two teeth the following Tuesday. He had spilled salt only once in several days, and had thrown some over his left shoulder to appease ill-luck. No. Lenix saw nothing but a smooth field and easy skating ahead. He was on his way to an auction sale and he expected to buy something; the very uncertainty of what that something might be was his greatest happi ness

Destiny sometimes has a shabby trick which she plays on her victims before sacrificing them, and this is likely why Lenix found, shortly after striking into the country road, a horse-shoe. It was lying corks to wards him, too. No negro but would have staked his life that such a find meant the best kind of luck, par ticularly if he took the precaution to walk around it three times before picking it up, as Lenix did on this occasion. The thing to do was fasten it to his person, corks up, so that Good Luck couldn't possibly spill out, and this Len proceeded to do by fastening it in geniously in his leather braces. It made him uncomfortable, but that didn't matter. It made him gladder. a great deal gladder, and surer that he was bound to lucky in some way, and that mattered a great deal With eleven dollars and ten cents in money and a new found horse-shoe, anything marvellous was liable to happen. Maybe he'd find a well-filled pocket-book re was no telling just what he might find.

JUST what he was going to find, he was soon to know Half a mile further down the road, two scheming negroes sat beneath a shady elm tree, their crinkly

heads close together, planning not so much what Len was going to find, as the best way they could help him to find it. They had already secured the find, which was nothing more less than a disreputable looking horse, apparently old in years and wisdom, which with rather haughty mien beguiled the waiting moments by biting huge chunks out of the decayed fence rail to which it was tied.

The heavy-set neuro with the bullet-shaped head and gold tooth was smiling broadly at what the slim, hatchet-faced negro was telling him. His huge body shook with mirth clean from the collar of his yellow sweater to the band of his checked, well-pressed trousers.

"Lor, lor!" he chuckled, "but won't ole Len fume an' won't ole Len fume an' paw up de dirt when we saddle dat old skate off onter him? If it jes' don' make dat conceited nigger sot up an' consider dat dere's udders jes' as cleber as himself, I'll gib yo' my skull ter make balls fer yore billiard

table, Abe, I shore will."

The slim negro winked. "Get dat hoss off on Len?



"Where yo' boys cotch up wif dat crow-bait?" he queried at length

man alibe, dat fish'll swaller de t'ing clean from hook ter pole. He's been wantin' ter buy a hoss fer time; dat's why I come long ter yo', Homer, an' put yo'-all wise up."

"I aint begrudgin' the free dol-lars we paid fer dat ole win'-broke ob iniquity Abe White, I aint begrudgin' it none. All I asks is we get Len ter buy him. Dat buy him. nigger hab allars got me ter play de sucker end ob all his anglin' games. an' I'se wantin turn about, dat's

The other consulted a glittering watch. "Well, he'll be 'long here now soon, Homer, an' when he come yo'-all hab too much ter say.

too much ter say.

We'll tell Len dat we jest buyed dat hoss, an dat we'se goin' ter train him fer fall races. Yo' let me do de speelin, an' yo' jes' stan' by an' back up what I says."

Homer Hudson's gold tooth flashed again. "I reckon I'se jest naturally goin' ter laugh so hard af'er it's all ober, I won't be able ter box fer a week."

"Won't need ter. Us'll split fifty-fifty."

"But yo'se sure Len'll be 'long?"

"Certain sure. He tole Bill White, las' night, he was goin' ter de auction. Why Homer dere he comes

was goin' ter de auction. Why, Homer, dere he comes now. Look yo', now, get yore features froze an' let me do de castin' fer dat sucker, Len."

EN approached the plotters, head low, eyes searching the dusty road for further luck. He did not see them until opposite them, then his eyes grew big as he rolled them from Homer and Abe to the horse tied to the rail fence

"Well, if it aint Len Ballister." Evidently White

Len came forward slowly, slowly leaned against the fence, slowly took minute stock of the horse. His scrutiny was long and minute.

"Where yo' boys cotch up wif dat crow-bait?" he

queried at length.

queried at length.

"Jes' bought him," answered Abe, promptly. "Homer an' me we jes' thought we'd pick up somefin fas' an' train him fer de fall races."

"Well, yo' keep on goin' an' maybe yo'-all'll fin' him, Abe. Don' look, dough, as if yo'-all had made a very strong start. How old yo' call dat hoss?"

"Comin' free nex' spring. He's got two ob his milk teeth yet, he has, Len."

"Pshaw, he don' look much more'n a sucker. How much de feller yo' get him from gib yer ter take him

Homer who was chewing tobacco and holding his feeling in by marvellous strength of will alone, interposed here, to beg Len to be a little more moderate in his slams. "Yo' aint got #o call ter pick flaws in dat hoss, nohow, Len. It was our money paid fer him, an' he's ourn. He's a mighty good hoss, an' us knows it. Dat's all yo' need worry 'bout."

EN eved Homer with all the disdain which one who wears a lucky horse-shoe behind his trouser-band may assume towards a less lucky fellow-mortal, and ignoring him entirely, turned to Abe again.

"Want ter sell him, Abe?"
"Nope, us all hab quite a jant tryin' ter get dat "Nope, us all hab dute a jant tryin ter get dat feller. Why fer should we wanter sell him?"
"T'ou't as if yore price wan't too high, an' seein' he's a sorrel, I mought buy him."

Abe considered a little. "What yer say, Homer?" he

"He's half yourn." "Oh, I'll sell my half, if Len wants him, seein's me an' Len am frien's." Homer smiled in dawning good humor. "I 'spose us kin get anudder hoss, Abe."

humor. "I'spose us kin get anudder hoss, Abe."
"Yes," White hesitatedly agreed. "But I reckon
us'll hab ter hunt some time afore us'll get anudder
like Yallow Streak, dar."



The Deacon was afoot and dusty, but the light of victory shone through his glasses

"How much?" Len brought the question out so quickly that Homer nearly swallowed his tobacco. "T'irty dollars," Abe answered. "An' he's "An' he's dirt

cheap, Len." "Good bye, frien's, I'se on my way." Len turned

back towards the road.

"Hol' on, Len, dat's de price us am astin', 'aint really de sellin' price." Abe laid a detaining hand on Len's

"How much vo' offerin', Len?

"Eight dollars and ten cents, I'se offerin'. Take it or leah it.

"Us'll take it." cried Homer, so eagerly, that were it not for the horse-shoe he carried Len would have made tracks there and then.

Instead, he deliberated. "An' yo' bofe all guarantee dat hoss ter be soun' in body an' lim'?"

"Us do," exclaimed the plotters together. "Quiet, hones', wifout any tricks sech as balkin' er

breechin'?" 'Absolutely so."

"Well, den, here yore eight ten." Len went down in his pocket and produced the money.

BE reached eagerly for it, but Len waved him back. "Jes' a minute, Abe, while I writes a receipt. Yo' see," he explained, "dat's Jane Ann's money, an' us

see," he explained, "dat's Jane Ann's money, an' us night as well avoid complifications."
"Oh sure," said Homer, scathingly.
Len grinned. "Maybe eiver ob yo' gents ud prefer ter write this receipt?" he suggested. "If so, I'd be glad ter let yer do it."

Homer and Abe explained glanger. It was might be a supported to the property of the supported by the supported by the supported glanger.

Homer and Abe exchanged glances. It was mighty mean of Len to remind them that they could neither read nor write sufficiently well to perform the task.

"Oh, go ahead an' us'll sign," said Abe casually.
It took some little time for Len to prepare the receipt on the fly leaf of his note book, but the task was finally completed.

Now, Abe an' Homer, here's yore money. Yo' bofe sign dis here receipt."

Abe took the pencil, and with many sighs and grimaces, finally succeeded in making what might have been taken for his signature. Homer haughtily refused to "Yo' go ahead, Len. Sign up fer me, and' I'll mark. Dere yo' is, a cross af'er my name." jot my mark.

He executed the cross, and passed the book back to Lenix.

"Reckon we's best be goin' now, Abe," said Homer. Relief shone in his expressive expanse of countenance more than relief in fact, for there was a glint of fiendish joy in the blood-shot eyes, contempt and exultation lurking behind the sarcastic curve of his big, thick lips

For just a second a hunted, scared look dwelt in Len's eyes, but he carefully re-read the receipt just signed by the sellers, and it passed. It was his old, unreadable poker face he turned to the other darkies, as he placed the book gently back in the inside pocket of his vest.

"It was mighty good ob yo' boys ter let me hab dat

hoss," he said not the feller as will ferget it. Homer, dere, has proved allars a mighty good frien' in need ter me, an' it seems almos' too much ter be spilin' his ob winchance nin' de fall race wif dat fas sorrel, dar. Sa gents, maybe yo bes' call de deal off."

"Off, nuffin'," Homer's gilt smile shrank away before an ominous frown.
"A deal's a deal, aint it, Len?"

"Yep," put in Abe. "A deal sure is a deal. No

crawfishin', Len."
"I aint wantin' ter take no undue vantage ob ignorance," said Lenix blandly. "An' it suttingly do seem like I was adoin'

it. I'se offerin', here an' now, ter call de deal off. Do as yo'-all like about it.

"I'se quite satisfied to leab t'ings as they am," grinned Abe.

"Same here," chuckled Homer. As if sensing a danger in remaining longer to argue the point with the buyer, the plotters turned away. Len sat down at the foot of the tree. He knew they were chuckling and squirming with sinful glee, but he was gravely lighting his pipe, and their demonstrations of joy, over landing a fish, went unheeded.

THEY were mere specks, far down the road, before Len slowly arose and gingerly approached his new rchase. The horse turned upon him a wicked eye purchase. and turned back its lip in sinister greeting. A couple of long slivers, bitten from the rail, stood out on either side of its jaws, giving it a sort of devilish look. All it needed was fire belching from its distended nostrils to make it a veritable fourteenth-century dragon.

Len surveyed it from a safe distance, surveyed it thoughtfully and critically, the while it returned his

look with one full of misgiving and animosity, from eyes which showed altogether too much white.

"Well, I reckon I buyed somefin," he said at last, aloud, and grinned at the snort of disdain which met his words, "Yo' sure am a spirited li'l' pony," he addressed the horse. "In spite ob de fac' dat yo'se a cribber, has two win-galls, a tech ob heaves, an' a spavin on yo' lef' fore leg, yo'-all am ready ter kick de Joo outin Jooruslem."

Len removed his felt hat and stroked his curls. "Dat hoss am so old he's seen all de sin ob de world," he mused. "An' if I don' trade him off right soon, he's liable ter hab a demoralizin' influence on me."

It was nearly mid-afternoon when Lenix, very

dusty, very sweaty and very weary, limped to the fence surrounding the barn-yard in which the auction sale was under full swing, and tied a weary, dusty, sorrel horse to the middle rail.

As he finished giving the tie-rein a sailor's knot, and glanced over his shoulder as though to make sure that the coast was clear for a quick get-away, an aged negro, wearing horn spectacles and a linen duster, and driving a fat, well-groomed sorrel in a buck-board, came from the yard and drew up opposite Len.

"Why, it's Mister Ballister," he greeted. yerself and de wife at hum?"

"Tolerable well and able ter feed, deacon. How's yo're own care?" Len adroitly side-stepped the hunchyo're own care: Len adroity side-siepped the nunch-ed shanks of his recent purchase and came over to where the deacon was leaning far over the dash-board, taking stock of the horse tied to the fence as well as his short-sighted eyes would allow.

"Whar yo' all get hold ob dat hoss?" asked the deacon, as they shook hands.
"Jes' bought him dis mornin', deacon. He's a Wilbrino, sired by Old Tramp Wilbrino, wif a record of two-sixty nine, flat."

Continued on page 77

FAKERS—And Others

By E. WARD SMITH First City Clerk, Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

THE Yukon was full of fakers, from the out-andout crook and professional gambler to the otherwise honest miner who faked the amount of work that the law provided must be done on each claim. They cropped up everywhere.

Foremost among those I remember was Hatfield the Rain-maker. The opening up of the creeks has changed the conditions governing water supply. In the early days there was always an abundant supply of water throughout the summer for sluicing purposes but, as the trail of the prospector spread up the creeks, the banks were bared of trees and the hillsides were opened to the spring suns. As a result the ice and snow thawed out quickly and went away in raging freshets. It followed that the supply of water for the summer work became more scarce all the time. Finally it became a more or less common thing for work to be suspended at certain times during the summer. The warm weather was of short duration at best and as a result these enforced delays were little short of disastrons.

The solution was brought back by Comptroller Lithgow on his return from a holiday trip in Cali-fornia. He got the Yukon council together and told them about it. "There's a wonder worker in California, a man who makes rain," he said. "I heard about him everywhere I went. He's been up and down California and everywhere he goes the rain follows. No place is too dry for him. Let's get him up here."

The council was made up of hard-headed fellows and they didn't warm up at once to the suggestion that Hatfield, the magician, should be imported to the

"What's his method?" asked one. "Does he take a stick like Moses and give the rocks a rap or two? Or has he got a pull with the weather-man?"

"It is easy to scoff," said Lithgow. "I'm telling you that this man gets the results. There's no hanky-panky about it either. He doesn't depend on incantations or spells. He's a scientist and uses chemicals. It's a business proposition from start to finish."

The upshot was that the council gave in. The situation was serious-the drought was especially bad at the time-and there was nothing to lose in any case. Money was the cheapest thing in the Yukon; and it

would be a novelty as well. they sent for Hatfield.

I saw him when he stepped off the boat—a raw-boned fellow with a nose like a hawk and long blonde hair, dressed in a longtailed coat and with a slouch hat on his

head. Certainly he looked the part.

It did not take him long to fix up a bargain with the auth-orities. He was a grand talker with an easy flow of words that had something of a seductive quality about them. He was to get his expenses in any case, rain or no rainthree thousand dol-lars in all. If he produced a fall of so many inches on the mountain side, he was to get an additional \$10,000. The

council was to pay half and the miners agreed to make up the other half among themselves. Hatfield couldn't lose no matter what happened. He had made a good

THE next step was to look over the ground and he finally selected the Big Dome as the scene of oper-The Dome was the outstanding peak around Dawson, thrusting its rounded summit, like the poll of a bald-headed man, a good three thousand feet into the Practically all the gold-bearing creeks of the Klondyke had their source on the Big Dome

Hatfield erected a tripod of poles about forty feet high on the crest of the Big Dome and on the top he placed a box about two feet square. Into this box he had poured a queer combination of chemicals. It was

then draped in a black cloth. was a great deal of mystery about it all-guards set around the place to keep interlopers off and the supplies smuggled up under cover of dark. Hatfield, as I take it, was a bit of an artist. He had the whole population agog with the fuss and feathers in which he clothed his act.

Under the tripod he pitched his -more precautions-and then, like the seven wise virgins, proceeded to watch and wait. He had visitors continuously, doubting souls who went up to scoff and remained to watch askance. There was something about Hatfield, with his solemn mien and his unfathomable eyes, that made scoffers uncomfortable.

This went on for a week or so and then one day clouds blew up over the Big Dome and rain begain to fall. Down in Dawson men looked at one another and said: "The son of a gun's turned the trick after all." The rain grew into a decently heavy downpour and all intent to treat the matter with levity vanished. For a time there was a fairly general belief that Hatfield had actually been re-sponsible for the downpour.

Then the rain-clouds passed over and the sun came out! It had only been a shower. Even in the driest times an occasional shower is to be expected. Men on the streets grin-ned, and said, "Luck isn't with Hat-field after all." It wasn't. After field after all." It wasn't. After that there was a long dry spell with not a drop of moisture from Heaven to help the man up on the Big Dome earn his ten thousand. Finally he gave up and decamped-after collecting his expense

How to Find Gold.

THEN there were the gold finders who drift-ed in. One weekend I ran up to a claim on Dominion Creek in
which I was interested. I was
standing in front of
the cabin when a stranger came up and accosted me. It was dusk at the time and was not able to see him closely but at first glance it looked like Hatfield. The stranger was tall and blonde with a droop-

ing moustache of the kind that has become known as the Cousin Egbert. He bore so close a resemblance to the vanished Rain-Maker that the thought ran through my mind that the latter had come back.

The stranger had a queer contrivance in his hand,

which resembled a druggist's weighing machine.

"This here machine," he informed me in a nasal arawl, "shows where gold can be found by digging."

"My good man," I said, "if that's the case you are in a fair way to become the King of the Klondyke.

What have you struck with it?"

He seemed a little put out at this question, but rallied promptly.

"I hold it-like this-in front of me," he said. "Then ! walk ahead and when I step over gold—the machine tells me."

"How?"
"That's my secret," said the man. "Here's where you come in. You pay me twenty dollars down. Then I go over your claims. If I show you where the gold is, you pay me \$180.00 more. That's fair enough."
"And what," I insinuated, "if you don't find the gold

"Then there's no harm done," said the other. "If there is gold around I find it. If this machine doesn't register anything on the claim, hustle out and sell that

register anything on the claim, nustic out and sell that claim mighty damn quick. It's no good."

"Well," I said, "I'm a good guesser—about as good as your machine, I think. I don't know of any easier way of saving twenty dollars than by saying 'Good evening to you, stranger."

He went on down the creek and put his proposition up to everyone he met. Plenty of them fell for it. He never located any gold for them, as far as I was able to learn, although Dominion was a rich gold-bearing creek. One miner, who was noted for his practical jokes, played a trick on the Gold-Finder that more than compensated the victims for the loss of their money. This man, whose name was Shorty Square, put several thousand dollars' worth of gold dust into a



Catching fish on the Yukon in winter time



sack and buried it just beneath the surface on his claim. Then he lured the Gold-Finder.

"I'll sort a lead you over the ground," he said. "I've notion there's a streak of gold running in this direc-

He led the faker, machine in hand, until the latter stood directly over the buried sack. Then he held up

his hand for the other to stop.
"How about that?" he demanded. "Seems like a likely spot."

'Nothing here," said the faker. "There aint any signs of gold around."

"Come off that, you swindle!" roared the miner

'Step off while I show you up!"

He kicked the earth aside and dragged out the sack of gold, which he opened before the eyes of the crest-fallen Gold-Finder. "Now, pass back my twenty bucks, see," ordered the miner.

He got his money and the stranger rapidly shook the dust of Dominion from his feet.

Candles Made of Water

THE most laughable fraud perpetrated was in the middle of winter, in one of the earlier years of the boom. I have forgotten the name of the ingenious fellow who was responsible for it, so I shall christen him Light—a name with some significance as will develop later. Light had made up his mind that there were other ways of making a pile than by digging gold. He decided to get the gold from those who had already

dug it.

One of the scarcest articles on the market in the dead of winter was candles. It was necessary to light up at three in the afternoon and keep it up until nine in the morning; and candles were the main fac-tors in illumination. They were used a great deal up on the creeks, where the miners would stick them in holders in the mine walls. Toward the end of the winter season the price of candles would be running

the fresh egg a close price for first place.

This man Light devised an ingenious plan for make ing money out of candles. He mixed milk with water and ran the substance into candle moulds which he promptly shoved outside to freeze. With the tempera-

ture down to 50 or 60 below a few minutes sufficed to turn the mixture into very presentable looking candles. He made them in huge quantities and packed them away in boxes,

Then he sallied out and booked orders all around town at an average price of \$25.00 a box. How many orders he received I do not know but, on a count later, it was estimated that he disposed of at least one hundred These he filled at once, delivering the boxes in person and collecting on the spot. As the purchasers were merchants and hotel men, for the most part, the boxes were put into stock and the wilv Mr. Light was well out of town before the hoax was discovered.

Fake Representation on Claims

THERE was a great deal of faking done with regard to representation on the claims. The law provided that a man had to do two hundred dellars' worth of work on a claim each year in order to get a renewal. rate of payment allowed for drilling was two dollars a foot. Many miners had claims located here and there which they were not ac-tively working, but which they de-sired to retain, and frequently they would hire some-

one to go out and do the necessary amount of work to renew the title for another year. This led to a great the title for another year. deal of crooked work one way and another.

One morning I boarded the stage for Dominion

Creek and, piling in right behind me, was a miner I knew quite well. I shall call him Sam for short. He was carrying an unusual looking tool—a long steel, nalf-inch rod, flattened at one end like a drill. I looked it over curiously.

What are you going to do with that, Sam?" I asked. He gave me a slow wink. "Going up to do some representing up on Dominion," he said.

"But what do you need that rod for?"
"Never mind that rod," he said. "It'll be useful right enough. You see, I got into old Alex. Macdonald for about \$3,500, and I offered to pay him off by doing the work on some of his claims up on Domin-ion. He has a dozen or more."

"You've got a busy season ahead of you then if you expect to do it all yourself."

He winked again. "It aint going to take so long,"

Instead of staying at the road-house that night, Sam struck off up the creek. Apparently he was anxious to get on the job without any delay.

Next morning, my own errand being done, I got on

the stage for the return trip. At the last m Sam came puffing up, a bag over his back and the steel rod under his arm.

"What! Going back so soon?" I asked.
"Yes. Got to get back," said Sam, shortly. He was not in a communicative mood at all.

EVERAL years after I ran into Sam and he O voluntarily referred to the trip. As far as I can recall his words, I have jotted them down.

"Remember that day we went up to Dominion to gether, me with a two-inch steel rod, so long? Ha, ha! I wanta tell you all about it. The best thing I ever pulled off, that. You see I owed the old King a pile of money, more than I could ever pay off, and I agreed work it off instead. These here fellows that run the mining business, they aint as sharp as they think they They had a set price for everything--two dollars foot for drilling, see, but no word as to how big a hole the drill's got to make. So I takes a half-inch drill and I goes up to the Creek. All that night, seeing as it was good moonlight, I put in on one of the King's claims, hammering that rod down into the ground. As soon as I got it down two feet I pulled it up again—two dollars' worth of work, see? By morning I had the whole debt worked off—\$3,500 a night is pretty good pay even for the Yukon. I got permission first to do all the representing on one claim, and of course I picked out a good one I knew was a quagmire. It was dead easy running that drill in and out.

"When I got in to Dawson I went over to the renewal clerk and made out a declaration of the feet I drilled and the King gets his renewals on all the claims. He would've been madder'n hops if he'd known what I did, because he was out that much work."

I felt it my duty to protest. "Sam," I said, "that representing wouldn't have stood the test if they had found you out."

ANADIAN BANK

Shipping over a million dollars' worth of gold dust

"What of it?" he retorted "How much good was any of the representing? Everybody swore out false statements. You know that as well as I do. Why, say, the renewal clerk knew it too. I'll bet he used to say to himself every time anyone came in, 'Here comes another danged liar.' Why, man, the Government expected us to lie about our claims.

To prove his case he proceeded to tell all about the icks of the trade. One of the stories he retailed is tricks of the trade. worth repeating, before passing on. There was one miner who wanted to get a renewal on a quartz claim that he held and he was distinctly adverse to the idea of doing the necessary amount of work. So here was Tunnelling was allowed in at the This fellow built a tunnel out the plan he evolved. rate of \$20.00 a foot. rate of \$20.00 a foot. This fellow built a tunnel out from his quartz vein by putting in a scantling or two and piling rocks up all around it. This he made ten feet long and, when finished, it looked like a ricketty arbor made of stones. It was a two-hour job. Then he went into Dawson, swore out his papers and got his renewal. The first windstorm that came along did not leave one stone standing or another. leave one stone standing on another.

I may add that the Government finally took cog-

nizance of such tricks and specified more closely the kind of work that had to be put in.

DON'T know that Asa Hayden belongs in this chapter as he was not a faker in any sense of the word, but he certainly succeeded in "putting something over" on the people of Grand Forks. So perhaps the story can be told here.

Asa Thursa Hayden was a doctor, although he never practised medicine in the Yukon. He was a fall, lanky American—a melancholy sort of fellow who plodded around and never indulged in conversation except on one subject. He was regarded by some as a mystery and by others as being a little "off." I saw him once or twice in Dawson, and remembered him particularly because of his unusual appearance.

The one subject that Hayden was ready to discuss was the depth at which gold was to be located. Bed rock, in which gold is found, was generally down from eighteen to thirty feet below the surface. Hayden had a theory that there would be a second bed rock somewhere below, and that if it could be reached it would be found simply rotting with gold. He used to enlarge on this theory with the earnestness of a man with but one idea, his eyes popping with excitement, his hands quivering as though with a nervous anxiety to handle

quivering as though with a nervous anxiety to handle the gold that lay so far below. Well, Hayden finally decided to try it out and he selected Grand Forks, which is located where the Eldorado enters Bonanza Creek. Ho got a piece of ground up the valley above the town where the first bed rock had been shorn of its gold. Whether he was the original owner or not I cannot say. Anyway he started to dig.

As might be expected he went at it alone and in his usual strange, secretive way. He rigged up a primitive windlass and bucket to bring the earth to the surface. It did not take him long to get down twenty feet or so, but after that the progress made was slower because the ground had to be thawed out first. It was made slower still because, after filling the bucket, he would have to climb the ladder and haul the bucket up to the surface. Then down again he would go, fill another bucket full, climb up and dump it and so on over and over again.

He kept this up for days, then, weeks, then months-silent, patient, untiring. At first the other miners paid little attention to him but, as the dump around the mouth of the shaft grew and grew they began to take

"For God's sake, Asa," they used to say, "how much farther you going to go? You'll bump into China sure if you keep on much longer."

He paid no attention to them but

kept on at his feverish work, climbing up and down his ladder as though driven by some almost supernatural force. He kept it up for two years and a half!

Asa Makes a Strike

HOW far down he had driven his shaft by that time no one knew; but it must have been a wonderfully long way! The end came too suddenly and strangely for any computation to be made on that score.

One winter day, when the thermometer was hovering around sixty below on the surface of earth, Asa made his strike. He climbed up the ladder faster than any human being ever be-

fore made such an ascent, with something licking at his heels that froze his tongue with terror to the roof of his mouth. Some people saw him suddenly emerge from the mouth of the shaft like a jack-in-the-box. After him came—no, not some strange animal from underground—but a rushing. bubbling flood of ice cold water! It flowed out so fast that everyone, including Hayden himself, beat a hurried retreat. He had, very apparently, tapped some reservoir far down in the bowels of the earth.

Shades of Noah! The water poured out of that hole

in ever increasing volume. It flowed down over the town until the streets were like the streets of Venice And remember, it was about sixty below zero and when

the water became stationary anywhere it froze solid.

The most charitable thing said about Asa Hayden that night was the opinion voiced by one resident of Grand Forks, who found a foot of ice on the floor of his one-storey home. "That blank idjit," he declaimed. his one-storey home. "That blank idjit," he declaimed ought to be put inside a belt filled with dynamite and then chucked down to the bottom of his blank-blank

THIS MONTH'S VITAL QUESTION-What Canadian Papers from Halifax to Vancouver are saying

Our Soldiers - Or "Our" Aliens

HERE arises from every province in the Dominion a demand that aliens, or alien enemies, shall not be allowed to occupy any position which is desired by a returned soldier; that the influx of aliens shall be carefully regulated during the period of re-adjustment; and that undesirable aliens shall be deported without unnecessary delay. In one day's news appeared an item to the effect that the Sydney, N.S., branch of the G. W. V. A. had passed a resolution demanding "the deportation from the country of all enemy aliens," and also a despatch from Vancouver that the G. W. V. A. of British Columbia was requesting the Employers' Association to ask its members who "have enemy aliens in their employ to dismiss them and give their places to returned soldiers."

Canadian papers are unanimously of the opinion that no alien must occupy a position for which a returned soldier is available. Almost every paper agrees that, for a time at least, immigration must be restricted, though there are divergencies as to the severity and duration of such regulation. On the question of deportation there is also a remarkable consensus of opinion. clouded, however, by such questions as: What is an alien? What is an "undesirable" alien? Does Canada need the alien for "cheap" labor? To what country can the alien be deported? and What means of transportation is available for this purpose?

On these questions Canadian newspapers are very vague-and most of them exceptionally bashful about coming forward with useful suggestions or practical solutions

The War Veterans are quite clear as to what they would do with alien enemies, had they the whole say in the matter. Although many associations throughout the country have passed resolutions on the question, the Toronto branch of the G. W. V. A. expresses the views of all perhaps more succinctly than any other. According to the Toronto Daily Star their platform is:

"Disfranchise every naturalized alien enemy for fifteen years.
"Denaturalize every dangerous naturalized alien

enemy.
"Have every non-naturalized alien enemy forfeit war wealth, pay his debts, then repatriate him to his own

country.
"Exclude alien enemy immigrants, say for twenty

Require all immigrants (excepting those from parts the British Empire) to furnish a personal history

and take the oath of allegiance at the end of one year's

"Solicit dismissal of all alien enemies and have returned soldiers replace them.
"In future issue no license in the city of Toronto to an unnaturalized alien."

The United States Congress will consider at its approaching session a bill to rigorously control, to the point of exclusion, immigration for a period of four years. The Brandon Sun endorses this policy:

"Canada may well follow closely in the footsteps of "Lanada may well follow closely in the footsteps of Uncle Sam as regards controlling immigration closely for the next four years. During that time it is more than likely this country will have all the labor it re-quires—to allow large numbers to pour in from war-stricken Europe would be courting embarrassing con-ditions in the labor market."

The Toronto Telegram then, quite appositely, re-

"Question for Uncle Sam: 'If all the undesirable aliens in the United States are deported, who will read the Hearst papers?'"

The Saskatoon Star believes that Canada will continue to be an attractive field for immigration, so that only "the kind calculated to aid the country in its development" need be admitted. This paper remarks:

"The United States is placing stringent restriction upon immigration for a period of four years. Canada, on the other hand, can use a considerable number of immigrants, at least after a short period has elapsed. A period should be left in which to make sure that all the returning soldiers are profitably employed, and

Canada is not an insular country—the men and women of this Dominion are essentially broad-minded. The reader of MACLEAN'S in British Columbia wants to know the trend of opinion on any public question in Ontario and Prince Edward Island; the Nova Scotian is interested in Manitoba's views; and so on.

Hence this new department, which is introduced to MACLEAN'S readers this month, and will be a regular feature. Look for your newspaper's views; if it has said anything particularly noteworthy on "This month's vital question," you'll likely find it here.

This month—Canadian soldiers want jobs, aliens have jobs. MACLEAN'S tells you what the live papers of this country have to say about it.

about it.

after that desirable immigrants should be welcomed after that desirable immigrants should be welcomed. Yet there must be care taken to see that only desirable immigrants are received. The prospect is that there will be a considerable swing of population westward from the old lands, and with the United States closing its gates, much of this will certainly come to Canada. Not only can the Dominion afford to 'pick and choose,' but it cannot afford not to."

The Montreal Star points out:

"Immigration restriction is a part of reconstruction. It is necessary for both temporary and permanent service. A flood of foreign immigrants now would intensify every problem of readjustment, economic, social and political. It would prevent effectively the laying of foundations for cleaner, saner communities, and a purer national life."

Other papers from coast to coast advise regulation,

but counsel against a too-rigorous exclusion.
"Enemy aliens must go." So frequently has this heading appeared above editorials during the past month that there appears to be no two ways about it. Some papers insist that he must "go" from the country
—whence, they say not. Other editors would be satisfied as long as they "go" from any job that a returned soldier can fill. One of the first dailies to urge the "going" was the Hamilton Times, which says: "I-toldyou-so," remarking:



Canada doesn't want this type of employer.

"The Times has for many years been urging the Government to get rid of the alien, and when the war was on it was continually demanding that the enemy alien should be put under Government control, but nothing was done."

The Quebec Telegraph paragrapher prophesies that:

"There are about 2,500 aliens interned in Canada, and they will soon be 2,500 aliens out-turned from angle." Canada.

The Winnipeg Telegram is very emphatic:

The Winnipeg Telegram is very emphatic:

"The deportation of enemy aliens is one of the most pressing questions of the moment. There can be no doubt that the enemy aliens have got to go. The pressure of public opinion, not alone that of the returned soldier, who knows the enemy alien far better than can any who have stayed at home, but of the whole country, has already forced the Government to give way partially on this point; and that pressure will continue until the whole question is settled by the deportation of every enemy alien who cannot substantiate his loyalty to Canada's cause."

The Toronto Star covers the subject adequately when it says:

"There are many of these men for whom Canada has no use, and they ought to be packed up and deported to the countries from whence they came and of which they were so fond when the war was on, and which they used to hope and believe would be victorious in tney used to nope and believe would be victorious in the war. These men have been a source of trouble and expense during the war; they have nothing in common with us; had disaster come upon us they would have rejoiced; had the enemy prevailed over us they would have been the agents of the enemy in the plundering of us. The war may be over, but distrust of these men is still warranted."

The Guelph Herald favors the deportation of the "unfriendly alien" only, saying:

"Common sense was shown in putting the word 'unfriendly' in the Guelph resolution, for it would admittedly work considerable hardship, and prove a large order, to ask the Dominion Government to deport 171,000 persons now in Canada who were born in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, some of whom have married and settled here and now own property. "What we really want to get rid of is all unfriendly and undesirable foreigners who are displacing Canadian labor."

A warning against the arousing of "racial prejudices" is voiced by the Quebec Telegraph:

"The matter of defining what aliens are desirable and what are not is extremely difficult, and in a matter of this kind there is always the danger of racial prejudices being aroused, of regrettable persecution being indulged in, and in strained relations with foreign powers resulting."

The Hamilton Times thinks it unlikely that the Government will interfere with "foreigners in Hamilton who have bought property, married, and settled



down, and have comported themselves as good citizens." A warning note is struck by the Market A warning note is struck by the Manitoba Free Press:

"Compliance with the demand for the discharge by employers of alien workers will not lessen the difficulties of those responsible for dealing with disorder and unemployment. These aliens have to be fed, housed and, it may be, deported."

The whole question of deportation, with its attendant difficulties, is well handled by the Saskatoon Star:

difficulties, is well handled by the Saskatoon Star:

"This problem also presents difficulties. The British Government has informed Ottawa that it is now possible to repatriate enemy aliens not exceeding one hundred in number. The number is almost trivial, yet for the present it is all the Dominion Government can send, and it will be some time before the limitations imposed by the shortage of shipping and restrictions by enemy countries upon repatriation can be extended. "Deportation,' of course, is a general term. Applied in this connection it simply means repatriation. The United States has not, and will not for some time at least, let down the bars against entry into that country of enemy aliens. No country wants to be a dumping-ground for undesirables from other lands. The Germans and Austrians, whom the federal Government wants to deport, must simply be sent back to Germany or Austria, and at present there are still restrictions by the enemy countries upon the number of those they will accept as repatriates. In other words, Canada can deport only as many Germans as Germany will accept."

"'Raus mit der Aliens!"

Editorial writers of the entire Dominion, no matter how divergent their views may be on the tariff or prohibition, are emphatically one when it comes to the question of an undesirable alien occupying a job while Canadians-especially those who are War Veteransare idle. It would be a "crying shame if a single alien were retained at work so long as a capable and willing returned man was seeking for employment," says one writer. The Kingston Standard says:

"Aliens must not be allowed to continue in work when Canadians who can fill their places are idle."

The Hamilton Times issues this warning:

"The idle men are here and the alien is at work, and so long as this situation exists the unrest will continue."

And the Peterborough Review:

"There are enemy aliens holding comfortable jobs in this city, while native Canadians, including returned soldiers, are idle. This condition must be remedied."

In a strong editorial headed "Procrastination," the Manitoba Free Press calls insistently for action on the part of federal, provincial and municipal authorities, pointing out that:

. the complaints of the returned soldiers as to alien labor and the employment problem cannot be simply ignored."

Harris Turner, the ex-Princess Pat, and blind M.P.P. for Saskatoon, who now edits Turner's Weekly, does not mince his words, and deplores the attitude some politicians are taking toward alien enemies in no unmistakable language:

"It is unprecedented that 40 or 50 men in Regina should slobber all over these aliens before the war is actually finished."

The Vancouver Province says:

"Probably the most appreciated and reassuring welcome arch yet erected is the one bearing the inscription, 'Your old jobs are waiting you, boys'."

No employer, who considers public opinion a factor in his business, will hire alien labor, even if it is cheaper, asserts the Toronto Mail and Empire, under the heading: "The Returned Soldiers' Rights":

"The Winnipeg trouble over the employment of enemy aliens in preference to returned soldiers ought to be a warning to employers Even if aliens can be had for lower wages, or if they are more efficient for the time, they will not be given preference by the wise or patriotic employer who reckons public opinion as a factor in his business."

The St. Thomas Times-Journal expresses similar views:

"Physical disabilities may sometimes operate as a preventive to the performance of the same amount of work at the outset as the man who has been at the bench or who has warmed an office stool while his fellow man has battled for world freedom. 'Business' would say of such man: 'This talk of giving returned man their iche when they return from the war is all would say or such man: 'This talk of giving returned men their jobs when they return from the war is all very well in theory, but I have to meet a stiff competition and I cannot afford to pay a man who does less work than his fellow employee, the same wage as one who does a full day's work.' That may be 'business' but it is poor business, and worse patriotism."



rd, in London "Punch"

Many employers and a number of veterans draw attention to the fact that "a vast number of aliens are engaged in labor which the average Canadian-born citizen considers beneath him and will not do." "Low class"-cheap-"labor is imperative," asserts Major J. W. Maddin, of Sydney, N.S., provincial president for Nova Scotia of the G. W. V. A. If aliens are deported others will have to be allowed in again, he contends.

This view is taken by La Tribune, of Sherbrooke, P.Q., which says:

"Among the foreigners who are preparing to return, either of their own volition or by force of law, to their former country, there are, without doubt, a large number whom it is in our interests to keep here.

. . . . Business will return, little by little, to a normal state, and we will be obliged, as we have been in the past, to appeal to the alien workman. What, then, will be his attitude? This: it will be necessary for us to spend a considerable sum of money to attract to this country a class of immigrants who may, perhaps, be no better than those who arrived before the war."

It is not the work which is distasteful, but the conditions under which it is done, claims the Winnipeg Telegram, advocating improved conditions:

"These employers would find that if they made their places of business fit for white men to work in, they would have no difficulty in getting white men to work in them. It is idle to say that it cannot be done, for it



By Morris

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can be done, and it is done in places where conditions of work are the subject of careful official regulations."

The Telegram follows up this subject later, putting it in this fashion:

"Are we to assume that Canadians have reached that stage of luxury-loving where it is essential that we should import a race of inferior beings to do our work? Are we already so degenerate that we cannot become a self-contained nation, that we cannot accomplish the tasks which lie before us within our borders? The thing is muthinkels

"For every kind of work that is to be done in Canada, men among the returned soldiers can be found to do it. But it is not to be expected, and Canada does not expect, that the returned soldier shall be asked to do that

work at a less than a reasonable wage, or that he shall be expected to compete with the bohunks of Central Europe, who have been accustomed in their own coun-try to submit to being driven like cattle, who are ignorant of every principle of sanitation, and lost to all sense of decency in living conditions."

The Manitoba Government has established a Board of Inquiry for aliens suspected of favoring Germany during the war. The Toronto Globe advocates a similar board for Toronto.

About the middle of February the Federal Government passed an order-in-council conferring power, according to the Toronto Globe,

".... upon the County and District Judges of the Superior Court to direct the internment as prisoners of war of persons of alien enemy nationality residing or being within the designated localities."

Whether this will prove adequate remains to be seen. The returned soldier's mental attitude toward his resumed civilian employment, and his adaptability, both mental and physical, in regard to such work, interests many Canadian editorial writers-and others. These men will be "one of the richest and most potent human assets ever received by a young and advancing nation," according to the Manitoba Free Press.

Viscount Bryce, in an Essay on "War and Human Progress," says: "Discipline has its worth, but it may imply some loss of individuality; obedience is useful, but (except with the highly intelligent) it involves some loss of initiative."

The Montreal Witness is in accord with this view:

The Montreal Witness is in accord with this view:

"During their service they have been robbed of all initiative, and almost every action of their lives, no matter how uninportant, as on which foot they will start walking, when and how they will stop walking, what time they will go to bed, how they will shave, cut their hair, exactly how they will pack their clothes, make up their beds, and many other minutiae, each of which must be done with a precision that will produce an exact uniformity with like acts of the others. Besides this, they have lived without incentive to weigh advantage and choose advantageous courses of action."

A Maritime Provinces paper calls attention to the "....shock, the enervation of war. All these causes unite to fix a handicap on the soldier. They tend to a destruction of efficiency that calls for reconstruction."

The Brockville Times and Recorder calls for consideration on this score:

"The men who go to work without delay will have to be treated with considerable sympathy, for their mental condition cannot possible be what it was formerly, though physically they may appear all right."

The Winnipeg Telegram quotes a local contemporary as saving:

"Many of the returned soldiers find it difficult to get back again into the routine of everyday life. This was to be expected. Their experience as soldiers has tem-porarily unfitted many of them for the duties of civilian life. It could not be otherwise."

The Telegram is emphatic in its denunciation of this "pernicious doctrine," and doesn't mince its language:

"It is unfair and unjust and a slander upon the returned soldiers. The *Telegram* speaks from experience, for it has fifteen returned men back upon its staff and every one of them is as efficient and as competent as he ever was before the war.

"The Telegram expects thirty or forty more of them back, and will not look upon them as inferior or incompetent, as our contemporary suggests we should."

Of those who are returning the Toronto News says:

"In returning to civil life they will be better citizens because of their experiment in altruistic living. It is reasonable to believe that they will have a warmer interest in the national progress than if they had remained at home wrapped up in their own concern."

"War's heritage to Canada"-and a goodly onesays the Manitoba Free Press of the returning heroes. This paper concludes a powerful editorial with this tribute:

"The Canadian soldiers are coming home with a reputation for successful campaigning which is not excelled by any of their allies; scores of thousands of them have wrestled bodily with death time and time again, and they will have a far deeper and keener realization of human values than many of the homestaying nonulation. staying population.

men have been seeing manhood tried and "These men have been seeing manhood tried and tested by the fiercest and most exacting demands, and they will return to Canada with, inevitably, larger ideas about the relations and standards of our social and civil life. The war will have given a more exalted note to the character of our soldiers, and in every sense the men who come back to us from Armageddon will be notable men."



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Germany Ready For Trade War

Huge Deposits of Material Ready in Neutral Countries Now

WRITER who has studied trade and economic conditions generally in Europe very closely since the war began, Isaac F. Marosson, strikes a note of warning in The Saturday Evening Post under the heading, "Can Germany Come Back?" He believes that, in a trade sense, Germany can and will "come back" with a vengeance. From what he has seen and heard, he believes that the Germans are planning a trade war on the world, and that they hold many trump cards. He writes in part, as follows:

During the past three years I visited every neutral country in Europe. I went to find out just what the German economic penetration was doing and to see at first hand the foundation that Germany was rearing upon which to erect the structure of her post-war trade. Everywhere I discovered the silent army of propaganists and well-wishers strictly on the job. Everywhere I found immense stores of raw materials piled up against that day when the German factory would cease to produce shells and divert its energy to the products of peace. Everywhere I heard that familiar refrain: "Germany cannot be beaten." Now that the great decision has been registered this defiance of the truth has not subsided.

I speak from experience because I happened to be in Switzerland four days before the armistice was signed,

I speak from experience because I happened to be in Switzerland four days before the armistice was signed, and when everyone knew that it would be signed. The German diplomats and economic propagandists at Berne and Zurich were just as cocky and defiant as I found their colleagues in Holland in June, and in Spain, Sweden and elsewhere a year ago. That is why I say it is dangerous optimism to believe that, despite the jolt that defeat and the surrender of her fleet administered to German pride, it is not highly important for the United States and the rest of the civilized world to scrutinize the German economic situation carefully and unite to make it difficult for Germany to swing back to a commercial authority that has been synonymous with world conquest.

I use the words "apparent collapse" advisedly and deliberately, because I am still convinced that there is a good deal of camouflage in Germany's protests about economic disintegration and the inability to make adequate restitution for the horrors and humiliations that

agout deen of tamoutage in Germany s protests about esconomic disintegration and the inability to make adequate restitution for the horrors and humiliations that she imposed upon the world. The German armies have been received at home as conquerors. Her whole industrial machine stands untouched.

Between 1871 and 1914, however, the whole close-knit, highly organized and government-endowed industry was reared. This industry, instead of being paralyzed by the strain of the war and the shock of defeat, is in reality more intensive, and therefore more efficient, than ever before. Moreover, this vast productive machine stands intact. Except in that comparatively small area bordering on the Rhine which was bombed during the last three months of the war not a single German factory has been damaged.

When I was in Switzerland last November it was estimated that within the confines of that tiny republic Germany had 60,000 bales of cotton and 20,000 bales of wool stowed away. The total value of the Germanowned material in Switzerland of all kinds was almost \$200,000,000.

What was true of Switzerland was equally true of

\$200,000,000.

\$200,000,000.

What was true of Switzerland was equally true of Spain. A year ago at Barcelona—the Manchester of Spain—I saw warehouse after warehouse packed to the roof with cotton and wool, all German-owned. Other warehouses were jammed with copper and rubber. With that foresight which was an adjunct of her industry Germany made ready for the day of peace and rehabilitation. She realized from the outbreak of hostilities that raw materials would not only play an

important role in the struggle but in the war after the war. Had she been successful she would have made such exactions as would have startled the world. As soon as she realized that defeat was inevitable she began to comb the universe for insurance against postwar industrial paralysis. The hoards in Switzerland and Spain are matched by what amounts to a monopoly on the Swedish iron-ore output. German hooks are fastened into the coal and iron output of Russia.

In the light of these facts you can readily understand why the Kaiser was so eager to make peace with his friends and coworkers, the Bolsheviki. The obscene treaty signed at Brest-Litovsk practically handed over Russia's raw materials—a world's underground treasure-trove—to our enemies. Though that treaty is to be abrogated at the Peace Conference the German

On our cover this month we reproduce a photograph of Lt.-Col. W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., etc., Canada's leading air-man, who has 73 Hun machines to his official credit. In February MACLEAN'S cover depicted Sir David Beatty, representing the Navy; previously Sir Douglas Haig's picture was used, typifying the army. Now Lt.-Col. Bishop's appears, as the leading figure in the third arm of the Service—the R.A.F., and he leads not only all Canadian "aces," but all in the British Empire. Fonck, of France, is the only aviator of the Allies with a record of equal merit.

grip on Russia will not relax. Remember that there are 2,000,000 Russians of German birth who not only continue to speak German but who are loyal to the country in which they were born. In addition there are 6,000,000 Germans and Poles who speak German as the language of commerce and of society. Hence, and despite the curbs that must be put upon the flow of raw materials into Germany, it is altogether likely that through bargaining, intrigue, and otherwise, she will be able to set up shop and in time spread out throughout the universe unless she is rigidly supervised. I offer these facts as one antidote for the booming and dangerous optimism let loose in America the moment the armistice was signed and which, summed up, found expression in: "Germany is beaten. We have nothing more to fear from her."



A LARGE ORDER!

Germans Hoped to Raise Ships

11 " Suggested That Germany Expected to Resurrect Boats Sunk by Pirates

"DIGGING up the U-boats' 'bones'," is the catchy title of an interesting article in Everybody's advancing the suggestion that Germany sunk as many ships as possible in a depth which would enable her to salvage them-when she won.

The article reads:

The article reads:

"In May of 1917, an article appeared in the Hamburger Fremdenblatt which confirmed a suspicion that had been lurking in the minds of close students of the war. It was at the time when the U-boats had reached the very summit of success. For three months, German submarines had been steadily sinking merchant ships without restriction. March had yielded a harvest of one hundred and twenty ships, and April had shown the tremendous total of one hundred and fifty-two. It looked as if May would set an even higher record Already Germany was gloating over the ruin of Great Britain. Before the summer was over, she would be brought to her knees and a German peace would be forced upon the world.

"It was just at this critical juncture that the

Britain. Before the summer was over, she would be brought to her knees and a German peace would be brought to her knees and a German peace would be forced upon the world.

"It was just at this critical juncture that the Fremdenblatt announced that German naval engineers had perfected a process of raising ships from the bottom of the sea. Details were withheld but it was stated that specially equipped salvage vessels would be employed which would be able to operate oven in stormy weather. An estimate was given of the value of ships already sunk and it was pointed out that 'most of them lie in favorable positions to guarantee plenty of work and a rich profit for many years after the war."

"The Lusitania, for instance, went down only eight miles off Old Head of Kinsale. Many other vessels were actually sunk within plain view of observers on land, and until the activities of the Allied destroyers drove the U-boats out to the deep sea it was the exception for any vessel to be torpedoed at a considerable distance from the coast.

"We are familiar enough with the German character to realize that the U-boat commanders were not actuated by any humanitarian concern for the fate of the shipwrecked crews. It was not because they hoped that the life-boats could make shore that they waited until their victims were near land before launching their deadly torpedoes. No doubt it was easier to locate their prey near ports than out on the high seas, and it was more convenient to operate in comparatively shallow water than in deep water, because the sea bot tom could be used for a resting-place.

"If we look at a map of Great Britain, about which the majority of the U-boat victims lie, we find that most of them are in water less than fifty fathoms deep. A submarine, when completely submerged, is absolutely blind. It is impossible to see fifty feet ahead. There are no lighthouses and no buoys to guide the anxigator. He must proceed by dead-reckoning, and there is al ways danger that he may crash into a sunken wreck. A submarine, w

Sir Wilfred Laurier

SIR WILFRID LAURIER SIR WILFRID LAURIER
passed away, peacefully,
February 17, stricken amid the
manifold activities that occupied his attention, even at the
advanced age of 77. Honored
and respected, by men of all
shades of politicat opinion, the
Liberal chieftain, who had
epent fifty years of his life in
the service of his country, died
in harness. in harness.

in harness.

"In the intimacies of confidential intercourse," says the GLOBE, "few men ever saw the chief of the Liberal party moved to anger, and none ever heard an unworthy word pass from his lips."

Truly, a wonderful tribute!
The article in this issue by J. K. Munro was already on the press before the wire bore news of Sir Wilfrid's decease.
There is no opportunity for us to make here more than this too-slight passing tribute to one of Canada's greatest sons.

The Mysterious Sinn Fein Leader

+ Picture of de Valera with an Estimate of His Power

THE leader of the Sinn Fein movement, de Valera, is a rather myserious sort of person. Although he is nuch in the public eye—especially since his recent escape from jail—but little is known about him. Such scraps of biography as are available have been gathered together by Current Opinion and they make a very interesting picture.

In a period so short that he remains -till a character unfamiliar and mysterious, he has converted an obscure and proscribed revolutionary society into the dominant Irish political party. He has routed the entrenched leadership of the Redmonds and the Dillons, the O'Briens and the Devlins all combined. He has revolutionized the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, at one time openly and the Devins all combined. He has revolutionized the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, at one time openly hostile to him. He has composed feud after feud within his following through his perfect sympathy with Irish human nature and a rare comprehension of its merits and defects. Results of this sort, as the Liberal Manchester organ remarks, are never achieved by medicrities, and those British newspapers which at first hailed de Valera as an interloper and a foreigner, coming from nowhere and representing nothing, are now inclined to agree that, humiliating as it must be to the politicians in London, he has matched his wits against theirs and made even the great Lloyd George, to say nothing of Sir Edward Carson, seem a trifle inefficient by comparison.

The mystery in which the name and the career of de Valera are involved include his present whereabouts. Nobody

the career of de Valera are involved include his present whereabouts. Nobody seems to know definitely, so rigid is the Irish censorship, whether he is in jail or out of it or just what part of Ireland he calls home. The prison experiences of the past four or five years have aged the man, our contemporary says, and he now looks, with his lined and pinched face, looks, with his lined and pinched face, somewhat older than his thirty-seven years. He is fine-looking still, says the London News, although he was never handsome, like Parnell in his prime, or aristocratically elegant, like the martyr Emmett. Nature seems to have given him the heavy build of O'Connell, but he has not grown fat like that liberator. The wide open eyes of de Valera, set far apart, are large and staring, forming an essential feature of the physiognomical impression as a whole. The lips are firm and compressed in repose. The nose is slightly hawklike and the The nose is slightly hawklike and the skin by its swarthiness reveals the Iberian descent. The father of de





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Valera is understood to have been a political refugee from Spain when he met and married the Irish girl who was to become the mother of the Sinn Fein

met and married the Irish girl who was to become the mother of the Sinn Fein hero.

The little boy received the name of Edmond in baptism, not Eamonn. He learned to lisp the English tongue in America. When he first arrived in Bruree in county Limerick he was only six. He spoke Spanish and French from childhood and in Ireland he learned to ride like a centaur and to swim and to shoot. He was educated at a big school near the college of Blackrock. His mother despised the English all her life and from the first he was passionately Irish, with a strong tendency to play with tin soldiers. He must have the linguistic gift, for it is affirmed that he could speak Gaelic with fluency when he was only twelve. His mathematical genius—the most astonishing of his endowments—disclosed itself when he was seventeen and be thought at one time of becoming an astronomer. Before he had passed on to the college of Blackrock he was applying mathematical formulas to every conceivable problem. His sense of proportion and of order, his foresight, his constructiveness, his ability to plan far ahead, are aspects, to all who know him, of his mathematical genius. He was a successful tutor in consequence and he astonished the examiners, when applying for his degree, with abstruse calculations of planetary weights that revealed no error at any stage of intricate computations that filled reams of paper. In a quieter period of history, writes one who knows him to a London paper,

he might have become a Newton or worked out fresh theories of dynamics. He seems to have thought at one time of going into the army, for his military aptitudes, among his followers at any rate, are rated high indeed.

of going into the army, for his military aptitudes, among his followers at any rate, are rated high indeed.

His ringing laugh, his athletic prowess, unexpected in one of his romantic and poetical personal appearance, and the alertness of his manner do not suggest the brooder over figures. He is a brilliant talker, says the London News, and he seems to have no reserve on the subject of his dreams of glory for Ireland. His courage is beyond question and he readily faced death at Boland's bakery in the "revolution." He rallies his men under fire as only one with the gift of command and of inspiration can. He received a death sentence calmly, with one of his favorite works, the "confessions" of St. Augustine, under his arm. He was not in the least moved, his jailers reported, when a reprieve was read to him in his cell. It would be erroneous to infer that he is cold or impassive. He is emotional but self-controlled. Naturally he is nervous. At times he talks incessantly. His temperament is sanguine, not to say enthusiastic. He is lucky in having that fine physique, for it shows up conspicuously before an audience and prejudices every observer in his favor. His oratory is a blend of the sarcastic, the anecdotal, the polished, the enthusiastic. The spark of fire flashes early from it. He does not rant either. Indignation flames. The soul shines forth from the flashing dark eyes. Such are the impressions of reporters for the London press.

Three Year Marriages in France

American Boys Are Taking Brides For This Length of Time

THERE has been a great deal of talk, and not a little anxiety, with reference to the matrimonial alliances that the Canadian and American soldiers are forming overseas. Mothers and sweethearts on this side of the water are seriously alarmed. Under the heading, Women-and Your Boy," French Major Robert Davis writes in Hearst's Magazine, giving some interesting information with reference to the French part of the problem. His article will be reassuring, for the most part, to the anxious ones at home, but it indicates that many French brides will be brought back and, further, that many American boys will remain in France. He writes, in part:

At a seaport town in which many of our boys are stationed, the young ladies are marrying Americans. There is nothing irregular in the fact, except that the marriages are for three years. At the end of the period no one knows exactly what will happen, whether they will be renewed like a lease or whether they will be terminated like a contract of hiring. To show that they are "three-year brides" the girls have bobbed their hair. It is the mark of her cautious ad-Both bride and groom are playing safe.

The Frenchwoman has trained for centuries to please men. She has a much stronger sex instinct than we have. She has a She does not go in for being accomp-lished. She does not think whether she can drive a motor, play the piano, golf, or do landscape gardening. She may do these things well but she is not self-conscious about it. Her immemorial training has been to attract men, to amuse them and make them forget them-

As natural reaction to this mode of treatment from the womenfolk, the Frenchman has come to esteem vivacity and charm more than physical symmetry. We Americans, more boyish in

our tastes, do not look beyond beauty of feature and figure. At a dance in America a pink-and-white girl, with no more brains than a baked bean, will be surrounded by admirers. In France it would be a girl of sympathy and wit who would receive the attention.

would be a girl of sympathy and wit who would receive the attention.

Running parallel to her strong sex instinct is her maternal instinct, which, as she has few children to mother, is first toward her parents, and later toward her husband. Young women take charge of their mothers, leading them by the hand in the city streets and subways, as though they were little children. They manage the feeding, the business, the traveling, the money-saving, of everyone who will submit to their bossing. They are great hustlers and very clever at a bargain.

The women of "Petite Bourgeoisie" are the shopkeepers, comely, with red cheeks and abundant hair. Winter and summer they wear no hats except on state occasions. Ninety-five per cent. of them are pronounced brunettes. They are comrades with their men, taking the bitter with less complaint and harder work than their husbands. The women of France have all the control of national life they can use. They do not

of France have all the control of na-tional life they can use. They do not They do not mix to any extent in politics, nor want to. for they manage the business of their little shops. Usually the husband takes your money and passes it to the wife, who holds the cashbox or has a big pocket in her underskirt. Investments who holds the cashbox or has a big pocket in her underskirt. Investments are made by the wife, the children are controlled by her. Why should there be any Woman's Rights Party in France?—any further rights she needed she would take without any discussion. These women are the backbone of the nation's daily trade. Your boy will be amused by the cool way they handle their menfolk, and scold them when they beat him at a trade. beat him at a trade.

These are women of strong personal-These are women or strong personality; docile on the skin, but as persistent as the law of gravitation. A Princeton man told me that he knew five fellow-soldiers who had married wives of the shopkeeping class, which means that will stay in France, whether they wish to or not. They have married managers for life.

For *cleansing*, one cream-For protection, an entirely different cream

> To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two entirely different creams are needed—an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection

THE skin is constantly being coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have

Cleanse the skin thoroughly each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, refreshed feeling will be notice-

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Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

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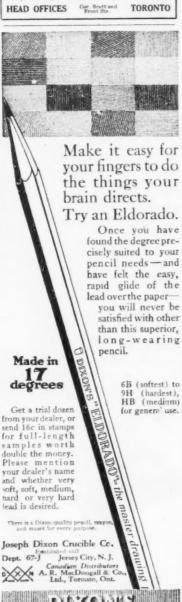
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The Secret British Ferry

Trains Were Ferried Across English Channel. From Port of Rich-borough to France—Terminus Was Carefully Guarded

THE Railroad Ferry Service" be tween England and France received very little mention during the war, and no secret was more carefully guarded during 1916-17-18 than the construction and location of the English terminus, Richborough. So jealously was the secret kept, says the Scientific American, that this important link in the cross-channel communications was never subjected to bombardment by aeroplanes or Zeppelins.

"The terminal which is known as "The terminal which is known as Richborough is located near the coastal town of Sandwich, and was built upon land which, three winters ago, was a favorite resort of the coot and the heron, and was used, in part, for the pasturing of sheep. The site selected included about 2,200 acres, and in addition to a large railway storage and dition to a large railway storage and classification yard, with the usual tracks and storage buildings, there was constructed an extensive plant for the construction of barges. The magnitude of the Richborough terminal works may be judged from the fact that at the close of the war its personnel included 20,00°

officers and men.

"For the train ferry service, three steel ferries were constructed. These vessels are 363 feet long by 61 feet in beam, with 10 feet of draft, and their speed is 12 knots. Their displacement is 3,655 tons and they are driven by twin screws. They are provided with four railroad tracks running the length of the ship, which are capable of holding fifty-four 10-ton tracks. To accommodate the rise and fall of the tides, movable ferry slips were provided at each terminal. The trains were run directly on to the ferry and at the each terminal. The trains were run directly on to the ferry and at the terminals at France were hauled ashore and taken direct to their destination. When the ferries were not loaded with freight trains, they were used for the transportation of locomotives, tanks, artillery, and other similar supplies for the fighting front.

"The service was started in full swing on the 1st of February, 1917, and from that time to the signing of the armistice, it had carried across 1,285,000 tons, of which 785,000 tons consisted of guns, gun shells, and other ordnance material."

Will Trotzky Hire Huns?

Leslie's Weekly Asserts Junction of Forces Between Slav Bolshevists and Trained Germans is Growing a Menacing Possibility

THE menace of Bolshevism is graphically and lucidly described by a correspondent of Leslie's Weekly, Mrs. Harper, who draws attention to a possible-or probable-conjunction of forces between the Lenine-Trotzky Government and the thousands of trained men being set free by demobilization in Germany. Explaining the Bolshevik system of "representative" Government, Mrs. Harper says:

"European Russia now is governed by the all-Russian Soviet, which is the by the all-Russian Soviet, which is the headquarters of Lenine and Trotzky. Local soviets act as subordinate and local Governments in each town and village. On each of these local soviets is a representative of the all-Russian Soviet. This representative is the spokesman of Lenine, Trotzky & Company. If the local soviets disagree with him, word is sent to Moscow and a punitive expedition of Red Guards is sent to that locality and, depending on the degree of insubordination, punishment is meted out. Sometimes it is merely a fine, and sometimes the village is given is meted out. Sometimes it is merely a fine, and sometimes the village is given to pillage and all foodstuffs are taken from the peasants. In this way many millions of people are terrorized and

kept in subjugation by a few thousand."
On the threatened menace, the same authority writes:
"The demobilization of Germany will

authority writes:

"The demobilization of Germany will set free thousands of trained men whose first thought will be the future. The Bolsheviki need these men, and will easily procure their services. They can afford to pay them very well, and these men will supply what is so badly needed by the Bolsheviki administration, organization and skilled labor. Once this takes place, and there is nothing being done to stop it, the Allies and America will not only have to equip a large Russian army of anti-Bolshevik volunteers, but will have to send in many divisions of their own men. They will not be able to avoid this; there will be no other course of action for them to pursue. The menace of Bolshevism must be removed before even temporary peace of any kind will come to the world. Once the Bolshevik regime is strengthened by German skilled labor, organizers, mechanics, engineers, etc., the whole world stands in danger of being swept by the plague of anarchy, and America will not be immune.

"That is Bolshevism; another and a better word is anarchy, which means disorder, misrule, confusion, want of

better word is anarchy, which means disorder, misrule, confusion, want of government, lawlessness, reign of vio-lence; all of these are applicable, and all are true. From this, it is clear that the Russian problem is first of all one of military organization; politics has nothing to do with it. The only remedy is, as I said, the recreation of an anti-Bolshevik Russian volunteer army."

Why Harrison Fought Lloyd George

Man Who Ran Against British Premier Explains His Reasons

AUSTIN HARRISON, the editor of the English Review, ran against Mr. Lloyd George in the recent election and was rather soundly beaten. His candidature caused considerable surprise because it was quite apparent that no man living could hope to win from the Little Welshman in his constituency Harrison, it seems, stood on a matter of principle, and it is interesting to find in the current issue of the English Review, a statement as to why the editor took it upon himself to beard the lion in his den-interesting also to read of the unfair influences which Harrison claims were brought against him. He writes in part as follows:

Ten days before nomination day an officer who happened to be talking to me about a poem of his made a remark which set me thinking. He said, "What about this 'dud' election? Nobody wants it. The soldiers don't care a straw about the lection in several conditions. Why it. The soldiers don't care a straw about an election in present conditions. Why do not one of you civvies go down and contest the Prime Minister's seat and shame him?" And so that evening I made up my mind to stand upon principle in the dreary "dud" election that nobedy wanted.

Of course, I was a "carpet-bagger," and when I arrived with a small bag in

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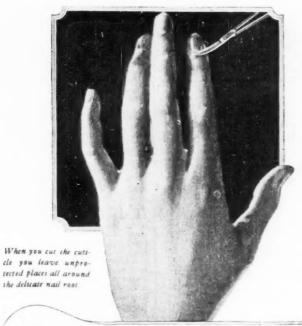
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The wrong and the right way to manicure



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UTTING the cuticle is ruinous! the cuticle back when drying the hands.

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Calue Brady





Employers—Give the Returned Soldier a Square Deal!

THE intelligent and untiring co-operation of employers throughout the whole]country is the very keystone around which Canada's repatriation plans must be built.

Many employers are keeping positions open for soldiers who formerly held them. That is as it should be. But it is not enough. There are thousands of men being released from the army who have no definite positions to go to.

Every employer, in taking on new help, should as far as possible give preference to a returned soldier. Firstly, because he owes it to the returned soldier. Secondly, because it is good business to do so - and here's the reason:-The soldier is a better worker, more efficient and dependable, because of his military training. He is a better citizen, with a broader outlook, a clearer vision of the things that matter.

Do not suppose for one minute that the soldier has lost initiative. The man who has been "over the top" is a man who has learned to do a job thoroughly — when it has to be done. He does not work by the clock.

But giving the returned man a job-and the best job you have—is not the only duty employers must discharge.

The returned man must also be given a reasonable chance to "pick up the threads" again.

He does not look for sympathy or for better consideration than those who did not actually serve in the fighting line. He does not appeal for charity.

But he does demand a Square Deal.

The Repatriation Committee

OTTAWA

the constituency I found that the last thing any man contemplated there was a contest. "Impossible!" one man told me. "Nobody dare sign your nomination paper."

me. "Nobody dare sign your nomination paper."

I went to another town, but there opinion was even more resolute. "It can't be done." "It shall be done," I answered; whereupon my friend informed me that terrorism reigned in the Carnarvon Boroughs; it would cost a man his position to nominate me; it might cost the candidate his life.

"But surely," I urged, "Wales is the home of freedom? Mr. Lloyd George has fought great fights for Liberalism, for free speech. Did he not crush the old Tory landlordism of Bangor district? Are you all so delighted—" But here I found granite.

"We are not all delighted," was the

Are you all so delighted—" But here I found granite.

"We are not all delighted," was the reply. "Many of us are gravely concerned at the Prime Minister's liaison with Tory Junkerdom, as the Daily Mail put it; not a few of us distrust this Coalition deal, especially this rushed election. But, though numbers doubt, no man will nominate you. No man would dare to take the risk."

I expostulated, yet in vain. "This is terrorism," I cried, "in the 'land of your Fathers.' There must be a Welshman who will nominate me." And, lo! that afternoon there was such a Welshman. He nominated me for principle. That done, the spell was broken, and I found a seconder.

a seconder.

Armed with these signatures, I again sought out those elements which I could clearly see deeply resented the levity of the Prime Minister, but they refused to be persuaded. "Even if you got nominated, you could not hold a meeting," they said. "You would have to slink out of

said. "You would have to slink out of the constituency, and your candidature would be a farce."

"Not more so than the election," I pleaded; and I was glad to note that in this my friends concurred, but still I could find no supporters; and that night, the eve of the nomination day, I made up my mind to go back to London. Despised and rejected, I went out after lunch for a stroll, and ran up against one of the old "Contemptibles," to whom I explained the situation. "There is no difficulty," he told me. "The soldiers can't vote. They bitterly resent this bid for power behind their back. You want eight assentors. I'll get you a dozen in an hour."

At this juncture a Scot came along.

At this juncture a Scot came along, and he joined in the search. Within two hours ten assentors filled the nomin-

two hours ten assentors filled the nomination paper, and then at tea we had a good laugh.

I was asked what Party was behind me, and when they heard that no Party was behind me, no machinery, no newspaper, no "whip" of any kind, the soldiers were elated. One of them consented to act as election agent, and left hospital for the job; and on the next day, having lodged my nomination with the deposit, I returned to London to get some collars, etc.

When I returned on the Monday even-

get some collars, etc.

When I returned on the Monday evening I found definite progress had been made. Three meetings had been arranged. My election address, devoted to the League of Nations, was awakening interest. The alternative—conscription—was already recognized as a more arresting election cry than journalese talk resting election cry than journalese talk about hanging the Kaiser, or who had really won the war: Mr. Lloyd George or the soldiers?

Being an absolute tyro in the election business, I should no doubt have been blocked out had it not been for the splen-

blocked out had it not been for the splendid support given me by my sergeant election agent, who not only ran the show in the teeth of the double election machinery, but turned out to be a very fine platform speaker.

We met with both usual and unusual opposition. None of my election literature was allowed to go to the 4,900 absent soldiers on the excuse that the date for the reception of such literature was November 27th—that is, a week before nomination—although an extra fortnight had been granted to enable the soldiers to vote. That brilliant exhibition of "political strategy" will certainly lose me a number of votes, but I record it here as a sample of political honesty not easily beaten in a "free" country; and when I wired to the Prime Minister for an explanation, he tele-

graphed back that the Postmaster-General controlled, he didn't. What a curious position for a Prime Minister, not to be able to control his own election! I, of course, apologized to the electors for the Prime Minister's inability to give his opponent fair play; yet when those electors read a copy of Army Form Z30, with its unpleasant likeness to military and industrial conscription, many of them, I feel confident, formed a serious opinion about the meaning of the "carpet-bagger's" intrusion into the stronghold of the "great little Welshman."

I held three meetings, supported by the sergeant and a Major M.C.—at Llandudno, at Conway, at Bangor—and all three were successful, though at Conway our speeches were interrupted, and in the end the meeting musically dispersed. Still, I got through my speech at Llandudno on the League of Nations and the necessity of compelling the Prime Minister to be serious instead of talking about "no more Alsace-Lorraining" and "tripping up the God of War." In spite of organized opposition, and even a physical-force appeal to carry the platform, Sergeant Hildreth held the audience, and we parted on good terms, numbers of people coming up subsequently and shaking hands with my wife and me.

At Bangor our last meeting was really interesting. The hall—where Mr. Lloyd

and me.

At Bangor our last meeting was really interesting. The hall—where Mr. Lloyd George made his fine stand against the Boer War—was packed, and I spoke practically without interruption, and in the end was even applauded. This ended my election work. Of course, I did not "do" the constituency on polling day. My wife and I went out for a stroll on the pier at Llandudno, and coming back we noticed a posse of Boy Scouts parading with a banner which bore the inscription. "Vote for Lloyd George and No Conscription."

With a quarter of the constituency

and No Conscription."
With a quarter of the constituency arbitrarily disfranchised, my poll may appear insignificant, yet I claim the moral victory at the Carnarvon Bor-

oughs, for at the eleventh hour posters appeared calling for votes for the Prime Minister and "no conscription," though only a day or so previously he had made a manifesto declaring that conscription depended upon the nature of the Peace.

My object had thus been obtained-to force the Prime Minister to a clear statement of policy on the League of Nations, which he will now have to take seriously, because the only alternative is conscription—which, I can assure him, the soldiers and the electors of the Carnis conscription—which, I can assure him, the soldiers and the electors of the Carnarvon Boroughs will take very seriously. And I venture to say that the Weish thoroughly understood my motive in forcing upon them an unwelcomed contest. I met with much courtesy and quick intelligence. I thank them from these pages for their redestending and sympathy. They esy and quick intelligence. I thank them from these pages for their understanding and sympathy. They say that I had not come among them as a cheeky candidate who sought to injure their national hero or to talk election insincerities, but rather, through them, to bring him back to his native inspirato bring him back to his native inspira-tion. It was, perhaps, no peradventure that my first nominator was a man of Criccieth. As I stood on that shore in the Prime Minister's village we looked across the ocean to America—to the op-portunity offered to Old Europe by the New World. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson, I said, must work to-ether for civilization and it was in this gether for civilization, and it was in this spirit that the Welsh listened to me.

The so-called "freak" election thus became a little demonstration of principle. Instead of attacking the Welsh idol, I pleaded for him, but I asked them to make him the old Lloyd George. From the Carnarvon Boroughs my cry for League of Nations spirit and League of Nations sincerity passed across the hills into the country, and finally became the issue of the election: and had the issue of the election; and had Liberalism and Labor from the outset made that issue their platform, they would, I believe, have carried the coun-

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The Poison That Didn't

How an Intelligence Officer Startled War Office With a "Canard"

SOME delightful whimsicalities of the English "War Office in War Time" are described by Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell, K.C.B., in Blackwood's Magazine. The writer was responsible for the work of the Intelligence Department, and tells of a few of the oddities who presented themselves to him as Intelligence Officers.

The General had one officer on his staff, whom he calls "Z," who was "in some respects quite the best intelligence officer I have come across in a fairly wide experience." This delightfully insouciant chap started his war career as a subaltern, but even then he "treated Cabinet Ministers with an engaging

as a subaltern, but even then he "treated Cabinet Ministers with an engaging blend of firmness and familiarity, and he could, when occasion called for it, keep Royalty in its place."

Once, when he decided to visit Paris and the Front, says General Callwell, "he took me with him, explaining that unless he had a general officer in his train there might be difficulties as to his being accompanied by his soldier servant. Generals and colonels and people of that kind doing duty at the War Office did not have soldier servants—but "2" did."

Office did not have soldier servants—but "Z" did."

"Z's" activities were so amazing in their ramifications that the General says they might be almost described as "universal." But occasionally he made a mistake. For instance, says General Callwell of "Z":

He burst tumultuously into my room

He burst tumultuously into my room one morning flourishing a paper. "Have you seen this, sir?"

As a matter of fact, I had seen it; but, as the document had conveyed momeaning to my mind, dissembled. Its purport was that 580 tons of a substance of which I had never heard before, and of which I have forgotten the name, had been landed somewhere or other in Scandinavia.

"But do you know what it is, sir? It's the most appalling poison! It's the concoction that the South Sea Islanders

smear their bows and arrows with—cyanide and prussic acid are soothing-syrup compared to it. Of course, it's for those filthy Boches. 580 tons of it! There won't be a bullet, or a Zeppelin, or a shell, or a bayonet, or a dart that won't be reeking with the stuff." I was aghast. "Shall I go and see the Director-General, A.M.S., about it, sir?"

"Yes, do, by all means. The very thing."

ring."

He came back presently. "I've seen the D.-G., sir, and he's frightfully excited. He's got hold of all his deputies and hangers-en, and the whole gang of them are talking as if they were wound up. One of them says he thinks he has heard of an antidote, but of course he knows nothing whatever about it really, and is only talking through his hat. I tell you what, sir—we ought to lend them a hand in this business. I know Professor Stingo; he's miles and away the biggest man on smells and that sort of thing in London, if not in Europe. So if you'll let me, I'll charter a taxi and be off and hunt him up, and get him to work. If the thing can be done, sir, he's the lad for the job. May I go, sir?"

"Very well, do as you propose, and let "Very well, do as you propose, and let me know the result."

"Very well, do as you propose, and let me know the result."

He turned up again in the afternoon. "I've seen old man Stingo, sir, and he's for it all right. He's going to collect a lot more sportsmen of the same kidney, and they're going to have the time of their lives, and to make a regular night of it. You see, sir, I pointed out to him that this was a matter of the utmost urgency—not merely a question-of finding an antidote, but also of distributing it methodically and broad-cast.

"The stuff'll have to be carted off to France and the Dardanelles, and maybe to Archangel and Mesopotamia; so Stingo and Co. are going to be up all night, and mean to arrive at some result or to perish in the attempt. And now, sir, what have you done about it at the Foreign Office?"

This was disconcerting, seeing that I had done nothing.

had done nothing.
"Oh, but, sir," sounding that note of





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submissive expostulation which the tactful staff officer contrives to intro-duce when he feels himself obliged reluctantly to express disapproval of superior military authority, "oughtn't we to do something? How would it be if I were to go down and see Grey, or one of them, and to talk to him like a

"Well, perhaps it might be advisable to make a guarded suggestion to them

are to say."

Next forenoon he came into my room in a hurry. "I've been hearing about the caterpillars, sir," he exclaimed joy-

"The caterpillars, sir," he exclaimed joyously.

"The caterpillars?"

"Oh, not crawly things like one finds in one's salad, sir. The ones the Admiralty are making (The first I heard of the "Tanks," which made so successfui a debut near the Somme a year and a half later.) Armored, motor contrivances, with great big feet that will go across country, and jump canals, and go bang through Boche trenches and barbed wire as if they weren't there. They'll be perfectly splendid—full of platoons and bombs and machine guas, and all the rest of it. I will say this for Winston and those mariners across Whitehall—when they get an idea, they carry it out and do not bother whether the thing'll be any use or can be made at all—care no more for the Treasury than if it was so much dirt, and quite right too! Just what it is."

and quite right too! Just what it is."
"Yes, yes; but just one moment. How
about the poison?"

"Yes, yes; but just one moment. How about the poison?"

"The poison, sir? What poi—oh, that stuff. Didn't I tell you, sir? It isn't poison at all. You see, sir, it's this way. There are two forms of it. There's the white form, and that is poison, shocking poison; it's what the Fijians use when they want to pacify a busybody like Captain Cook who comes butting in where he isn't wanted. As a matter of fact there's uncommon little of it—they don't get a hundredweight in a generation. Then there's the red form, and that's what Johnnies have been dumping down 580 tons of at Whats-its-name. It's quite innocuous, and is used for commercial purposes—tanning leather, or making spills, or something of that kind. Now may I go to the Ad——"
"But have you told all this to the Director-General?"

"Oh yes, sir. I told him first thing this morning."

"Did he pass no remarks as to your having started him off after this absurd hare of yours?"
"Well, you see, sir, he's an uncom-

having started him off after this absurd hare of yours?"

"Well, you see, sir, he's an uncommonly busy man, and I didn't feel justified in wasting his time. So, after relieving his mind, I cleared out at once."

"And your professors?"

"Oh, those professor-men—it would never do to tell them, sir. They'd be perfectly miserable if they were deprived of the excitement of muddling about with their crucibles and blowpipes, and retorts and things. It would be cruelty to animals to enlighten them—it would indeed, sir; and I know that you would not wish me to do anything to discourage scientific investigation. Now, sir, may I go over to the Admiralty?"

"And off he went."

There will be another of Professor Leacock's inimitable articles in MacLean's for April. Look also for a second huge in-stalment of Frederick Isham's "The Transformation," and see how the "'Uman Tiger" pro-gresses.

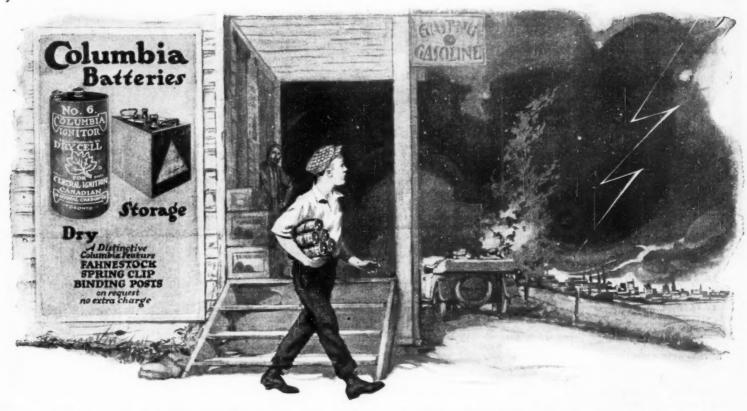




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Did Dr. Diesel Die?

What Happened to German Inventor of Diesel Marine Engine?— Disappeared Just Before War

THE mysterious disappearance of Dr. Rudolf Diesel, inventor, is recalled by Edwin Slosson in the Independent. Here is the story:

Here is the story:

"Shortly before the war broke out, but when a war was regarded as imminent if not inevitable, Germany's greatest inventor, the man who had inaugurated a revolution in the world's motive power likely to be as important as that achieved by Watt, left Germany for England. But he never arrived. Dr. Rudolf Diesel took passage at Antwerp on the Channel steamer "Dresden" on the night of September 29, 1913. When the vessel arrived at Harwich next morning he was missing and the annual meeting of the Consolidated Diesel Engine Manufacturers at London, which he was to attend on the following day, was held without him. So much the world knows. Everything else is speculation. Naturally speculation has been abundant. Diesel's disappearance has given rise to as many wild theories as Kitchener's. These theories, such of them as I have happened to hear of, may be classified in the following way:

"1. Accidentally fell overboard and drowned."

"1. Accidentally fell overboard and

2. Seized by heart disease and fell overboard.
"3. Pushed overboard by German

agents

"4. Kidnapped by German agents.
"5. Alive and in the service of British Government.

"6. Jumped overboard because of (a) mental breakdown due to insomnia, (b) financial worries, (c) domestic troubles,

(d) lack of proper appreciation.
"The reader may take his choice of these nine hypotheses, for there is no proof of any of them and there is evidence against all of them. One other point must be mentioned, though it adds to the mystery instead of clarifying it.

That is, that his family at Munich received a telegram announcing his safe arrival in London—but the telegram was sent from Geneva, Switzerland.

"Against the hypothesis of hypochondria is that when last seen he appeared very cheerful. His family life is said to have been happy. He had broken down from overwork thirteen years before, but had apparently recovered. He fore, but had apparently recovered. He had suffered from heart failure, but seemed to be all right again. He had not made as much money out of his inventions as he hoped, but he had accumulated a comfortable competence of \$2,500,000.

of \$2,000,000.

"He had not received all the credit
that he deserved, but the original Diesel
engine was installed in the place of engine was installed in the place of honor in the handsome new buildings of the Munich Museum and he had just given to the museum all his drawings and models. Against the rumor that he is still alive in England is the fact that it is the Germans and not the British, who, during the war, as well as before, made greatest use of his inventions. As for the remaining hypothesis, that he was killed or kidnapped by order of the German Government, that rests upon no firmer foundation than our natural inclination to ascribe any deviltry to the Germans and the fact that if try to the Germans and the fact that if Diesel's inventive genius had been trans-ferred to the other side it would have been worth more than an army corps to the Allies

to the Allies.

"For it was due to Diesel that the Germans have had and still have the most powerful and economical engines for their cruisers, destroyers, submarines and airplanes. The London Times of January 28, 1914, stated that the largest Diesel marine engines so far made in England were of 2,000 horsepower, while the Germans were equipning their warships with 12,000 horseponer. power, while the Germans were equipping their warships with 12,000 horse-power, while the Germans were equipin France of a Gotha plane with Diesel engines a year or more ago shows that the Germans have overcome the difficulties of adapting this new motive power to aircraft. Whether they are using it on tanks and trucks I have not heard."

A Problem

This Much-persecuted "Orphan" Should Be An Internationa "Ward"—Perhaps Under U.S. An International Tutelage-Suggests Viscount Bryce

A CHRISTIAN Armenian state, with, of course, every race and religion amply protected against persecution; is the solution offered for this vexing problem in the Fortnightly Review, by Viscount Bryce, O.M.

But, the definition of a "state" is a sovereign, political unity." and Bryce points out that before this status can be achieved a temporary "protectorate" must be established. The United States is put forward as the logical guardian.

"But the process of reconstruction can hardly take less than fifteen or twenty years, and what is to be done in the meantime? Local self-govern-ment may be given to the small areas in which some one religious or racial element largely predominates, and this might be communal—i.e., the inhabitants of each form of faith or speech in each area might have the adminstration of their own domestic and local concerns, so that no one element could oppress the other. But such local communities so that no one element could oppress
the others. But such local communities
could not at first maintain a police sufficient to restrain the Kurds, nor construct those routes of communication
which the country needs, nor would
fairplay between the different communities be secured.

"There must therefore be a Protecting Power to undertake these functions, a Western civilized Power, which can send in trained officers, some military, some civil, and so set on foot an administration which will command not only obedience—that need not be difficult—but also confidence in its uprightness and impartiality.

"Who shall this Protecting Power be?

"Who shall this Protecting Power be? It has been often said that the Power which would be most obvious, not only impartial but also disinterested, having no possible self-regarding ambitions of its own, would be the United States. To it would belong one unique advantage. Its missionaries have already won the gratitude and affection of the Christian population, to whose progress Christian population, to whose progress they have for the last seventy or eighty years rendered inestimable services by their schools and colleges, while they have also enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Muslim population, whom they have not tried to prospetitive, and they have not tried to proselvtize, and to whom their schools, colleges, and hospitals have aways stood open. These missionaries are the only foreigners who really know the country and understand the people.

"If the United States were disposed to undertake the philanthropic task of supplying administrators for a period of, say, twenty years, it would have an opportunity unprecedented in history of conferring permanent benefits such as no country has ever received at the hands of another.

"If, however, the American Government and people should hesitate to make such a departure from the long settled lines of their policy, nothing would remain except to find some European Power, or some group of



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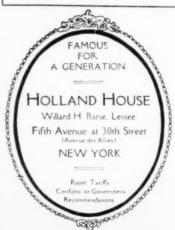
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Powers, willing to undertake the task, rowers, willing to undertake the task. This expedient presents the best chance of saving a country which, in the interests of the world at large, ought not to be allowed to relapse into the barbarism and misery to which an alien tyranny has so long condemned it."

The German Spy in Holland

How Germany Kept in Touch With Britain During the War

THERE were 10,000 known German agents in Holland during the war. To the Pall Mall Gazette a Dutch police inspector explained that it would have been useless to expel them as their places would simply have been taken by other unknown agents.

Further details with regard to these as gleaned from this inspector were as

They drifted into Holland on various pretexts. Some were highly educated men, capable of moving in the best men, capable of moving in the best society; others were mere shadowers and touts. They took up all sorts of positions. The case of the porter at the Hotel des Indes, the Ritz, and the Hague, who proved to be a brother of the then German Ambassador at Constantinople, is already known to the public. But that is only one of hundreds of similar incidents.

The chief task of this army of men has been, of course, to keep in touch with Britain. In the early days of the war there was no more difficulty in this than if there were no war on. British passports in those days were not worth the paper on which they were produced. A young journalist who was in Hol-

the paper on which they were produced.

A young journalist who was in Holand, but had no passport, got one from the local Consul (a Dutchman, of course) simply on the production of a letter from home. Later on it was rendered very difficult to get a British passport but, curiously enough, the previous issue of useless paper was not withdrawn until the war had been in progress for three full years. It need hardly be said that the German Secret Service made good use of their carelessness.

Again, the spies benefited from the

Again, the spies benefited from the lack of co-operation between our different departments. Thus, in one large town the British community was unofficially warned against patronizing a officially warned against patronizing a certain music dealer, who was a known German agent. Yet that man was one of the few Dutch music dealers who had a license for the import of British music! Another aspect of the activities of these human moles was that of gathering information in Holland. The organization behind them was marvellous.

Enormous prices were paid to Dutch telegraphists for copies of Entente code wires passing between the Legations and Downing street or the Quay d'Orsay. So rampant did this evil become that the Dutch authorities had to insist on each operator submitting to a search before going on duty and again afterwards.

operator submitting to a search before going on duty and again afterwards. Photography was used to an extraordinary extent. Passengers boarding the boats for England were snap-shotted, and the photos all carefully filed. Photography was chiefly used to ensare possible victims. On one occasion a French attache, riding in the woods near Wassenaar, encountered a lady who had been thrown from her horse. With the gallantry of his race, he went to her assistance. A few days later he was confronted with photographs of himself kneeling beside the "injured" lady. He was told that the lady was not injured at all, and would tell her own story.

With the threat of exposure as a lever, a great effort was made to turn him into a traitor. Fortunately, he acted promptly and with courage, and in consequence a dangerous band was broken up. This was by no means an iso'ated instance.

broken up. This iso'ated instance.

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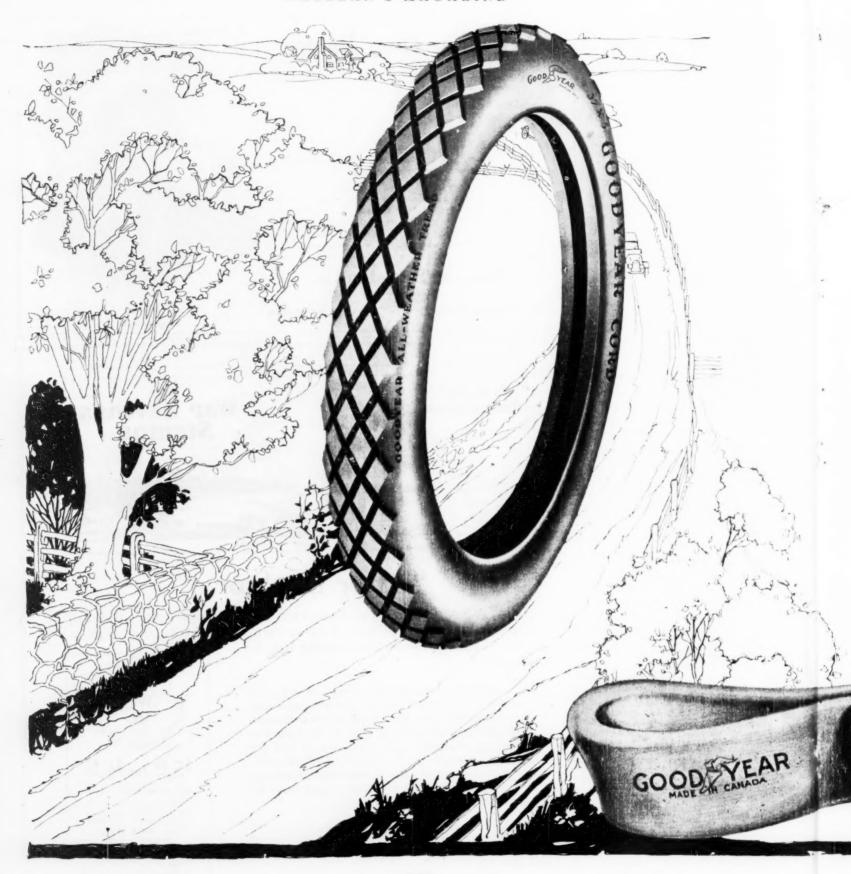
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Hun Spies Out-Witted

Rear-Admiral Hall's Master Mind as Naval Intelligence Head Kept Our Enemy Sleuths Guessing
— Eight Executed During War

EIGHT German spies were executed in England during the war, and large numbers, men and women, were imprisoned. In despatches to the New York Sun, the London correspondent of this paper reveals some of the secrets, and writes of the man who made the Naval Intelligence service so efficient.

Naval Intelligence service so efficient.

"The Hun could keep no secret from him," says the London Daily Mail. "The efficiency with which he organized and directed his staff has been one of the Silent Navy's triumphs. His emissaries were everywhere; the Germans at last became fearful even of themselves. Whatever they schemed was known in very short time to the little keen-eyed Admiral in Whitehall, and duly countered."

Rarely does "The Voice of Northcliffe" unload itself of such eulogism, and then the object of its attentions must be something in the way of a genius. Certainly claim may be laid to that much misused synonym with regard to Rear Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, British navy, Director of Intelligence Divi-

Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, British nawy, Director of Intelligence Division since June, 1914, when he passed from a command in the British Grand Fleet to the Admiralty.

Nothing can show his character better than the story of how he saved the Queen Mary in the Bight in the early days of the war. He had taken her into the thick of the fight, when his keen eye spied the wake of a torpedo coming proadside on. He seized the

into the thick of the light, when his keen eye spied the wake of a torpedo coming broadside on. He seized the wheel and with a nicety of judgment swing the vessel around so that the torpedo ran side by side with the Queen Mary until spent.

That quickness of thought and action is typical of Admiral Hall's naval career; particularly of his work at the head of the Intelligence Department. During the war the German spies in this country were both numerous and exceeding crafty.

As a matter of fact, the Naval Intelligence Department, under Rear Admiral Hall, acting in conjunction with the censor's department, provided false information to the Germans, an instance being the mythical Strait of Dover submarine barrage revealed by Sir Roger Keyes.

"It was before the Zeebrugge opera-

Sir Roger Keyes.
"It was before the Zeebrugge opera-tions began that Admiral Hall gave intions began that Admiral Hall gave instructions for the printing of a new and elaborate code book. The book was duly compiled. It was neatly bound, and so that it should not look too new was carefully thumbed in many pages. Of course all the codes in the book were wrong and very misleading to any German who might get hold of it. But that is what the Admiral wanted.

"When the Zeebrugge raid was settled upon and the Vindictive went over with the blockships this "valuable" code book was carefully placed in one of the blockships where it was likely to be quickly discovered.

was carefully placed in one of the block-ships where it was likely to be quickly discovered.

"The day after the raid the book was found by the Huns. No doubt they were delighted with such an important find and thought that our men had had no time to remove it before the ship's bottom was blown out.

"A few days later, having given the Germans time to digest the code, a carefully compiled message was flashed across the Channel and duly picked up by the enemy. But it is feared that it must have badly misled them as to the intentions of the British.

"One day there arrived in London from Switzerland a man who produced American papers purporting him to be a representative of a large New York forage firm. He had bags filled with stationery and order books all properly printed with the name and address of the New York firm. But his papers



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were afterwards found to have been forged and he was a German spy.

"He escaped detection for some time, but owing to the numbers of orders which the man kept sending to America and the similarity of them, he was suspected and the D. I. D. began to get busy.

"One evening he was dining with a woman in a Strand hotel, when the police walked in and quietly tapped him on the shoulder. He was subsequently shot in the Tower.

shot in the Tower.
"In a fashionable restaurant in Pic-"In a fashionable restaurant in Piccadilly one evening sat two smartly dressed women and two naval officers dining. In an unguarded moment—at least one of those apparently unguarded moments of the little Admiral's conception—one of the officers happened to mention that on a certain day an extra lot of officers would be leaving a British port for France.

"But the British secret service were

"But the British secret service were aiready on their way. As they left the restaurant the arrest of these women was effected and the secret got no further than Piccadilly.

"Another German agent has in his employ a remarkably pretty woman who mixed in the best society in London.

"She was introduced to all kinds of people—military and naval officers and even members of the Government.

"For a time this fascinating woman succeeded in worming secrets out of her admirers. One day an officer whom she had met on several occasions accidentally saw the woman having lunch with an obvious German in a quiet little an obvious German in a quiet little restaurant off the beaten track. The pair were deep in conversation and did not notice the officer's entrance.

"He at once withdrew and met the woman by appointment the same evening at a house in Mayfair. When the sam. When evening at a house in Mayfair. When she began to ply him with certain questions he gave replies purposely intended to mislead and trap her if she was, as he row strongly believed, a German spy. She fell into the trap so neatly arranged for her, with the result that both her employer and herself were caught. The man will not trouble this country again, while the woman received a term of imprisonment.

while the woman received a term of imprisonment.

"One man who was employed in the British secret service was discovered after a lot of trouble to be also acting as a German agent, said the D. I. D. 'We caught him first and saved the Germans from shooting him.'

"Yet another instance was that of an employee at a certain airdrome near London who was caught loosening the bolts in a new machine. The Intelligence Department got busy. When arrested he confessed he was in the employ of a German agent. German agent.

"Perhaps the best of all incidents re-lated of the little Admiral and enemy spies was that of a German naval officer

spies was that of a German naval officer who was trying to get back to Germany through London and Holland.

"It was at the Admiralty where the Admiral interviewed the man, and the sudden, ferocious manner in which he shouted in German to the spy: 'How dare you stand like that when you are speaking to a superior officer!' startled the man into clicking his heels together. He did not raise his hands to the salute, but he had done enough to make his arrest advisable. rest advisable.

"Eight German spies were executed in

rest advisable.

"Eight German spies were executed in this country, while many more are undergoing long terms of penal servitude.

"Some of the spies stood their execution stoically; others again made a last despairing fight and went to their death shricking and cursing their Maker. One of these latter was a man named Muller, who was arrested while acting as a waiter in a hotel at Blackpool. During his incarceration in the Tower Muller broke down completely and was carried out struggling and shouting, cursing himself for his stupidity and reviling the grim little party in the quadrangle.

"Of the female spies much doubtless will be written by fiction writers of the future. Like the men, they succeeded in getting comparatively little information of value out of the country. Most of them, neither young nor beautiful like the spy of the story writer, are languishing behind prison walls and will remain there for some years to come. British chivalry forbade their execution."

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The Achievements of Allenby

Was German Defeat Made Possible on the Plains of Palestine?

A MAGNIFICENT tribute is paid to General Allenby, conqueror of Palestine, by John H. Findley, U. 8 Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine in an article in Scribner's Magazine It is impossible to quote more than a few paragraphs from this article, which covers quite comprehensively the char acter and the achievements of Allenby

I have wondered whether those who selected General Allenby for this com mand were influenced to the selection in any degree by his name. Not that there is need of reason beyond his surpassing technical and personal qualifications to lead this particular expedition. But it is a singular coincidence and a happy omen that his very name may well be omen that his very name may well be interpreted to carry a prophecy of his achievement. I suspect that it is of Irish association, but an Oriental origin may easily be found for it in the euphonious union of two Arab words. "Allah" meaning "God," and "Nebi meaning "prophet." So "Allah-Nebi, a God-prophet. And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more Godlike proera has come with a more Godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail, what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement.

It is gratifying that the Deliverer Palestine is a man who exemplifies the qualities that civilization seeks to develop in mankind under free institutions. velop in mankind under free institutions. courage, courtesy, honesty—those qualities which our Justice Holmes has summarized in the "adorable faith" of the soldier. And not only is General Allenby the sort of a man whom the civilization that had its cradle in the Holy Land would choose to represent, but he has in turn chosen men of noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him.

But there was a significant day in my

noblest, cleanest purpose and highest qualification to serve with him.

But there was a significant day in my acquaintance with General Allenby. I was again at Headquarters. It was the morning of the 20th of September, when the army that had "dug in" fifteen of twenty miles north of Jerusalem, and had waited patiently for months, was at last advancing to the complete recovery of the Holy Land. (It was ready to make the attack in May, I have heard, and the day was set, but the exigencies of the Western front demanded a sudden change, a transfer of some of the divisions, and the developing of a new army.) I had driven overfrom Jerusalem in the early morning in my Ford car. The "C-in-C" was outwardly placid and even playful; for a child, an American child, was at Headquarters, having just arrived by train that morning with her mother from Egypt, on her way to Jerusalem and the Commander-in-Chief was for the hour the host. One could not have guessed that over the hils to the norther most momentous battle of all the Christian era in Palestine was being waged under his direction and in accordance with plans made to the last minutest detail. How momentous it was I did not then, of course, surmise And when the General z, few minutes later smilingly announced, as he came from his map-room, that his cavalry were at "Armageddon," I did not then give to the announcement the interpretation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of tation which came to me later, as I reread the chapter in the Book of Revelation, describing the gathering of the hosts on the Plain of Megiddo, which is in the Hebrew "Armageddon." I do not impute to the General this interpretation; but I think that what was happening that morning on the Plain of Megiddo, as it is sometimes called, or Armageddon, or Esdraelon, was as fateful for the good of the world as that



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which is foretold with such striking analogies in the Apocalypse.

There has been no more completely successful campaign in all this world war, I suppose. An English military observer and critic has written more emphatically and unreservedly: "There never was a victory more absolute in the history of war... It was a battle without a morrow." And certainly none more dramatic, with this wonderful background of scenery and sacred ful background of scenery and sacred and secular history.

It was out to the north of this Plain of Armageddon (Megiddo, or Esdrae-lon) that I next saw the Commander-in-Chief a few days later. He had sent me a message one morning to tell me that if I would wait, that is, postpone my return to America a few days longer, I might perhaps find it possible to walk to Dan (for I had already walked from Recershela up to the old front). I acted Beersheba up to the old front). I acted immediately upon this intimation, start-ing out that very evening and walking ing out that very evening and walking all night to Janin, the edge of the plain, then the next night to Nazareth, then on to the Sea of Galilee. It was on this walking journey that I saw the "Chief's" car go flying past me, he and his general so engrossed in the panorama that they did not see the pilgrim at the roadside. And I think I never saw a more enticing landscape than that before me as I came down toward the Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jethe Sea of Galilee that late afternoon. I was ready to say with the rabbis: "Jehovah hath created Seven Seas, but the Sea of Gennesaret (the Sea of Galilee) is His delight." I recall only one scene to put beside it in my own experience, and that was sunset over the Lake of Geneva in Switzerland. It has the colorful beauty of the Yellowstone without its awesomeness. And I have General Allenby in the foreground of that memorable Galilee landscape.

I tried to imagine what General Al-

I tried to imagine what General Al-I tried to imagine what General Allenby's satisfaction must be in recovering for Christendom this crown of Palestine, 'his valley where the Great Teachar had spent most of his days on the earth, but when I saw him that evening in Tiberias, down by the sea, with his staff about him in a quiet comradeship, to which I was admitted for a few minutes, and tried to express to him my continuing congratulation on to him my continuing congratulation on his masterful achievement, he extended his hand in a motion to ward off what I was saying, and at the same time to turn it toward his Chief of Staff.

I think that as a general he must have I think that as a general he must have a forever glorious rank in the world's war. "He has revealed himself," to quote further the English military critic, "as a soldier second to none that we ourselves (the British) possess. Not only so. It is simple truth to say that in brilliancy of plan, irresistible energy of execution, comprehensiveness and finality of success, no living soldier of any nation has surpassed this Battle of Armaceddon—to give it what happens ary nation has surpassed this factle of Armageddon—to give it what happens to be geographically its real name. What makes it absorbing to every student of war is that it was a case of a kind which hardly comes off half a dozen times in as many centuries. It was an idea which has been imagined and aimed which has been imagined and aimed at a thousand times for once that it has been actually done. It was in method and effect precisely the soldier's 'battle of dreams' which every famous leader has longed to realize some day, but which few indeed have ever compassed in practice."

But whatever glowing words may b spoken of him as a general, I am glad to be able to say of my own knowing, as I saw him out in the Holy Land, that he deserves as a man to take his place with the greatest of those whose deeds are recorded in the book which we, together, pored over on that, for me, memorable night out in the Vale of

memorable night out in the Vale of Ajalon.

I saw him once more. It was the night of my starting home for America. I stopped to say good-by to the Commander-in-Chief. He entered the very door through which I had first seen him come on our Isaian night—and this was to be his last night in the old Headquarters, for he was moving northward in the morning. He asked if I had heard the news: One of their airmen



An Old Man at Fifty-A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco Business Man, Who Has Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth.

By V. O. SCHWAB

There is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid prosiac America by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. To-day he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. To-day he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50, he was a worn-out, wrinkled, broken-down, decrepit old man. His cheeks were sunken, his face drawn and haggard, his muscles atrophied. Thirty years of chronic dyapepsia had resulted in catarrh of the stomach, with acid rheumatism periodically adding its agonies. To-day he is in perfect health. a good deal of an athlete, and ayoung as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body in-Sanford to arobust old one, and Bennett he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells nimself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundred

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PARTIAL CONTENTS.

Some idea of the field covered by the author may be gained by the following topics: Old Age, Its Cause; How to Prevent It: The Will in Exercising: Exercising in Bed—shown by fifteen pages of illustration. Sun, Fresh Air and Deep Breathing for Lung Development; The Secret of Good Digestion: Dyspepsia; How I

Strengthened My Eyes; The Liver; Internal Cleanliness—how it removes and prevents constipation and its many attendant ills; external cleanliness; Rheematism; Varicose Veins in the Legs; The Hair; The Obese Abdomen: The Rejuvenation of the Face, Throat and Neck; The Skin, and many other experience chapters of vital interest.

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flying above Palestine had caught the German wireless message that Germany was ready to accept the terms proposed by America. Some one of the little company said: "It is the end." And so this dramatic episode which will make an epoch for all the East came to its end. And the beginning of the end of the Great War with the Beast, I shall ever believe, was the advance of Allenby's men out upon the Vale of Armageddon.

Is Czar Still Alive?

English Correspondent in Russia Believes So

I S the Czar alive? More people to-day appear to believe that the ex-Emperor of the Russians still lives than ever gave credence to the Kitchener myth. Several despatches within the past few weeks have been cabled from Europe, asserting that Nicholas II was not assassinated, but that a "double" allowed himself to be sacrificed.

Robert Wilton, for years London Times correspondent in Petrograd, writing in the Wide World, admits that he, himself, has doubts on the question, saying:

"Was Nicholas II assassinated or not? The reports which came through after the event was supposed to have occurred were not verified by any independent authority. We have nothing to go upon except the statements of German newspaper correspondents and a wireless announcement from the Bolshevik Council. All these versions agree in one respect. The ex-Czar was done to death by the soldiers who were guarding him. The names of the regicides are, however, given variously by different German correspondents.

The German and the Bolshevist reports coincide in stating that there was no trial, and that the Imperial captive was summarily shot lest he might be

The German and the Bolshevist reports coincide in stating that there was no trial, and that the Imperial captive was summarily shot lest he might be rescued by Czech or Slovak troops who were then approaching Ekaterinburg, the capital of the Urals, whither he had been transferred from Tobolsk some months before by order of the Bolsheviks. The murder—for it can be called nothing else—is reported to have been perpetrated on July 16th; but even on this point there is some confusion, one version giving the date as June 16th.

No Solution in Ireland Possible?

Permanent Settlement Will Never Be Reached Until the Next Generation

THE tangled threads in the Irish situation are very understandingly sorted out by Henry Seidel Canby in an article on "The Irish Mind" in The Atlantic Monthly. It is written in an intensely sympathetic vein and the sympathy expressed is for the practical Uister Tory as well as for the turbulent Sinn Feiner. Incidentally, it serves to throw a new light on Irish thoughts and aspirations and concludes with a summary of probable developments in the situation that seems to possess all the elements of a well-based prophecy. Unfortunately space does not permit of more than a few extracts

more than a few extracts
I entered Ireland by the green hills of Ulster, and moved freely through County Antrim and Belfast. I talked there with bishops and deans of the Church of Ireland, and fine upstanding generals and county families in their walled gardens—friendly people, solid, simple, more voluble than the Scotch, but with hard-gripping minds like theirs, that took one thing at a time and wrung it. They had worked for their comfort, made prosperous land out of a waste of whin and gorse, and would keep it against Prussian or Sinn Feiner

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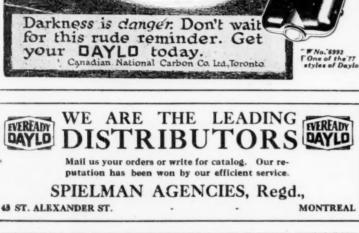


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GEO. STEPHEN

Freight Traffic Manager that was my impression. Speculation pon world-politics did not interest

that was my impression. Speculation upon world-politics did not interest them; they knew little of the new England, less of America; the war was the war, and they intended to fight it out—that was all there was to that subject. They were a perfect type of the genus Tory, with his limitations, and especially with his virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, and the steadiness which omes from caste.

I talked with bankers and manufacturers and gardeners and cabbies—Presbyterians this group and representing the Orange wing of the Ulster party, but, like the others, proud of Belfast and of the relative prosperity of the North of Ireland. Belfast is a black city, a depressing city, full of overdriven faces, but full of energy, too, and the signs of success. Here it was religion ne heard about, and the dangers of Roman Catholic domination; it was customs and excises and the fear of a lazy South battening up Northern taxes. toms and excises and the fear of a lazy South battening up Northern taxes that they talked of; it was the shiftless Celt, who still gets his water from rain-Celt, who still gets his water from rainbarrels and yet thinks he can run the country; the Pope and the £42,000 he draws annually from Ireland, "And how much would he be getting under Home Rule?" And I formed, I think, a just dea of the "case" of the North—her right to safeguard her economic prosperity, the honest fear of a vote conrolled by the Church, her unwillingness to let slack, spendthrift Dublin run meat, orderly Belfast. But I left, wontering why these sturdy Scotch-Irish folk were so timorous. Why, unlike their ancestors in the colonies, they hard not run risks in order to gain the benefits of a united island; why these enefits of a united island; why these cuilders of ships and weavers of linen, who alone had made commerce and ocal government successful in Ireland, were so resolute to cling to England's kirts, even at the cost of perpetuating frish division and rancor among their irish division and rancor among their own minorities; so afraid to venture union with a people whose practical efficiency they despised. For while all n the North argued their right to stay n the Union, no one supposed that this would satisfy anyone in Ireland but themselves and a few Unionists of the South

themselves and a few Unionists of the South.

While I lived in Dublin I saw much of Nationalists and those intenser Nationalists who, in all but republicanism, are really Sinn Feiners. I talked with friends of George Moore and the Celtic twilight, who loved me because I was an American, and insulted me in the hope of surprising an admission that America came into the war "bought by English gold." I talked with Æ in his workroom frescoed with Celtic gods, where he strides from his mountainous desk of pamphlets to paint in an Irish scene, then turns back to economies, or pure milk, or poetry. A black-bearded man with burning eyes and a voice that chants, he gave me my first idea of the intensity of life in Ireland.

I talked with poets consuming in an hour a week's rations of emotion. I talked with John MacNeil, ascetic, intellectual leader of the Sinn Fein party, whose judgment kept the Easter rebelion from becoming a national disaster; who thought clean and cool on all points excent the relations between England

who thought clean and cool on all points except the relations between England and Ireland. I talked with radical priests; with Unionists in Government service who, after a second glass of port, became equally Irish and almost as radical; with scholars, business men, women, intellectuals; and began to see that nationalism in Ireland (I mean the emotion, not the party) was a religion; was a passion so strong that arguments which ignored it for questions of efficiency or profit were untrustworthy. I met, too, the wilder Sinn Feiners, in assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefinitely. There who thought clean and cool on all points

n assemblies which began at indefinite hours and lasted indefinitely. There were labor leaders present, whose sense of Ireland's international responsibilities was strugging with distrust of what they thought was an "English war." No one in a press censored with more vigor than intelligence had explained to thou why it was also America's d to them why it was also America's. There were destructive radicals, who added to Ireland's hereditary grievances

with easy inconsistency accompanied by vituperation. There were fanatic women who kept their watches an hour and twenty-five minutes behind the offiand twenty-five minutes behind the official time, because "summer time" was an English invention and real Irish time ought to be twenty-five minutes slower still. There were melancholy idealists, pure of motives, noble of heart, drunk with vision and with wrath; and truculent chaps with angry eyes and a general expression of having been kept too long out of a fight. To them all I talked America and American ideals in the war, not hesitating to express views in sharpest conflict with their own; and I was sometimes agreed with usually unwas sometimes agreed with, usually understood, always listened to tolerantly. (Except for an excited poetess, who challenged me because in our own Civil War we had thrown the tea into Boston harbor while now we were tied to the apron-strings of Britain!) For as the Irishman one looked to Saniy and them. apron-strings of Britain!) For as the Irishman once looked to Spain and then to France, so now he looks to America for sympathy. And I came away convinced that the so-called Pro-Germanism of Sinn Fein (a very few individuals excepted) was like much of their extremist politics, mere froth and spume floating up from a troubled mind out of joint with the times and mishandled by those in authority, signifying rebellion against circumstance but not treason. And with this conclusion I find the calmer sense of England agrees.

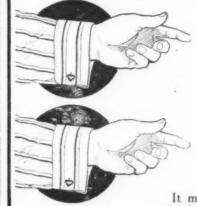
Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace

calner sense of England agrees.

Afterwards I saw much of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Moderates of the South, in the exciting days when the Corvention was closing, and just before conscription, at the moment of expected preliminary settlement, struck Dublin into a mute rage in which fear and indignation had equal parts; the time when the extremists of either party were seeking walls against which to set their backs. their backs.

Ireland is like those interesting ab Ireland is like those interesting abnormal cases which specialists have to handle, where the patient is sometimes a genius and sometimes subnormal, where every trait that is really characteristic, good or bad, is magnified until it threatens to crash all the others. There have been many such cases among famous individuals,—Poe was one, Nietzsche was another,—and science seeks them out keenly because by their exaggeration of traits common to humanity they have become large-print books in which the qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dan qualities of modern man can be easily read. But an abnormal nation is dangerous to itself and others because it cannot, like a patient, be kept under easy observation; because it may at any moment carry through the unexpected, ruinous act. Yet, even in partial derangement, it may exhibit for the world to read, virtues as well as vices more emphatic than those of less turbulent races. bulent races.

The fanatic patriotism of the radical Sinn Feiners is abnormal. It burns so intensely that their judgment is affected. Great Britain, in spite of her creditable world-history, in spite of her modern leadership in social reform, they see only through the darkening lens of Irish history. Hatred of England is like a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real a hand before their eyes; and the balked vision turns back always upon the woes of Ireland. Their grievances are real ones,—especially the historical grievances which mean so much to Irishmen,—but they are magnified. Sir Horace Plunkett's epigram, 'Irish history is for Ireland to forget and for England to remember," has been applied on neither side of the Channel. And their own virtues are also magnified—the strengths and the loyalties and the ideals of their patriotism. Ireland is full of men who are willing to die for a principle, although they cannot agree with each other as to which principle to die for. "I want to fight in this war," I heard an Irish poet say; "I want to be conscripted; but I think I ought to let myself be shot for refusing. I don't mind dying, but I should like to die for Ireland." Particularistic patriotism this is, like the patriotism of Prussia; but if it is less practically effective, it is also far nobler. Intense and fine and also self-regarding, it is the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the patriotism of my country right or wrong and the devil take the rest of the world. In brief, it is the patriotism all grievances that the supposedly down-trodden have voiced anywhere, and slid from Bolshevikism into Nationalism, the world. In brief, it is the patriotism and from Nationalism into Pacifism, of the man who has a genius for being



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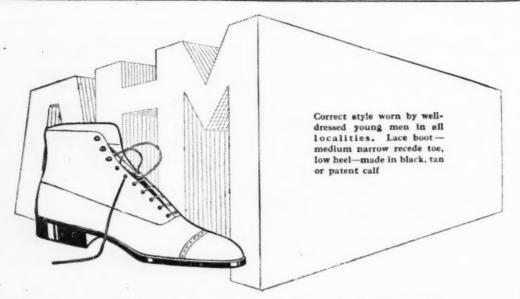
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TORONTO

just patriotic-who is, thus far, ab-

Personally, I think that there will be no final solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanoes, where the

no nnai solution of the Irish problem in our time; because I believe that Ireland is one of the world's volcanoes, where the hidden fire of human grievance will always break out until the cooling of the Irish temperament crusts over her hot emotions. The "practical" man will always oppose the man whose ideals are emotional, as long as there are black and white in the world; and in Ireland they are purer bred in their respective temperaments than elsewhere. Yet evil conditions have enormously aggravated, if they have not caused, this conflict.

And there is a middle party in Ireland, whose remedies may save her from ruin. Sir Horace Plunkett, or someone of his quality, is its predestined leader. It will stand for the economic independence of Ireland and a policy which will make it possible for her to prosper without extending the unlovable factory system into regions better suited for agriculture; and it will point to a half-million farmers who already have won their way out of poverty by such a programme. It will be a party of conciliation between Catholics and Protestants. It will favor a separate state or states for Ulster, on the American model, but keep her bound to Ireland, where she belongs, first by trade-relations, and second by the religious and racial affinities of her little-heard-of Nationalist minority. It will advocate Home Rule, of course; but a status that at present will of necessity be less independent than Canada's or Australia's. For Ireland, internationally regarded, is now England's back door, and, until the world is surely made safer, will remain so. world is surely made safer, will remain

world is surely made safer, will remain so.

Against such a policy, dreamers among the Sinn Fein and Tories in Ulster will irrevocably struggle, and the battle will last beyond our generation. If only moderate Government can be kept in the saddle, one hopes that the battle will last, and keep Ireland so busy and so interesting to Irishmen that the rest of the world may be permitted to profit by her genius without being distracted by her woes.

STEFANSSON'S STORY

V. Stefansson, the famous Canadian explorer, will start a series of articles in April MACLEAN'S on "Seeking a New Continent in the Arctic." This will be one of 1919's biggest magazine features in the world.

The Canadian King-Maker

Continued from page 16

Continued from page 16
Well, the Catholic Church may be right or wrong, but after all there is the hat."
So Beaverbrook might murmur: "Well the Empire may be right or wrong, but still the waiters say 'My Lord."
But then Beaverbrook is not a snob. He has very nearly passed to that last degree of cleverness where class ceases to exist, just as certain Brahmins are permitted to pass the black-water without forfeiting cast. He will be run in some day as a German spy for questioning Canadian soldiers in the street about Bob Smith, or Tom Jones, about their fathers whom he knew in Halifax, and then being utterly disbelieved when questioned as to his identity. Why a peerage then for a man who is a democrat, who disbelieves in the hereditary peerage then for a man who is a democrat, who disbelieves in the hereditary principle? Well, it saved a lot of trouble with contested elections, and what not, and few men will refuse one of the highest honors which the Crown has to offer. But you must think yourself strong enough to survive it. Beaverbrook thought he was. We shall see. In any case, the advancement was not bought by money but obtained by brains and public service. If you think Lloyd George ought to be Prime Minister you

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you

must take off your hat to Beaverbrook. If you think Asquith ought to be there you must consign Beaverbrook to perdi-

Turned His Attention to Art.

WHEN the great coup which had W created a new Premier and new Peer had been made, Beaverbrook took up an attitude of some independence. The public, knowing nething affice. The public, knowing nothing of the wheels within wheels, was surprised at the Peerage. Beaverbrook on the other hand was not overflowing with gratithe Peerage. Beaverbrook on the other hand was not overflowing with gratitude. He did not value very highly the honors with which he had been fobbed off. Then he went back to the Canadian War Records, and busied himself with getting artists to paint pictures of the front. His knowledge of art is not great, but his flair is good. He enlisted the experts to secure for Canada a pictorial record of the war which will convince posterity of the greatness of our suffering and of our glory. In the intervals of choosing artists, he devoted himself to the Daily Express. That paper, after a prolonged battle, had now passed finally under his control. finally under his control

finally under his control.

Influence, there we touch the master chord. A paper which does not make money has no influence. Men will not cept a subsidy towards their opinions. It is the business success of the Daily Express which marks its democratic power, and that power seemed all through 1917 to indicate to the Prime Minister that all his actions were not directly inspired by Providence.

Besides, all kinds of men, including

Besides, all kinds of men, including other owners of newspapers, used to come to Beaverbrook when they were afflicted by doubt or beset by difficulty. come to Beaverbrook when they were afflicted by doubt or beset by difficulty. His influence ramified through a score of sources, and the new Prime Minister, good man, became slightly uneasy. Could no extra weight be imposed on this too mettlesome charger? Nothing except the heavy burden of office which makes responsibility coincide with power. By the beginning of 1918 the Prime Minister had made up his mind to the step. True there were difficulties, for Beaverbrook's meteoric rise was feared by the Radicals and disliked by many of the old-fashioned Tories.

The Prime Minister is a genius. He produced the one bait it was really difficult to refuse. Propaganda had become a popular cry. The poor old Department of Information, long the Cinderella of the Government, was to be con-

ella of the Government, was to be converted into a Ministry and given at long last really adequate powers. Beaverbrook is a born propagandist. While the whole Allied field was hesitating he had mounted Canada and jumped her over the fence. Now, he was asked to be Jockey to the Empire. His friends were urgent with him on the score of Then came a fatal lunch, and the magic of the Prime Minister prevailed.

Opposition in the Commons

THE announcement of his appoint-ment as Minister of Information and ment as Minister of Information and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the latter something of a sinecure appointment in the British Constitution, was managed either with peculiar fatuity or else with amazing skill. The news was given to the press a week before the official announcement. The kite was thus flown and the wind tested fore the official announcement. The kite was thus flown and the wind tested. There was a good deal of criticism, but none of it was very serious, and much of it frankly silly. The British Press was quite unaware of what the new Minister had done for Canadian publicity—so provincial is the centre of the Empire. None the less, the appointment was made and might have passed with Empire. None the less, the appointment was made, and might have passed without much further remark had not Beaverbrook appointed Northcliffe to control propaganda in enemy countries. This was the limit, Here was Rothermere at the Air Ministry and now two other newspaper men were to assist the Government! Government!

Government!
Some of the Tories moved in the House to exclude newspaper proprietors, as such, from the Government. The Radicals were, of course, delighted to chip in with a counter-attack on North-cliffe. Beaverbrook indeed became a side issue which hardly appeared in the debate. But the whole thing ended in a fizzle as most of these elaborate attacks

The Prime Minister gave the necesdo. The Prime Minister gave the necessary assurances. No one wished to turn out the Government, and a brilliant speech by a Radical journalist dissolved the House in laughter. The Times said very soberly and with great truth that the newspapers had taken under democracy the kind of place once occupied by the great Whig landowners. The practice of the British race is to include all new forces in the working of the Constitution. So we assure that the constitution. So we assure that the constitution of the Constitution. race is to include all new forces in the working of the Constitution. So we accepted labor or the women's vote. Were newspaper men alone to be debarred from responsibility, when it was impossible to debar them from power? The nation thought not, and on March 4 the Ministry of Information started.

the Ministry of Information started.
Government departments might be supposed to be of two kinds: the old encrusted with hoary traditions, the fresh one like a new boy in a rough school where all the bigger boys are waiting to kick the bounce out of him. The Ministry of Information was both. It took over half-a-dozen old departments dealing with propagates and wat the took over half-a-dozen old departments dealing with propaganda and yet its status was still to be recognized. It was a tough job. The finances of the old department were in a hopeless muddle. The historic Government Departments, the War Office, the Admiralty, and particularly the Foreign Office were very toky, in admitting the claims of an sticky in admitting the claims of an office which merely professed to tell the truth to the peoples of the world. No one had ever heard of such a thing be-

New Life in an Old Department BEAVERBROOK was there early and

BEAVERBROOK was there early and his countenance sometimes showed the terrific strain. He straightened the fin-ance, reorganized his sections, he brought in new men, and when he had no opposition from other offices, as in cinematography or photographs, or cables, he scored an undoubted success. Propaganda ceased to be a puppet and became a real live, kicking thing in his hands. The whole Ministry was certainly galvanized by his almost superhuman activity. The Press, long snubbed by Downing St., immediately came into its own. Nowhere was this influence more marked than in the Dominions overseas or in the United States. The American Mission, and the visit of the overseas Press men of the Empire to this country bore witness to his imagination and to his success. opposition from other offices, as in cinehis success

The whole thing seemed to toil and ferment under that teeming brain like a hive of bees in the migration. And yet is Beaverbrook a great organizer? Life and vigor in immense and unstinted profusion he poured into his new office. Heaven knows what some of his princi-pal subordinates first thought of their new chief. They had been told to expect some kind of Canadian backwoodsman crossed with a dash of the Father of all Evil. But they succumbed to that almost terrible charm of manner and to the lopsided smile. Anyhow the Ministry looked like mak-

Anyhow the Ministry looked like making a success and the Radicals and Pacifists felt instinctively that something must be done to discredit the new organization. Suppose the Minister ran the coming election against them! In August, 1918, the report of the Select Committee on Expenditure offered an occasion for a debate in the House. It is true that the report really dealt almost entirely with the old Department of Information, but that fact did not trouble the critics. A heavy press barrage was put down in front of the attackers, for some days before the assault, and men came down on Monday, August Bank Holiday, to the House, expecting an exciting duel. But it soon became apparent that the sympathy of the House was with the new Minister, while the ignorance of the assailants who had not been properly coached kept while the ignorance of the assailants who had not been properly coached kept them firing wildly in the air. Reasoned criticism fastened rather curiously on one single point—the employment by the Minister of business men as financial controllers of the sections dealing with foreign countries. This was all the more strange because the demand for business men at the head of national affairs had long been a popular cry. The suggestion was that there was something sinister in putting the head of a

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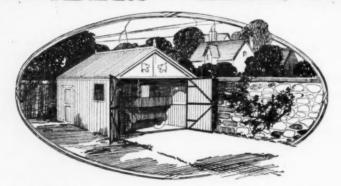
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What is the Secret?

What is the Secret?
WE have pursued the historical method. We have traced by the light of fact the upward course of Beaverbrook's career. No idealization has been applied to this process. The mystery of his power has been divulged. It is the power of energy and brains. The "sinister hypothesis" is exploded, and one perceives why the spoils have gone to the victor.

But of course no mere cleverness or energy make a man a Peer, a million-

energy make a man a Peer, a millionaire, a Minister, and a power at the age of 39. These qualities are in one combination or another dirt cheap. One has to go further back into the mind for

has to go further back into the mind for the source of inspiration.

Personality, yes, something which cuts like a sword and bites like a wind, which persuades against the will, and dominates beyond the intellect. Men do not accept the advice of the clever or do more than tolerate the frenzies of the energetic. An indefinable quality must be added to the compound to make suc-cess and genius.

be added to the compound to make success and genius.

Strange would be the reflections of anyone who attempted to peer behind the rough outline of the curious Beaverbrook visage into the inmost recesses of character. Force there is to the verge of brutality in the thick-set lips and in the deep lines graven on each side of the mouth which gash the cherubic roundness of the face as with the deep indents of some targible averginger. The eyes are of some terrible experience. The eyes are

clear and penetrating until some emo-tion clouds them. Then it is as though the mind had turned inward on itself and found there some inspiration of rage or of vision, something to cow the enemy or of vision, something to cow the enemy or to inspire the advancing ranks. And then again the whole face changes to something which, shabbily dressed would be passed without comment in a crowd, or to the beaming benevolence of Mr. Pickwick. And Beaverbrook, as hundreds of Canadians know, can be very benevolent. One never can feel sure which side of the character will be uppermost, and it is this uncertainty which gives to his mind the charm of perennial youth. Also it confounds his opponents who never have the slightest idea what the next move on the board will be. The advance of the ordinary self-seeker is easily predicted, but what is one to do with a man who plays a game of his own invention? Men of energy and ability spend 20 years in Parliament, are glad of an under-secretaryship and gaze with regret at the wake of Beaverbrook's launch vanishing up the stream. or to inspire the advancing ranks. And up the stream.

Judgment and courage to back it there you have the secret. There are said to be black blots on this career Nothing has ever been proved and it is certain that party malice would have proved long ago whatever was prove

My criticism would be a different one o does not really know what he is driving at. Are we to pierce through this strength to find nothing but through this strength to find nothing but a void in the inmost core of the being? It is hard to say. But as an Imperialist Tory, Beaverbrook is a paradox, for he is more nearly a Tolstoyan. The boast which would most appeal to him would be that of the Athenian statesman who said that no woman had ever put on mourning by any act of his. His ideal state would be one in which every manlived under his own vine and fig tree without poverty or interference or war or death. One thing at least may be said here is a man in this dreadful age of mediocrities.

What will happen to him? The writer of 1911 asked the question, and the

What will happen to him? The writer of 1911 asked the question, and the writer of 1918 has tried to answer it He has propounded questions of his own for the writer of 1925. Will office have lost its attractions now that he knows the inner mechanism of Government will he launch into a vast control of the Press or will he yet become Prime Minister? We leave to the future the answer to these questions.

Transformation

Continued from page 13

THE lady laughed. Not once had Alexander really looked at her! And yet the long mirror reflected a radiant presence; a vision of youth and loveliness! In one way, there was something reassuring about Alexander. "When we leave?" he next asked. "Are you so anxious to go? Are the wineshops not to your liking?" she asked frivolously.

"Wineshops all right."
"But you are thinking of the reward?
The sooner we go, the quicker you get

that?"

"No use waiting for money," said
Alexander. "Didn't I earn it?"

"You did."

"If I thought you were trying to get
out of paying—" he began.

"Oh, Alexander!" interrupted the
lady reproachfully.
"Wowen like to cheet!"

lady reproachfully.

"Women like to cheat!"

"Not all, surely?" argued the lady, in that same sad tone. "You surely would except some of us?"

"Blame few," said Alexander. "About all alike!"

"Say not so" she breathed. "To get

"Say not so," she breathed. "Do not put us all in the same category."
"Anyhow, I stick by. Where you go, I go!" He grinned uncouthly. "No cheat, if you don't get the chance. I stick by, until I get cold cash! Maybe longer!"

"How mercenary! And with the stage all set for—romance! The novelists would never forgive you, Alexander."

"Romance?" said Alexander, pucker-ing his brow. "What's that?"

"What, indeed?" said the lady. "A delight that dwells in the shadew of a rose; a thrill that mounts on a moon beam."

"Craziness," remarked Alexander looking at the lady. Then he rattled several coins in his pocket. "When I got them, I got something."

"Is it Alexander I hear speaking, of the World?" murmured the lady sadly.

"Bah! Everybody know that," said Alexander.
"It is the World?"

"It is the World!" The lady sighed, then arose, with a light laugh. "And now let us go aboard."

"The steamer?" "Yes. I have two tickets."

Then give me mine." Alexander held

"Then give me mine." Alexander held out his hand.
"Oh, no," said the lady, "you have to see after my luggage first. You see, ! told the hotel man. I have my own private porter."
"Me?"
"You!"
As she spoke she smiled sweetly

First victory of the day, for her! And she had purchased a particularly heavy trunk—one made of tin.

"WHEW! that darn heavy trunk!" said Alexander, breathing hard at the wharf.

"I thought you were so strong," said the lady. "I thought you could clear out a whole wineroom of loafers, all by your

self."
"You pick out heaviest trunk on pur pose!" Suspiciously.

"How can you attribute such motives to me?" she said chidingly.

"Drop him, from top of building, no irt," said Alexander.

hurt," said Alexander.

"That's just the point, said the lady.
"But here I ascend!" A deck-hand took
the trunk from Alexander and the latter followed the lady up a gangplank.
The lady, with her ticket, passed inspection and got by, but Alexander was
not permitted to pass.

"This calls for steerage," said the

man. "Steerage?" said Alexander.

"Steerage?" said Alexander.
"Yes; up forward with you, my man!"
"But—I want to be near her," expostulated Alexander.
"You can't—on this!"
"But, she buy me this. A fine trick!"
"I can't waste any more time on you.
Down you go!"

ND Alexander did. On the tiny steerage deck, forward, he looked up and saw the lady and gritted his teeth. A mean trick, he repeated; and he, ner husband! Again Alexander ooked up; some one dropped a cigar ash and some of it got in Alexander's eye. He shook his fist at the individual. Did he hear a light musical laugh? He would almost have sworn to the fact. "I fix you," muttered Alexander, looking up at the alluring image of the lady leaning against the rail, so far above him. But she did not look down; she seemed otherwise engrossed as the ship got under way. Alexander settled himself upon a hard bench and gave himself upon a hard bench and gave himself upon a statue of patience and resignation.

He didn't see the lady again for quite a long time, and then under circumstances most unusual.

CHAPTER IV

HE ship had struck a mine. This, in THE ship had struck a mine. This, in itself, was not so unusual; rather to be expected, in this mad, world! My lady had been in her stateroom when it happened; her door had been jammed by the force of the concussion and it was some time before she could get out. When she did reach the deck, the lifeboats had left; she called, but no one neard. The ship lurched and she sprang wildly into the sea. Then her brain became blurred, and after that there was a blank. a blank.

a blank.

When she opened her eyes and consciousness began to return to her, she saw Alexander. She did not feel exactly surprised; she had become rather accustomed to seeing him; he had grown into a species of habit with her.

"So here you are again?" she observed.

"Yes," said Alexander, not quite so harshly as usual.

"Looks like fate, doesn't it?" said the lady.

"Looks like fate, doesn't it: said ady.

Alexander did not answer. He was not given to philosophizing.
"I suppose I should say 'Where am t''' murmured the lady.
"Humph!" said Alexander, but still not so harshiy as his wont.
"Though," she went on, "the query would be entirely superfluous. It is quite apparent, isn't it?"
"It is," conceded Alexander.
"We—we are on a hatch, or something."

hing."
"Life-raft," corrected Alexander.
"How—how odd! Perhaps I should say, how convenient—I mean, the life-raft," observed the lady, rather incoobserved the lady, rather incoherently.

THEN she saw she was fastened to the raft by a rope, passed around her dender waist. Alexander was unfastened, sitting at his ease; he seemed able to stay on, without any extraneous aid. For a landsman, he appeared quite at home. The lady looked at the rope.

"I don't remember doing that," she said.

"I don't remember doing that, she aid.
"What?" asked Alexander.
"Tying it."
"Don't you?" He grinned. "Oh, women do s lot of things they—"
"Stop!" Imperiously. "If there's one thing I d'slike more than any other, it's deception—or attempted deception," she added. "You tied it."
"Of course!" Nonchalantly.





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"Then why didn't you say so at once?"

Accusingly.
"Much talk about nothing," said Alex-

ander.
"You think it was nothing to have tied
me to the raft so I couldn't slide into

Alexander shrugged. My lady's eyes began to shine. She began to see vague-ly—very vaguely—new qualities in Alexander.

Alexander put out his big hands. "It was easier than to have to hold you on,"

was easier than to have to hold you on," he said simply.

My lady subsided. So? He looked upon her as a bale of hay, or something of the kind. That was the kind of hero your clod of a peasant was! My lady, be it understood, had been accustomed to admiration, adulation, adoration. All kinds of men had desired her, for all was recommenders of reasons. manner of reasons. She had been given to understand, in the heyday of her triumphs, not so long ago, that she had what might be called a species of "universal appeal." The poet found in her pure and lofty inspiration; to the musician she suggested blithe rondeau or cian she suggested blithe rondeau or mad variations; the writer made her the heroine of his plots; the statesman had discovered in her a born aptitude for intrigue and diplomatic chess-games; the libertine and man of the world—But why go on? She gazed at Alexander with cold displeasure. "A bale of hay!" Alexander didn't blink.

"I no want you to slide off," he muttered.

tered.
"How kind!"

"Oh, it wasn't any bother!"
"I'm so glad of that!"

THE lady made a gesture. Then she

THE lady made a gesture. Then she thought deeply.
"Did you save my life?"
"I hauled you from the water."
"How did you happen to see me?"
"I climbed on deck, to wait and watch for you. Every one get off, in lifeboats. Every one is saved. I wonder why you do not come? The boats go away. I wait."
"You feared to lose me?"

away. I wait."
"You feared to lose me?"
"Of course, we must not part."
"I think I understand! Go on! could not bear that we should part!—

"The fog come down.
the life-boats, but no answer! Every The fog come down. I call out to

the life-boats, but no answer! Every cne is saved but you and me! You have not left. I was sure."

"You said that before."

"I look for you; I do not find you; I search for you. The ship go down, and then—then"—the fog seemed to have got into Alexander's throat—"I bump into you, in the water."

"Yes?" The lady's voice involuntarily grew a little softer.

"I am very glad!"

"Were you?" said the lady with sudden curiosity.

den curiosity.

"You bet; I couldn't let you go!" With grin in which cupidity and cunning

"You are alluding to mercenary reasons?"
"Does that mean money?"

"Does that mean money?"

"It does. So it wasn't me you were saving. It was the reward?"

Alexander did not answer directly.
"I look after you," he said vaguely.

"Cheer up!"
"I am cheerful," the lady protested.
"When I think of all it means to you, I feel quite safe in your presence, my dear Alexander!"
"Now you talk sense!"

"Now you talk sense!"

"Indeed, I believe that with you at my side I am safer than I would be on the streets of London town. You won't let anything happen to me, will you, Alexander—my hero?"

"Bet your life I won't!"

The lady shuddered. "Isn't that—land, Alexander?"

Alexander did not answer. He tied the line around his waist.

Alexander did not answer. He tied the line around his waist.
"Oh!" said the lady. "How heroic! But perhaps you think: "Turn about is fair play?' And so it is! I will try and stick on!"
Still Alexander did not answer—with words! He plunged into the see. Then

words! He plunged into the sea. Then he began to swim toward the land, slowly drawing the raft after him. The lady clapped her hands. Alexander, at

that moment, was superb, cleaving the waves with the vigor of a Neptune.

CHAPTER V.

THE NYMPH AND THE WATER-GOD

THEY reached the shore at last. "What a charming method of trans-ation!" said the lady. "I am sure nortation!" said the lady. you must have been a water-god in some other reincarnation, Alexander!"

Alexander did not answer. He lay prone on the strand, his face to the sky, his great chest laboring; his breath

his great chest laboring; his break.
his great chest laboring; his break.
coming in gasps.
"Oh!" said the lady, forgetting ironical amusement. What should she do?
What did they do, in the story-books—
the heroines? When Alexander recovered, he should find his head in her lap.
She didn't wish to proceed to that extreme but she felt it incumbent to be polite. His exertions in her behalf had been herculean. My! how the man must like money! She moved forward, politely, with vague intentions, but Alexander waved her away.

Her eyes flashed. Had he misinterested her action? Had he dared think

der waved ner away.

Her eyes flashed. Had he misinterpreted her action? Had he dared think
she had intended to act like the convenshe haraina—about his head? She tional heroine—about his head? She gazed at him now, sans pity! Let him perish, the monster!

perish, the monster!
Alexander began to recover, while
the lady sat on a rock. At last he arose
and shook himself.
"Some pull, that!" he said.
"Yes; you'll have earned the reward!"
Alexander frowned. "Extra work!"

said

he said.

"You mean you did not figure on anything like this when you accepted the contract to marry me? You infer that you have been working overtime?"

Alexander nodded approvingly. His shirt was torn open, and a bit of his magnificent torso was visible. But though Alexander might look like an antique Greek water-god, he acted like a modern Greek land-shark. It was hard to play nymph to such a water-god. Though he had lost most of his "stoop," or crick in his back, superinduced by carrying trunks up and down duced by carrying trunks up and down stairs! In fact, the sea seemed to have magically washed some of the "bend" way, and straightened his spine.

On the rock, the lady ruminated. She dropped the subject of extra reward.

Alexander, however, was not dispos-

Alexander, however, was not disposed so lightly to abandon the topic.
"How much extra, you think?" Oh, what a bargaining look shone from the "water-god's" eyes now!
"Suppose we leave the precise details to be determined later?"
Alexander was about to expostulate, but she cut him short. "Don't you see, I could promise anything?" she said.
"After all, it's nurely a matter of good." After all, it's purely a matter of good faith

"Suppose so!" His voice implied he

"Suppose so!" His voice implied he recognized the weakness of his position. Trust a woman! Yet, what else was there to do? Alexander's face grew sad—almost pathetic!
"Yes, I know it's hard." breathed the lady. "But pull yourself together! That drooping manner ill becomes one designed by nature for the exploits of a Ulysses!"

Jlysses!" Who's him?" said Alexander listless-

"A countryman of yours!"
"Never met him!"
He was "I suppose not. He was a great

"You mean, a big man?"
"Very big!"

"Very big!"
"Big as me?"
"Quite!"
"I think I could whip him." Boastfully. "I look him up when we go back to my country."
"We?" Elevating an eyebrow.
"Sure! You don't like to go?" Challengingly

lengingly.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure!" Hastily, for Alexander's tone was very truculent. "But meanwhile, don't you think we had better consider the immediate, not far-distant and uncertain future? I don't wish to appear trite, but where are we?"

"Don't know!"

"Well, let's walk along," said the lady.

THE beach was quite rocky. Above, a sheer cliff loomed. The walking was bad, especially for high heels, and the lady had not gone far when she slipped and would have fallen, except for Alexander.

"Those no-account shoes!" he grumbled. "You no slip with good shoes you throw away!"

"I believe I have turned my ankle," answered the lady, and slid to a shelf

of stone.
"Eh?" Alexander actually showed sudden sympathy. He forgot to re-prove her further about the "good shoes" she had thrown away, in ash-

shoes" she had thrown away, in ashheap or garbage-can.

"Oh, it's not a real sprain," she reassured him with a silvery laugh, somewhat forced. "Don't worry! You won't
have to carry me! I'll rest a bit,
though, and then it will be quite all
right, I am sure."

"I look and see!"

"No, no! I know you should, of course,
be kneeling at my feet, and all that,
but it is quite unnecessary."

but it is quite unnecessary."
"Nonsense talk!" Gruffly. "Let me see!"
"I decline! There's no movie-picture

man near."
"I see, anyway!" said Alexander. And did! It was useless to resist. He untied her shoe—not ungently—and removed it.

tied her shoe—not ungently— moved it.
"Take off your stocking!"
commanded, and she obeyed.
she was rather apprehensive a as to just

what would happen if she didn't.
"Hum!" he said, and felt the ankle.
The lady winced, but whether at the
twinge of pain or from the touch of

twinge of pain or from the touch of those coarse fingers, who shall say?

"Not bad!" diagnosed Doctor Alexander, and took out a big red handkerchief from his blouse. The "bandanna" was as big as four ordinary men's handkerchiefs. The lady shuddered. Its colors fairly shrieked.

"Take it away!" Faintly.

"For why? You do what I say!"

"I—I suppose I must."

"Of course!" He bound up the ankle—rather skilfully. His fingers weren't half so rough as she had expected. Also, she noted with a certain relief, the ban-

she noted with a certain relief, the ban-danna had just been laundered.
"There! That good job!" boasted
Alexander. "Me once doctor! Horse-doctor; sheep-doctor!"

The ladder of the state of the state

The lady was past quivering. The lady was past quivering. Horse-doctor; sheep-doctor! In which cate-gory did she come? She felt like a lost lamb; a high-bred lamb, of course! "This job extra, of course!" said

The lady almost shrieked. "Oh, Alexander, you will be the death of me!"
"For why?" queried Alexander. "Why

"Why, indeed? I know it is no laughing matter."
"Unless you think it funny, because you"—he paused—"intend to cheat me? You think how my face look when you say: 'Kick him out!' You have three, four, five servants?"
"Quite that number, my sweet Alexander!"

"Perhaps you say that to them?"
"You wrong me! Such lack of confidence in a—a wife, is totally uncalled for. You should have faith in me—believe!"

ALEXANDER tapped his chest. "Me

ALEXANDER tapped his chest. "Me look out for myself! You bet!"
"Then all is well," said the lady. "Or as well as could be for two people marooned on a barren coast! Without food or drink! Which reminds me I am very hungry. As the big magician you couldn't by any chance rub a magical lamp, Alexander, and procure for me a broiled chicken?"
"No chicken!" said Alexander. "Something better!" And took from his blouse a mighty sausage! A king of sausages; a Gargantuan sausage!
"How perfectly delightful!" said the lady.

lady.
"Me grab him before leaving the ship!"
"No steerage said Alexander proudly. "No steerage sausage!" Contemptuously. "Me grab him, in first-class place! No one to keep me out!" A moment he eyed her with rising resentment. "That nice trick of yours, shoving me in steerage!" "Why speak of the past?" Quickly.
"Are not our present perplexities sufficient? Perhaps we shall both die of exposure. Indeed it is quite likely!"
Abruptly turning, without another glance for her, Alexander walked away.

THE lady watched him disappear around a bend. Suddenly, she ceased eating.

"Oh, how funny!"
She looked around her. "That I did not notice before!"

Then she began to laugh. "I suppose was so confused and preoccupied!"

"One would be!"
She looked around again.
"One would be!"
She put down the sausage.
"This is, positively, the best ever!"
Her glance was fastened on a slight Her glance was fastened on a slight opening at the foot of the cliff, nearby. "The 'Witch's Eye'!" she observed. "That is it—indubitably! And it was looking at me, all the time! Probably it was the witch's magic that caused me to slip!"

The lady got up, abandoning the re-

The lady got up, abandoning the remains of the patrician sausage and the marmalade on the shelf of rock.

marmalade on the shelf of rock.

"I'd like to see Alexander's face, when he comes and finds me gone!" she murmured. "Oh, this is as good as hareand-hounds. He has me; he has me not! Has—not!"

The lady walked to the crevice, or "Eye." She limped slightly but was in the best of spirits. Beyond the "Eye," fringed with dark bushes, the opening widened just as she knew it would, and farther along there was a gully. A path led to the top.

"Oh, Alexander, I can just see you!" gurgled the lady, as she started up the

"Oh, Alexander, I can just see you!" gurgled the lady, as she started up the path, carrying one shoe.

At the top of the gully, which presently she reached, the path led across a broad meadow, and beyond, at the verge of a park, a noble dwelling arose. Langlenshire house! Built in the time of the first of the Georges! The lady, pausing at the gate, poised on one foot, gazed with pleased interest upon the stately and charming pile.

"What an odd way to come home!" she thought.

CHAPTER VI.

THE 'UMAN-TIGER

A man stepped from the little lodge as the lady found herself thus strangely and unexpectedly entering her own estates, after a prolonged and somewhat

enforced absence therefrom.
"Nothing special, thank you, James!"
"Good 'eavens! Is it really your
ladyship?"

"I believe so," said the lady, hobbling toward the house. "Do not let your surprise overcome you, James!"

James strove to relapse into the impassive model servant.
"Yes, I just landed," observed the

lady.
"Quite so, your ladyship! At Folkestone, perhaps?"
"No, James!" But her ladyship offered no further information, and James

"No, James!" But her ladyship offered no further information, and James trotted along by her side, fairly bursting with curiosity. The lady divined and smiled. She rather enjoyed the situation. She wouldn't have missed coming home like that for a great deal. "Good morning, Pelton," she said to the butler, at the front door. "Or is it afternoon?" Pelton nearly fell over as the lady entered her ancestral hall. "Yes, the same old place!" she said. "We'll have to shift those suits of armor, Pelton. They do look so tired, always standing in the same place! Kindly see that it is done, Pelton!"

"Yes, your ladyship!" Pelton managed to ejaculate, his eyes sticking out like those of an excited frog. "So glad to see your ladyship once more."

"Yes, I understand!" Languidly. "Thank you, so much!"

"Your ladyship's luggage?" Pelton was just able to stammer, gazing, not without horror, at the shoe her ladyship was carrying in her hand.

"There is no luggage! So inconvenient to be bothered with luggage, Pelton, you know!"

"Quite so, your ladyship!" stammered Pelton.

ton, you know!"
"Quite so, your ladyship!" stammered

Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.

Have You Begun to Die Before Your Time?

A Simple Test That May Save You Years of Life

NE morning a few years ago a big ocean liner, inbound from a European port, was nosing her way cautiously through a fog towards the entrance of New York harbor. Every precaution was taken against going aground, and constant depth soundings were being made as the great ship crept towards port.

ship crept towards port.

Standing together at the rail a worldfamous physician and a fellow passenger
watched with interest the careful process
of lowering the sounding lead to feel for
the sea bottom. At regular intervals the
weight was sent down through the water
and the depth recorded. Any dangerous
variation would have been detected at
once, communicated to the pilot and the
why's course changed. ship's course changed.

'A suggestion for all of us in that," said "A suggestion for all of us in that," said the physician turning to his companion. "If human beings could be persuaded to take regular 'soundings' of their vital forces our average term of life would be lengthened from 10 to 20 years. If people would only test the depth of their health from time to time to see whether they were steering the right course we doctors would have less to do, and to most men and women it would be like finding extra years of life. For the good of the world, for the many, many happy years of life it would give to almost everyone, I wish people could be taught to apply the principle of this ancient device of navigation."

That physician's thought has become a

this ancient device of navigation."

That physician's thought has become a reality. A method has been developed by which people everywhere, without giving it more than four minutes of time a year, are able to have "soundings" taken of their state of health. And in the past eight years during which this modern method of reclaiming years of life has been in operation hundreds have been saved from premature death by being warned in time of improper physical conditions of which they were not aware. A wonderful service to humanity, a service of vital importance to each and every individual has been organized which does not take a single moment from your duties and pleasure.

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Facts About The Body

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of bodily health.

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Reporting On The Specimen

Reporting On The Specimen
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"Oh, yes, especially your ladyship's apartments which Jane has looked after,

"Thank you so much, Jane!" As that person bustled up. "Yes, you're glad to see me and all that," she interrupted the hysterical Jane. "Consider it said! Thank you—so much!"

THEY all vanished except Pelton, whom her ladyship yet detained.
"Pelton, I am expecting, shortly, a caller."

caller."

"Yes, your ladyship."

"A big rough-looking man! He will probably be very angry."

"A gentleman, your ladyship?"

"You would hardly call him that, Pelton. You would, probably, consider him a very common person. Your inclination would be to send him about his business."

"And am I not to do so?" asked the bewildered Pelton."
"For your own sake I would advise you not to."

"For my sake?"
"He will arrive, as I have told you, "He will arrive, as I have told you, probably in an uncommon temper. As he is very strong, I tremble to think what might happen to you, were you to oppose him. You see, he is a person bound to have his own way!"

"Is way!" said Pelton.

"He might be capable of proceeding to any extremity," said the lady. "The limit—do you understand?"

"Your ladyship means — h'assassination?"

ation?"
I think it is quite possible. You see, he possibly thinks he has a grievance. He may even imagine—indeed, I think it is quite likely—he has been cheated. He is a man who might—to use your expression, Polton—h'assassinate, under the circumstances!"

PELTON wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow, as this start-ling picture arose before his throbbing

ling picture arose before his throbbing vision. The lady, poised on one leg, like a hurt bird, regarded him gravely. "Don't you see, Pelton, we have to be diplomatic! Soothe him; stroke him the right way!"
"H''d like to stroke him!" muttered Pelton. "Begging your ladyship's pardon, h'I don't believe in soothin'-sirup for 'uman-tigers!"
"You think it a waste of good sirup?"

"You think it a waste of good sirup?"
"I h'am positive of it." Firmly. "Was your ladyship expecting this person

"Any moment! He's sure to trail me here. Even now, I dare say, he is on my track."

on my track."

Pelton glanced nervously over his shoulder. "H'I'll 'ave the footman, and the gardeners, and MacDuffy, from the stybles! All armed and wyting! 'E calls. We fall upon him! We 'url 'im h'out! And that's the kind of soothin'sirup I'd recommend."

The lady shock her head. "You don't

sirup I'd recommend."

The lady shock her head. "You don't know Alexander. You might hurl him out but he'd come back."

"I could 'ave Tommy, the footman, meet 'im," said Pelton. "Tommy, he do 'ave such a 'eavenly smile! It would melt the 'eart, even, of a 'uman-tiger!"

"Yes, I remember. He has a sweet smile," assented the lady. "Especially, as our American friends would say, after he has had 'a smile," or two!"

CHAPTER VII

HER LADYSHIP CAPITULATES

"HERE, what you want?" cried James, the guardian of her lady-ship's gates.

Alexander, on the point of entering, aused. His manner was lowering. "See that footprint!" he said, point-

"See that loospins ing.

James looked. The imprint of her ladyship's small foot was distinctly discernible on the damp byway.

"I follow it," said Alexander. "On the beach—up the hill—to here!"

"How dare you follow it?" said the indignant James. "Blarst your impudence!"

He got no further. Alexander put out a hand. James went somersault-ing into the air and came down in a

"Number one!" said a lady, peering

from an upper window of the big house

"This promises to be interesting."
Alexander, having disposed of James strode toward the house. He didn't appear overwhelmed or abashed at its magnificence; on the contrary he seemed hardly to notice how gorgeous it was.

Tommy, the footman, met him at the front door. Tommy had received his instructions, and his smile was heavenly; it should have disarmed even a human-tiper.

instructions, and his smile hear deaven in the state of t

ALEXANDER did; that wink bother A LEXANDER did; that wink bother ed him. He glanced over his shoulder to see if legions were creeping up behind to overwhelm him. Then he wheeled quickly once more upon Tommy "Where's she?" he said fiercely. "Don' deny she's here, because I trailed her She tried to give me the slip! Ha, ha'! He gave a blood-curdling laugh. "I'llet her know."

tate; reconsider!

He gave a blood-curding laugh
let her know—"
"There! there!" said Tommy, turning a little paler and wondering what
Pelton had let him into. "How you de
take on! And about nothink, too!"
"Nothing!" roared Alexander. "Didn't
I tell you, she tried to give me the slip"
"How lodyship wouldn't have into."

"Her ladyship wouldn't have inter tionally-

"Cheat me, would she?" Explosively
"I sye! That is going some! You
got it wrong, old top; dead wrong!
Soothingly. "W'y, her ladyship would
r't never dream of cheatin' nobody
W'y, she couldn't. Quite impossible
Arsk the green grocer, or the fish-man
or the wine-merchant. Don't take my
word!"
"I wouldn't!" said Aiexander. "You

"I wouldn't!" said Alexander. "You can't tell me anything about her." Scowling. "I know more about her than

ou do."
"Then," says I. "a blessed privilegas been yours!"
Alexander snorted. "I'-ivilege!"
Arsk the tenants! Arsk them. w'sthey think of 'er? An ainge!!"
Alexander sneered. "Liar!"
"I sye!"
"Out of my way! I m coming in!"

A GAIN Tommy tried to scothe—to hypnotize; he overworked the heavenly smile. But Alexander seize him by the collar and in another moment Tommy would have followed James into the flower-bed, or the gooseberry bushes, when a soft voice interputed:

berry bushes, when a soft voice interrupted:

"Ah, here you are at last, Alexander Come right in!"

It was her ladyship. Cordiality war in her mien. She came forward as if welcoming a long-lost friend.

"Thomas, did you ask the gentlematin?" Severely.

"I—I—" began Thomas.

"That will do," said her ladyship, and Thomas, with a consciousness of having failed in what had been expected of him, retired.

failed in what had been expected of him, retired.

"I have been expecting you, Alex under," said the lady effusively.

"Were you?" Grimly.

"Of course!"

"Ran away! Bless your heart, who should I do that?"

should I do that?"
Alexander snapped his fingers. "You can't come that over me!"
"Of course I knew you would see my footprints and follow."
"Oh, you did!" sneered Alexander "Certainly!"
"Why didn't you wait until I got back?" Roughly.
Continued on page 81

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American and European Plans

General Von Lettow-Vorbeck

Extraordinary Career of a German Leader.

Leader.

I N an article in the English Review, entitled "Some Military Lessons of the World War," Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens credits much credit for military skill to the German general who for nearly four years held out against overwhelming odds in East Africa. The methods of the man were typically Prussian, but it is impossible to withhold credit for the feats that he performed. The writer says:

The Boer, De Wet, was merely a vulgar raider, a trifler at his task, compared with this desperate swashbuckler from Prussia. Railroads had an insatiable attraction for him, the destruction of a suspension bridge rejoiced his soul, he could have died happy when he enjoyed the fierce delight of sending under full steam a great train of wagons with food and ammunition for 10,000 men for a week at full speed along a lofty viaduct with a broken arch headiong down an East African river. No fierce Confederate irregular cavalry chief played such utter havoc as General von Lettow-Vorbeck. Were J. E. B. Stuart alive he would have confessed that this extraordinary Prussian soldier would have put him to the blush for pure hardihood and sustained recklessness enlisted under the very incarnation of rapine and ruin. His theatre of operations was immense beyond all precedent, and characterized by a variety of natural features, among which was a very superior development of mud, miasma, mosquitoes, and malaria. The area over which he played Follow-my-Neighbor squitoes, and malaria. The area over ich he played Follow-my-Neighbor

was greater than France, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain put together. He united in his own person the experience of age and the activity of youth. He displayed a sound knowledge of strategy so as to appreciate the relations between the fronts of our opposing expeditionary columns and the best directions of attack against his enemy. He must have been a kind of military Byron; his enterprises required a lively imagination. Presaic duty and ordinary courage and cut-and-dried rules were nothing to him. He preferred to break than keep a rule. I learn that he had many of the faults of his genius, but his follies will probably become fashionable in Berlin and his vices may be there regarded. like those of Dr. Carl Peters, as charming eccentricities. One of his principal weapons was diffusing fiction with the trained zeal of a Northcliffe journalist. He spread exaggerated rumors through judiciously selected native sources as to the strength and condition of his own forces. He kept the imagination of even our own tame Boers and British-Afrikanders in a constant state of excitement, doubt, and fear. I wonder if the last-named had ever read what the great Emperor said apropos of this feature of partisan warfare to the Duke of Almy Emperor said apropos of this feature of partisan warfare to the Duke of Almy partisan warfare to the Duke of Almy"
"The greatest service that you can render to partisans is to pay serious attention to the rumors which it is their interest to circulate." Thus, with regard to the least as well as the greatest concerns in his art Napoleon was the master. But the fact remains that of all partisan chiefs I know of in military history wan Letton Varhoek agaily religious. history von Lettow-Vorbeck easily remains an indisputable first.

How Russia is Governed

A Definite Statement of the Bolshevik Constitution and Aims.

A TRANSLATION of the new Rus-A sian constitution appears in the Nation, and affords an illuminating view-point on conditions under the Lenin-Trotzky regime. A few significant sections of this constitution follow: "The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: "He shall not eat who does not work."

claims as its motto: who does not work."

wno does not work."

"The coat of arms of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red background on which a golden scythe and a hammer are placed (crosswise, handles downward) in sunrays and surrounded by a wreath, inscribed:

Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. Workers of the World, Unite!

"The commercial, naval, and army flag of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red cloth, in the left corner of which (on top, near the pole) there are in golden characters the letters R. S. F. S. R., or the inscription: Russian Socialist Federated

tion: Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. "The All-Russian Central Executive Committee is the supreme legislative, executive, and controlling organ of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Re-

public.
"The All-Russian Central Executive "The All-Russian Central Executive Committee directs in a general way the activity of the workers' and peasants' Government and of all organs of the Soviet authority in the country, and it co-ordinates and regulates the operation of the Soviet Constitution and of the resolutions of the All-Russian Congresses and of the central organs of the

gresses and of the central organs of the Soviet power.

"For the purpose of securing to the toilers real freedom of conscience, the church is to be separated from the state and the school from the church, and the right of religious and anti-religious propaganda is accorded to every citizen.

"The following persons enjoy neither the right to vote nor the right to be voted for, even though they belong to one of the categories enumerated above, namely:

a. Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in

profits. s. Persons who have an income with-loing any work, such as interest b. Persons who have an income with-out doing any work, such as interest from capital, receipts from property.

Private merchants, trade and com

mercial brokers.
d. Monks and clergy of all denomina

e. Employees and agents of the former pelice, the gendarme corps, and the Okhrana (Czar's secret service), also members of the former reigning dynasty.

f. Persons who have

f. Persons who have in legal form been declared demented or mentally de-ficient, and also persons under guardian-

refer, and any property ship.

"For the purpose of realizing the socialization of land, all private property in land is abolished, and the entire land is declared to be national property and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to

and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to the former owners, in the measure of each one's ability to till it.

"All forests, treasures of the earth, and waters of general public utility, all implements whether animate or inanimate, model farms and agricultural enterprises, are declared to be national property.

Lend Me Your Title

Continued from page 19

is there degrading in that kind of work.

anyhow? It's honest, isn't it?"
"But, my dear Kitty, consider. You wouldn't want to marry well—Gonji, for instance, if he proved to be a nobleman in Japan."

"I don't see why not—if I liked him. No, mother, there's no use arguing on that ground. Besides, the Count's record is excellent in every way. It's not his fault he is poor and had to work — in that way. And just think, mother, he

comes of one of the most illustrious families in Japan. Why, I think he's to be pitied — yes, and applauded too, for his heroism in doing such a thing."

"Well, Kitty, this Japanese nobility is suspicious. I don't like it."

"Oh mamma, don't be so narrow. I'm sure I'd just as lieve be a Japanese princess as a Hungarian one — yes, I would!"

"Kitty, will nothing dissuade you."

would!"

"Kitty, will nothing dissuade you from your mad course? I can't tell you how upset I am—and—yes—I refused this morning to see the Count—or permit you to see him—when he called."

"Do you mean he's been here to-day? And that you sent him away?"

"I felt it my duty."

Well, once and for all, mother, please understand that I am of age—and have been ever since I was eighteen. This is my affair—not yours at all. I'm sorry to speak to you in this way, but you know, you drove away poor Dick Bradley, and now—why now you are actually trying to do something that will—injure us all—yes, all of us?"

"Kitty, I'm too broken up to even argue with you. It was a terrible shock. Just a but—ler! It's too mortifying!"

"You haven't given him a chance to explain."

"He couldn't. He can't explain that

"You haven't given him a chance to explain."

"He couldn't. He can't explain that away. It's down in black and white, under the word: Employment: And on the paper with the letter head of the Japanese Consul at Ottawa. There's no setting around it. If it hadn't been for Mr. Young—and really Kitty, he is a splendid young man and worth—. I can't help thinking—"

"Well, just stop thinking. I wouldn't have Mr. Young if he were the only man on earth, do you understand? This is a matter I'm going to decide for myself. And I have decided in fact. I'm going to marry Count Ichijo!"

"No, Kitty. The papers'd get hold of the facts. We will become laughing stocks!"

"I don't care. Let them get hold of the Do you want my eight little broth-

"I don't care. Let them get hold of t. Do you want my eight little broth-ers and sisters brought down to pov-erty?"

"Boo-oo-ooo-o- How can you be

so cruel. Kitty

"You asked me the same question not so very long ago, and I've got to marry by July, haven't I?"

July, haven't I?"
"We can rush over to France or It—
"We don't need to. I'm going
arry Count Ichijo."
"Kitty!" I'm going to

"You needn't look at me like that.
"You needn't look at me like that.
the strue. And I believe I'm going to
the happy, too. Let me tell you something, mother. Ever since I lost—
Dick, I—I've been like one reaching out
for something—for someone to cling to
-and—and—oh, you don't know how
good—how splendid—how really grand
the has been!"
"I consider Dick Bradley's conduct

he has been!"

"I consider Dick Bradley's conduct anything but splendid. I believe he deliberately precipitated us into this humiliating mess in a spirit of revenge-yes, mean, cowardly-revenge!"

"I didn't mean Dick, mother. Nobe is not—splendid! I once thought him so. I learned I was mistaken. But I mean the Count. He is splendid!

mean the Count. He is splendides, indeed, indeed he is!"

"That-little-rat!"

"How dare you say that? I won't stand it. No, I won't even from you, my own mother."

"Kitty! Now, it is time I asserted myself. I see what has happened to you. He has hypnotized you—yes, practised some wicked Oriental art upon you. Let me open your eyes. I repeat he is a rat—a snake—to inveigle his way into a Canadian home like this.

"Stop! I won't listen to you. You'll be sorry afterwards."

"I will not. I will say what I please From the first I have found this butler—repugnant!"

"Why, mother, you fairly raved about him. You know you did"

"I—I was blinded—as you are now 1 confess the bitter truth. Besides I'll confess the bitter truth. Besides. I was thinking of my poor children and eagerly seized this opportunity to save us all from poverty. But now the scales have fallen from my eyes. No—not even for the sake of your uncle's money, will I consent to the marriage of my own daughter with a painted up, lisping, bobbing, hissing little ex-butler like that!"

t's perfectly true, the Count is fixed up. I've noticed it myself, around the eyes. But it's the custom of the country, and one gets used to it after a while, and one can see beneath the paint! Mother, I did! and—oh, mother—I saw under it—a man!"

"What am I to think of you, Kitty"

"What am I to think of you. Kitty" It's not six months since you boldly asserted you loved Richard Bradley. Do you wish me to believe you are now in love with this—butler?"

"Mo-other, don't! don't! Don't savanything more about him. I can't beas it!"

it!"
"You are hysterical! There's witchcraft here. Yes, of some horrible Oriental sort. Tell me the truth, Kittv.
Are you in love with Count Ichijo?"
"Mother, mother, I don't know. I
don't know!
"What is it Appe?" Aggin!"

don't know!
"What is it, Anna? Again!"
"Who is it, mother? Let me see the

"Who is it, mother? Let me see the card!"
"You will say. Anna, that Miss Collins will not—"
"Anna! Listen to me. Tell Count Ichijo that I'll be down—right away."
"You wild, crazy girl! Marry that monkey then!"
"He isn't a monkey. I deny it. It's a lie! He has a beautiful head, and his cyes—"

"You have lost your wits, my poor girl. I shall call in an alienist."
"Do! And let him examine the Count, too, and see if they don't say he is as fine and noble a specimen of man as ever lived. Let go of me. I tell you —I'm going down!"

XIV.

NEWSPAPER STORY

RIENDS of Richard Sheridan Brad-RIENDS of Richard Sheridan Bradley and Miss Katharine Collins, who were reputed to be engaged, are discussing the extraordinary disappearance of the former. It appears that some time previous to his disappearance, Mr. Bradley introduced to the heiress the Count Ichijo, who, while a descendant of an illustrious Japanese family, has earned his living while in this country in the humble capacity of a butler. Bradley, it is said, took pity upon the destitute titled Japanese, and generously offered to assist him financially and socially. Through Bradley's agency, the Japanese was launched upon society, and there received with open arms. open arms.

open arms.
"It was shortly observed, however, that the beautiful fiancie of Mr. Bradley was more often seen in the company of the Count than the Canadian, and presently Bradley's friends nad associates saw him no more. It was said he had gone to Japan.

"The curious situation was then revealed that the Canadian had not only given up his sweetheart to the Japanese, but also the greater part of his own fortune. Investigation shows that the Japanese has been paying all bilss with checks signed by his friend, Mr. Bradley.

"There are those among Mr. Brad-"There are those among Mr. Brad-ley's friends who question whether the Canadian has actually gone to Japan, since no one, save the Japanese, has heard a word from the missing man since he left, supposedly, these shores. "A reporter calling at the Collin's house, was met by a curt explicit de-nial of any engagement whatever be-tween the Count and Miss Collins.

From servants it was learned that the heiress and her mother had departed hurriedly upon some trin

"A call at the bachelor apartments. "A call at the bachelor apartments, where Count Ichijo has made his home in the rooms previously occupied by Mr. Bradley, revealed the fact that the Japanese, too, had departed for parts

"All information was denied to the reporters, the manager of the place briefly stating that the Count was gone, and he had nothing to say. Asked if he had heard from Mr. Bradley, the manager admitted, reluctantly, he had





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IN HONORABLE JAPAN

"PULL your veil well down over your face, Kitty. I believe there are reporters—even in Japan!"
"What nonsense, mother. Indeed I'm not going to cover my face. Isn't this fascinating?"

"It's very uncomfortable. How I iss our limousine!"
"Oh, mamma, these jinrikishas are sweet!"

-sweet."
"When you are as f-old as I am.
Kitty, you won't find it sweet to be bumped up and down in this fashion."
"I suppose not. Shall I tell the Djin to slow down a bit?"

"No. I am anxious to get there quickly."

quickly."

"Why, look at the curious change.
We seem to be in the heart of the country. What a funny city—a maze of bizarre streets and noises, and then, all of a sudden, silence and a stretch of open country. Isn't it wonderful? Oh, I know I'm going to be so happy bere!"

"Yes, possibly, Kitty. I am glad, too, now that the matter is finally settled. The cablegram from Dick Bradley, of

The cablegram from Dick Bradley, of course, explained everything. Kitty, I feel very badly when I think how I berated the dear Count—"

"Now, don't cry again, mother. Those Djins see out of the backs of their heads, and the Japanese despise people who show their emotions. It isn't considered civilized. So if you're going to be mother-in-law to a Japanese countess—Oh! What a bump! Djin, how much farther? I wish I could speak Japanese. I will some day. Even now I can say 'He!' and 'Iya!'"

"What do they mean?"

"I don't know. But something sweet, because when the Count taught me, he looked into my eyes so—so deeply, mother. It was before he began speaking English so fluently."

"We ought to be pretty nearly there."

"Aren't the shops interesting, with their blue hangings? And those darling little blue roofs sloping up to the sec-ond stories. They're made of paper, you know, mamma. When they are lighted at night they look like lan-terns."

"The Count's place is a great dis-tance from Shimbashi station isn't it?"

"The Count's place is a great distance from Shimbashi station, isn't it?"
"Oh, the family seat, you know, is in Echizen. Dick's been staying at their city place. He said it was quite a distance out. I wonder what they said to each other—the Count and Dick—when they met. Wasn't it nice of Dick to cable from Japan, denying that hateful newspaper story? Goodness, it was a couple of months of agony, until he did!"
"Yes, I'm glad Dick cleared every-

ne did!"
"Yes, I'm glad Dick cleared everything up—especially about that butler
business, and the fact that they merely
exchanged homes, Dick going to the
Count's place, and the Count putting
up at his." up at his.

up at his."

"Yes—I, too, was glad, though I would have married him whether he had been a butler or not."

"Oh, I suppose you would, Kitty. I daresay it was very heroic for him to work that way for diplomatic purposes. Still, I must say, Kitty, I don't like the idea of your husband acting as a spy—yes, it's practically that—upon your own countrymen."

"Goodness. mother. he wasn't my

"Goodness, mother, he wasn't my husband then! Mother, I feel like a figure in some lovely romance, and I'm so happy, I don't know what to do. I can't wait, hardly, to get there. And yet—and yet, do you know I don't know

whether it is the Count or Dick I—I— am so wild to see!"

"I'm surprised at you, Kitty. The Count is a gentleman. As for Dick, it was his stupid blundering that made

not, but claimed to have seen him the such a muddle of the whole affair. lay he sailed.

Look, he's stopping. This must be the place

'Why, it's just a little cottage. isn't it pretty? Oh, mother, look at the little children. Aren't they cun-ning? Oh, what a sweetie! Did you ever see anything so cute? See the baby strapped on that little toddler's

back. See, there are five of them. They can't be relatives of the Count's!"
"Hush, Kitty. There's a lady coming to meet us down the path. How grace-

to meet us down the path. How grace-fully she bows at every step. Djin, you said you spoke English. Translate for us what this lady is saying."
"She says: Honorable lady of the interior deign to welcome exalted ladies of outside country. Pray you condescend to step upon the honorable insides of house."

"Thank her, Djin. Thank her."
"Oh, what a lovely room, mother!
Where are we to sit? Djin, what is
the lady saying now?"
"She says that foreign ladies of outside country condescent to accent hes-

side country condescend to accept hospitality of those house!"
"Who is she—the lady who has wel-

comed us. "She the Countess Taguchi Tsune-

moto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo. The Countess-

"The Countess—"
"Kitty, what an extraordinarily young woman to be mother of the Count. Who are the children, Djin?"
"The honorable lady of the interior say they are honorably hers and the Count Taguchi Tsunemeto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichio's."

Count Taguchi Tsunemoto Mototsune Takadzukasa Ichijo's."
"Sisters and brothers of the Count Ichijo, who was in America?"
"No. Honorably hees children. Thas

es-wife!"
"Mother!"

"Mother:"
"Kitty!"
"Djin! Ask this Japanese woman if she is the wife or the mother of the Count Ichijo, who is expecting us to-day—the Count Ichijo, who was in America? What is she laughing about?"
"She laugh, foreign Mrs., account she jos twenty-five year ole. How she kin he mother unto count tirty year ole?"

XVI. EXPLANATION

"S-s-s-s-s-s-Kitty!"
"How dare you! How dare you call me that? How dare you even look at me? Who are you? What are you? We know all about you? You're a cruel, wicked, horrible wretch."

"Kitty!"
"Deny it, then. Tell me that woman was not your wife!"
"I swear it—she is not!"
"And those children?"
"Why, they're Taku's infants."
"Yes."
"The Diin.

"Yes."
"The Djin said they were the children of the Count Ichijo?"
"Well, they're not. I'm the Count Ichijo, and they're not mine."
"Oh, you make me so glad! So happy! Ichijo, won't you for—"
"Don't call me that. Kitty, look me full in the face. Don't you know me? My eyebrows have grown in and I haven't the varnish on, either. There, I'll take off this black monstrosity. There's only my moustache missing now. Why—" There's only now. Why-"Dick!"

"Beg pardon. S-s-s-s-I'm the Count Ichijo of Echizen, Japan!"
"Dick! Oh, my own, own Dick! I knew it—all the time!"
"Oh, Kitty, you feel so good—in my arms! But you didn't know it all the same. That's a fib."
"I did! Away down in my boart.

same. The "I did! "I did! Away down in my heart—
I felt it. I felt in loving that horrible

"I like that!"

"—it was you I was loving all the ne! Oh, do look at poor mamma." "Cheer up, Mrs. Collins. I'm not so bad as all that!"

bad as all that:

"Oh, Dick—Boo-hoo-o-o-o-o-o- I've nothing against you, and it's r-r-really a relief to know our Kitty is to marry someone like herself. B-b-b-ut I c-can't bear to think of all that money going to f-found a home for D-d-des—"

"Well, why should they have it?

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"But how can we? If I marry you, Dick, you know very well I'll lose the money. Under the will I've simply got to marry a man of title."

"And so you will, when you tie up to me, Kitty."

"Please don't fool any more, Dick

"Please don't fool any more, Dick dear."
"I'm not fooling. I never was more serious in my life. In America Taku lent me his title, didn't he? In Japan he sold it to me! Legally and bindingly by law, and now by every legal right and title. I am, in fact, the Count Toodle-oodle-oodle-oodle, umpty dumpty Ichijo!"

THE END

The Strange Adventure of the Nile-Green Roadster

Continued from Page 21

to me, I couldn't help leaning close to my speak-easy crevice and listening to that worthy trio as they seated themselves within six feet of where I stood, Latreille and old Crotty with their backs to me, the untidy individual whom they addressed as The Doc sitting facing the well that shielded me.

wall that shielded me.
"Swell kipping!" contentedly murmured one of that trio, out of their momentary silence

A ND at that I promptly pricked up my ears, for I knew that 'swell kip-ping' in the vernacular of the under-world stood for easy harvesting. "What'll it be, boys?" interrupted a voice which I recognized as the barten-der's.

der's.
"Bourbon," barked Latreille.

der's.

"Bourbon," barked Latreille.

"A slug o' square-face, Mickey," companionably announced the old gentleman known as Crotty.

"Deep beer," sighed he who was designated as The Doc. Then came the sound of a match being struck, the scrape of a chair-leg, and the clump of a fist on the table-top, followed by a quietly contented laugh.

"It's a pipe!" announced a solemnly exultant voice. And I knew the speaker to be my distinguished ex-chauffeur. "It's sure one grand little cinch!"

"Nothing's a cinch until you get the goods in your jeans," contended Crotty, with the not unnatural scepticism of age.

age.
"But didn't she hand her hundred and ten over to The Doc, just to cover running-expenses? Aint that worth rememberin'? And ain't she got the fear o' Gawd thrown into her? And aint she comin' back to-night wit' that wine-jelly and old Port and her own check-book?"
This allocation was followed by war to

This allocution was followed by an appreciative silence.
"But it's old Lockwood who's gotta come across," that individual known as The Doc. finally reminded his con-

This brought a snort of contempt

This brought a snort of contempt from Latreille.

"I tell you again old Lockwood 'll fight you to the drop of the hat. The girl's your meat. She's your mark. You've got her! And if you've only got the brains to milk her right she's good for forty thousand. She's weakened already. She's on the skids. And she's got a pile of her own to pull from!"

"Forty thousand?" echoed the other.

'Forty thousand?" echoed the other,

"Forty thousand?" echoed the other, with a smack of the lips.
"That's thirteen thousand apiece," amended Latreille, largely, "with one over for Car-Step Sadie."
"Cut out that name," commanded Crotty.
"Well, Babbie then, if that suits you have the sadie?" a leadelide for hor!"

"Well, Babbie then, if that suits you better. And it's a landslide for her!"
"Aint she earned it?" demanded her silvery-haired old guardian.
"Strikes me as being pretty good pay for gettin' bunted over with a play-car and not even a shin-bruise."
"Well, aint her trainin' worth something, in this work?"
"Sure it is—but how 'n hell did she get that blood streakin' across her face so nice and life-like?"
The silvery-haired old gentleman chuckled as he put down his glass of square-face.

chuckled as he put down his glass of square-face.

"That's sure our Babbie's one little grand-stand play. You see, she keeps the pulp exposed in one o' her back teeth. Then a little suck with her tongue over it makes it bleed, on a half-minute notice. That's how she worked the hemorrhage-game with old Bron-

chial Bill all last winter, before the beak sent him up the River."

STOOD there, leaning against the I STOOD there, leaning against the soiled shelf across which must have passed so much of the liquid that cheers depressed humanity. But never be-fore, I feel sure, did anything quite so cheering come through that sordid little speak-easy. I was no longer afraid of that malignant-looking trio, so content-edly exulting over their ill-gotten vic-

"Well, it's a cinch," went on the dron-ing voice, "if The Doc "Il only cut out the dope for a couple o' days and your Babbie doesn't get to buckin' over the footboard!"

footboard!"

"It aint Babbie I'm worryin' over."
explained old Crotty. "That girl 'Il do
what's expected of her. She's got to.
I've wised her up on that. What's
worryin' me more is that cuff-shooter
who butted in over there on the Island."
Still again I could hear Latreille's
little snort of open contempt.
"Well, you can put that bug out of

little snort of open contempt.

"Well, you can put that bug out of your head," quietly averred my exchauffeur. "You seem to 've forgotten that guy, Zachy. That's the boob we unloaded the Senator's town car on. And that's the Hindoo I framed, away back on Hallowe'en night. You remember that, don't you?"

I leaned closer, with my heart pounding under my midriff and singing in my ears. But old Crotty didn't seem to remember.

my ears. Bu

to remember.

"On Hallowe'en night?" he ruminated aloud.

"Why, the stiff I asked you to stand ready to give the glad word to, if he happened round for any habeas-corpus song and dance!" prompted the somewhat impatient voice of Latreille. "Don't you mind, back on last Hallowe'en, how the big Hill boys stuffed that suit of old clothes with straw and rags suit of old clothes with straw and rags and then stuck it up in the street? And how we hit that dummy, and how I made the chiesten-hearted pen-wiper think that he'd killed a man and coyoted

off the scene?"
I don't know what old Crotty's reply to those questions were. I wasn't in-terested in his reply. It wasn't even rage that swept through me as I stood listening to those only too-enraging

words.

The first thing that I felt was a sense of relief, a vague yet vast consciousness of deliverance, like a sleepy lifer with a governor's pardon being waved in his face. I was no longer afraid for Mary. I was no longer afraid of life, afraid of myself, afraid of my fellows. My slate was clean. And above all, I was in no way any longer afraid of Latreille. I was the chicken-hearted pen-wiper—and I hated him for that word—who had been "framed." I was the over-timorcus victim of their sweet-scented conspiracies. I was the book who had been made to shuffle and suffer and sweat. But that time was over and done with, forever. And the great wave of relief that swept through me surged back again, this time crested with anger, and then still again towered and broke in a misty rush of pity for Mary Lockwood. I thought of her as something soft and feathered in the triple coils of those three reptilious conspirators as something clean and timid and fragile, being slowly slathered over by the fangs which were to fasten themselves upon her innocence, which were to feed upon her goodness of heart. And I decided that she would never The first thing that I felt was a sen



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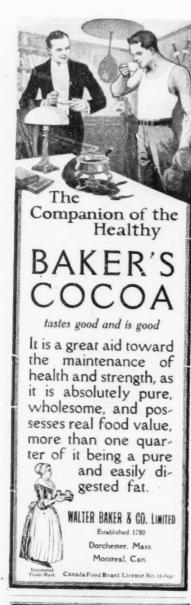
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have to go through what I had been compelled to go through.

DIDN'T wait for more. There was, DIDN'T wait for more. There was, in fact, nothing more to wait for, so far as I and my world were concerned. I had found out all I wanted to find out. Yet I had to stand there for a full minute, coercing myself to calmness, Then I tip-toed across the room to a second door which stood in the rearwall, unlocked it, and stepped out into the narrow and none too well-lighted hallway. This led to a wash-room which in turn opened on another narrow passageway. And from this I was able to circle back into the bar-room itself.

itself.

I didn't tarry to make any explanations to the worthy called Mickey, or to advertise my exit to his even worthier friends. I slipped quietly and quickly out of that unclean street-corner fester-spot, veered off across the street where the early Spring twilight was

ly out of that unclean street-corner lea-ter-spot, veered off across the street where the early Spring twilight was already settling down, and went straight to the house which I knew to be Crotty's. I didn't even wait to ring. I tried the door, found it unlocked, and step-ped inside. There, no sign of life con-fronted me. But that didn't for a moment deter my explorations. I quiet-ly investigated the ground floor, found it as unprepossessing as its proprietor. it as unprepossessing as its proprietor, and proceeded noiselessly up the nar-row stairway for an examination of the upper regions.

It wasn't until I reached the head of It wasn't until I reached the head of the stairs that I came to a stop. For there I could hear the muffled but un-mistakable sound of somebody moving about. It took me several minutes to determine the source of these move-ments. But once I had made sure of my ground I advanced to the door at the back of the half-darkened hall and swung it open.

swung it open.

On the far side of the room into which I stood staring I saw a girl in house-slippers and a faded rose-colored peignoir thrown over a none too clean night-dress of soiled linen. In one hand she held a lighted cigarette. With the other hand she was stirring something

she held a lighted cigarette. With the other hand she was stirring something in a small graniteware stew-pan over a gas-heater. Her hair was down and her shoulders were bare. But all her attention seemed concentrated on that savory stew, which she sniffed at hungrily, almost childishly, between puffs on her cigarette. Then she fell to stirring her pot again, with obvious satisfaction.

I had the door shut behind me, in fact, before she so much as surmised that anyone else was in the room with her. And when she looked up and saw me there her eyes slowly widened and she slowly and deliberately put her spoon down on the soiled dresser-top beside her. It wasn't exactly fear that I saw creep into her face. It was more the craft of the long-harried and case-

her. It wasn't exactly fear that I saw creep into her face. It was more the craft of the long-harried and case-hardened fugitive.

"Bab," I said, addressing her in the language which I imagined would most forcibly appeal to her. "I don't want to butt in on your slough. But time's precious and I'm going to talk plain."

"Shoot!" she said after a moment of hesitation followed by another moment of silent appraisal.

"The cops are rounding up The Doc

hesitation followed by another moment of silent appraisal.

"The cops are rounding up The Doc and old Crotty for claim-faking. They're also coming here, Bab, to gather up a girl called Car-Step Sadie for dummy-chucking under the car of that Lockwood woman and bleeding her for one hundred and ten bones, and"—"Those bulls 've got nuttin' on me!" broke out the disturbingly dishabille figure in soiled linen, as she stood staring at me with a sort of mouse-like hostility in her crafty young eyes.

"But they're bringing a police-surgeon along with 'em," I went glibly on, "for they claim, Bab, you've got a hollow tooth you can start bleeding any time you need to stall on that internal-injury stuff. And they've dug up a couple of cases that aren't going to sound any too good over in the District Attorney's office. Now, I'm not here to give advice. This is merely a rumble. And you can do what you like about it. But if you're wise, you'll slide while the sliding is good."

She stood once more silently studying

"What's all this to yuh, anyway?" she suddenly demanded.

"It's so little, my dear," I airily acknowledged, "that you can do exactly as you like about it. But"—

"Where's The Doc?" was her next quick question. "Where's Crotty?"

Lind to think fast

quick question. "Where's Crotty?"

I had to think fast.
"They've ducked," I asserted, amazed at my own newly-discovered facility in

at my own newly-discovered tacility in fictioneering.
"Who said they'd ducked?"
"Do you know Mickey's, over there on the corner?" I ventured.
She nodded as she darted across the room and threw aside the faded peignoir. The movement made my thoughts flash back to another and earlier scene, to the scene wherein one Vinnie Brunelle had played the leading role.

"Latreille," I explained to the girl across the room, "dropped in at Mickey's and tipped Crotty and The Doc off, not more than a quarter of an hour

"And they rabbited off wit'out throwin' me a sign?"
manded. she indignantly

They did," I prevaricated.

"They did." I prevaricated.

She suddenly stopped, swinging about and viewing me with open suspicion.

"Where'd vuh ever know that Latreille guy?" she demanded.

"Latreille worked with me for months," I declared, speaking with more truth, in fact, than I had intended.

"Then me for the tall timber!" announced that hard-faced little adventuress as she began to scramble into her clothes.

"Don't you want me to get you a taxi?"
I inquired, backing discreetly away
until I stood in the open door.
"Taxi nuttin'!" she retorted through
the shower of soiled lingerie that cascaded about her writhing white shoulders. "What d'yuh take me for, anyway? A ostrien? When I get under
cover, I go there me own way, and not
wit' all Brooklyn bawlin' me out!"

And she went her own way. She

cover, I go there me own way, and not wit' all Brooklyn bawlin' me out!"

And she went her own way. She went, indeed, much more expeditiously than I had anticipated, for in five minutes' time she was dressed and booted and hatted and scurrying off through the now darkened streets. Which trail she took and what cover she sought didn't in the least interest me, once I had made sure of the fact she was faring in an opposite direction to Mickey's thirst-appeasing caravansery. But she went. She shook the dust of that house off her febrile young heels; and that was the one thing I had desired of her. For that night, I knew, still held a problem or two for me which would be trying enough without the presence of the redoubtable Lady Babbie and her sanguinary bicuspid.

Yet once she was clear of that house, I decided to follow her example. This, however, was not so easy as it had promised to be. For I had scarcely reached the foot of the stairway when I heard the sound of voices outside the street-door. And I promptly recognized them as Crotty's and Latreille's.

THAT discovery sent me groping hurriedly backward into the darken-I hurriedly backward into the darkened hallway. By the time the door opened I had felt my way to a second flight of steps which obviously led to the basement. I could hear the voice of the man known as The Doc, for the three men were now advancing, and advancing none too quietly, into their musty-aired harborage. But my own flight down those basement stairs was quiet enough, for I realized now the expediency of slipping away and putting in a call for help.

It was only after a good deal of croping about, however, that I was able to reach the door opening on the basement-area, directly under the street-steps. A huge brass key, fortunately, stood in

erea, directly under the street-steps. A huge brass key, fortunately, stood in place there. So as I passed out I took the trouble to relock that door after me and pocket the key.

In five minutes I had found a side-street grocery store with a sufficiently sequestered telephone. And by means of this telephone I promptly called up Headquarters and asked for Lieutenant Belton.

Belton. He listened to what I had to say with much more interest than I had antici-



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"Kempton," he called back over the wire, "I believe you've stumbled across something big."

"Then supposing you stumble over here after it." was my prompt sugges-tion. But Belton wasn't to be stampeded into the over-hasty action of the ama-

teur.

"If that isn't the bunch Headquarters has been wanting to interview for the last three months, I miss my one best bet. But in this business, Kempton, you've got to know. So I'll slip over to the Bureau and look up mugs and records. If that faint-spiller is Bab Nadeau, alias Car-Step Sadie, there's no doubt about your man being Crotty.

"She is 'Car-Step Sadie'," I told him.
"Then we'll be out there with bells

on," he calmly announced.
"But what do you expect me to do in
the meantime?" I somewhat peevishly
demanded.

"Just keep 'em guessing," he tran-quilly retorted, "keep 'em guessing until we amble over there and take 'em off your hands!"

That was easy enough to say, I remembered as I made my way back to Crotty's broken-faced abode, but the problem of holding that unsavory trio in subjection didn't impress me as an over-trivial one. Yet I went back with a new fortitude stiffening my backbone, for I knew that whatever might happen that night. I now hold the law on the that night, I now had the law on

side.

That casual little flicker of confidence, however, was not destined to sustain me for long. A new complication suddenly confronted me. For as I guardedly approached the house from which I'd sent Bab Nadeau scampering off into the night I noticed a Nile-green car already drawn up close beside the curb. And this car, I further noticed, was empty.

So it was with a perceptibly-quickened pulse that I sidled down into the unclean area, unearthed my brass key, and let myself silently into the unlighted basement. Then I just as quietly piloted my way in through the darkness, found the stairway, and ascended to the ground floor. ground floor.

ground floor.

The moment I reached the hallway I could hear the sound of voices, through a door on my left. I could hear Mary Lockwood's voice, and then the throaty tones of that opianic old impostor known

as The Doc.

"No doubt of the fact at all, my
The spine has been dear young lady. The spine has been injured, very seriously injured. Whether or not it will result in paralysis I can't tell until I consult with my colleague, Dr. Emmanuel Paschall. But we must count on the poor girl being helpless for life. Crotty, helpless for life!"

This was followed by a moment or two of silence. And I could imagine what that moment or two was costing Mary Lockwood.

that moment or two was costing Mary Lockwood.

"But I want to see the girl," she said in a somewhat desperate voice. "I must see her."

"All in good time, my dear, all in good time," temporized her bland old torturer. This was followed by a lower mumble of voices from which I could glean nothing intelligible. But those three conspirators must have consulted together, for after a moment of silence I caught the sound of steps crossing the floor.

"He'll just ship up and make sure the patient can be seen," I heard the suave old rascal intone. And I had merely time to edge back and dodge about the basement stair-head as the room-door was flung open and Latreille stepped out in the hall. The door closed again as he vanished above-stairs.

When he returned, he didn't step back into the room, but waited outside and knocked on the closed door. This

When he returned, he didn't step back into the room, but waited outside and knocked on the closed door. This brought old Crotty out in answer to the summons. Just what passed between that worthy trio, immured in their whispering consultation in that half-lighted hallway, failed to reach my ears. But this in no way disturbed me, for I knew well enough that Latreille had at least passed on to them the alarming news that their much needed patient was no longer under that roof. And what was more, I knew that this discovery would serve to bring things to a somewhat speedier climax than we had all anticipated. There was a sort of covert de-

cisiveness about their movements, in fact, as they stepped back into the room and swung the door shut behind them. So I crept closer, listening intently. But it was only patches and shreds of their talk that I could overhear. I caught enough, however, to know they were protesting that their patient was too weak to be interviewed. I could hear Crotty feelingly exclaim that it wasn't kind words which could help his poor child now, but only something much more substantial, and much more mundane.

"Yes, it's only money that can talk in a case like this," pointedly concurred The Doc, clearly spurred on to a more open boldness of advance. And there were further parleyings and arguments and lugubrious enumerations of possibilities from the man of medicine. I knew well enough what they were doing. They were conjointly and cunningly brow-beating and intimidating that solitary girl who, even while she must have gathered some inking of their worldlicisiveness about their movements, in

tary girl who, even while she must have gathered some inkling of their worldligathered some inkling of their worldli-ness, comprehended nothing of the wider plot they were weaving about her. And I further knew that they were winning their point, for I could hear her stifled little gasp of final surrender. "Very well," her strained voice said. "I'll give you the check."

THIS pregnant sentence was followed This pregnant sentence was followed by an equally pregnant silence. Then came a series of small noises, amongst which I could distinguish the scrape of a chair-leg and steps crossing the floor. And I surmised that Mary was seating herself at a desk or table, to make out and sign the precious little slip of paper which they were so unctuously conspiring for. So it was at this precise moment that I decided to interfere.

fere.
I opened the door, as quietly as I could, and stepped into the room.
It was Latreille who first saw me. The other two men were too intently watching the girl at the desk. They were still watching her as she slowly rose from her chair, with a blue-tinted oblong of paper between her fingers. And at the same moment that Mary Lockwood stood up. Latreille did the same. He rose stood up Latreille did the same. He rose slowly, with his eyes fixed on my face, backing just as slowly away as he con-tinued to stare at me. But that retreat, I very quickly realized, wasn't prompted by any sense of fear. "Mary." I called out sharply to the girl who still stood staring down at the

slip of blue paper.

She looked up as she heard that call, peering at me with half incredulous and slightly startled eyes. I don't know whether she was glad or sorry to see me there. Perhaps it was both. But she neither moved nor spoke. "Mary." I cried out to her, "don't give that up!"

In a word towards her, but she in turn moved away from me until she stood close beside the ever watchful Latreille.

"This is something which you don't understand," she said, much more calmly than I had expected.

"But I do," I hotly contended.

"It's something which you can't possibly understand," she repeated in tones which threw a gulf yawning between us.

"But it's you who don't," I still tried to tell her. "These three here are claimfakers; nothing but criminals. They're bleeding you! They're blackmailing fakers; nothing but criminals. They're bleeding you! They're blackmailing

A brief but portentous silence fell on A brief but portentous silence fell on that room as the bewildered girl looked from one face to the other. But it lasted only a moment. The tableau was suddenly broken by a movement from Latreille. And it was a quick and catlike movement With one sweep of the hand he reached out and snatched the oblong of blue paper from Mary Lockwood's fingers. And as I beheld that movement a little alarm-gong somewhere up at the peak of my brain went off with a clang. Some remote cave-

where up at the peak of my brain went off with a clang. Some remote caveman ancestor of mine stirred in his grave. I saw red.

With one unreasoned and unreasoning spring I reached Latreille, crying out to the girl as I went: "Get out of this house! Get out—quick!"

That was all I said. It was all I had a chance to say, for Latreille was suddenly taking up all my attention. That suave brigand, instead of retreating, caught and held the slip of paper be-









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tween his teeth and squared for combat. And combat was what he got.

WE struck and countered and clenched M and went to the floor together, still striking blindly at each other's faces as we threshed and rolled about there. We sent a chair spinning, and a table went over like a nine-pin. We wheezed and gasped and clumped against the baseboard and flopped again out into open space. Yet I tore that slip of paper from between Latreille's teeth, and macerated it between my own, as we continued to pound and thump and writhe about the dusty floor. And I think I would have worsted Latreille, if I'd been given half a chance, for into that onslaught of mine went the pent-up fury of many weeks and months of self-corroding hate. But that worthy known as and went to the floor together, still of many weeks and months of self-corroding hate. But that worthy known as The Doc deemed it wise to take a hand in the struggle. His interference assumed the form of a blow with a chairback, a blow which must have stunned me for a moment or two, for when I was able to think clearly again Latreille had me pinned down, with one knee on mychest and old Crotty stationed at the door with a Colt revolver in his hand. The next moment Latreille forced my wrists down in front of me, jerked a handkerchief from my pocket, and with it tied my crossed hands close together. Then he turned and curtly motioned to Crotty.

"Here," he commanded. "Bring that gun and guard this pin-head! If he tries anything, let him have it, and have it good!"

Slowly and deliberately Latreille rose to his feet. He paused for a moment to wipe the blood and dust from his face. Then he turned to Mary Lockwood, who stood with her back against the wall and her tightly clenched fists pressed close to her side. She was very white, white to the lips. But it wasn't fear that held her there. It was a sort of colorless heat of indignation, a fusing of rage and watchfulness which she seemed at a loss to express in either word or action.

loss to express in either word or action.

"Now you," barked out Latreille, motioning her to the desk, "make good on that paper. And do it quick!"

Mary surveyed him, silently, studiously, deliberately. He was, apparently, something startlingly new in her career, something which she seemed unable to fathom. But he'd by no means intimidated her. For, instead of answering him, she spoke to me.

"Parley," she called out, watching her enemy as she spoke. "Parley, what do you want me to do?"

I remembered Lieutenant Belton and

I remembered Lieutenant Belton and his message. I remembered my own helplessness, and the character of the men confronting us. And I remembered that time was a factor in Mary's favor

"Do what he tells you," I called up to her. And I knew that she had stepped her. And I knew that she had stepped her. And I knew that she had stepped slowly across to the desk again. Yet what she did there I failed to understand, for my attention was once more centered on the old scoundrel covering me with the Colt revolver and repeatedly and blasphemously threatening to plug me through the heart if I so much as made one finger-move to get off that floor. So I lay there studying him. I studied his posture. I studied the position of his weapon. I studied my own length of limb. I studied the furniture overturned about the room. And then I once more studied old Crotty.

THEN I laughed aloud. As I did so I suddenly twisted my head and stared towards the door.
"Smash it in, Sam!" I shouted exultantly, and with all the strength of

my lungs.

It startled them all, as I had intended

It startled them all, as I had intended it should. But it also did something else which I had expected it to do. It caused Crotty to glance quickly over his shoulder towards the door in question. And at the precise moment that he essayed this movement I ventured one of my own.

my own.

I brought my outstretched leg up, in one quick and vicious kick. I brought in one stinging blow one quick and vicious kick. I brought my boot-sole in one stinging blow against the stock of the firearm and the fingers clustered about it. sult was practically what And the result was practically what I had anticipated. It sent the revolver cascading

up into the air, like a circus-tumbler doing a double-twister over an elephant's back. There was the bark of an explod-ing cartridge as it went. But I had both timed and placed its fall, and before either one of that startled couple could make a move I had given a quick twist and roll along the dusty floor and caught and roll along the dusty floor and caught up the fallen weapon in my own pinioned right hand. Another quick wrench and twist freed my bound wrists, and before even a second shout of warning could escape from any of them I was on my feet with the revolver balanced in my right hand and fire in my eye.

"Back up, every one o' you," I com-

"Back up, every one o' you." I com-manded. For I was hot now, hot as a hornet. And if one of that worthy trio had ventured a move not in harmony with my orders I am morally certain that I should have sent a bullet through him. They too must have been equally assured of my determination, for side by side they backed away, with their hands slightly above their heads, like praying Brahmins, until the wall itself stopped their retreat

their retreat.
"Stand closer." I told them. And they shuffled and side-stepped shoulder to shoulder, ludicrously, like the rawest of rookies on their first day of drill. As I stood contemplating them, with disgust on my feee. I was interrupted by the

on my face, I was inter-on my face, I was inter-voice of Mary.

"Parley," she demanded in a voice "Parley." she demanded in a voice throaty with excitement yet not untouched with some strange exultation which I couldn't take time to analyze, "what shall I do this time?"

I couldn't turn and face her, for I still had to keen that unsacrous tries under

had to keep that unsavory trio under

inspection "I want you to go down to your car,"
told her over my shoulder, "and get
it, and then go straight home. And

"That's absurd," she interrupted.

"I want you to do it."
"But I don't intend to," she said, noring my masterfulness.

"Why?"
"I've been too cowardly about this already. It's been quite bad enough, without leaving you here like that. So be good enough to tell me what I can do."

I LIKED her for that, and I was on the point of telling her so, when down below I heard the quick stamp and clump of feet. And I felt in my bones that it must be Belton and his men. Then I remembered Mary and her ques-tion

"I'll tell you what you can do," I cried,
"I'll tell you what you can do," I cried, pointing towards Latreille. "You can ask this man what it was I ran down in my car last Hallowe'en."

She was moving forward, with a face quite without fear by this time. But her brow clouded, at that speech of mine, she came to a sudden stop.
don't need to ask him," she slowly

"I don't need to ask him." acknowledged.
"Why not?"

"Because I know already."
"He told you?" I demanded, with a vicious and quite involuntary jab of my barrel-end into one of Latreille's intercostal spaces.

costal spaces.
"Not directly," replied the ever-truthful Mary. "But it was through him that I found out. I know now it was through him."

thought so," I snorted. "And "I thought so," I snorted. "And through him you're now going to find out that he was a liar and a slanderer. So be good enough to explain to her, Latreille, that it was a straw-stuffed dummy we ran down, a street-crowd's scarecrow, and nothing else!

Latreille didn't answer me. He merely stood there with studious and half-closed eyes, a serpent-like squint of venom on his colorless face. It was, in fact, old Crotty who broke the

silence.
"We'll do our talkin,' young fellow,

"We'll do our talkin," young fellow, when the right time comes. And when we do, you're goin' to pay for an outrage like this, for an unprovoked assault on decent citizens!"

"Well, the time's come right now," I promptly announced, for I had caught the sound of Belton's quick step on the stairs. And the next moment the door swung open and that stalwart officer stood staring intently, yet cautiously about the corner of the jamb. He stood

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there squinting in, in fact, for several seconds, calmly inspecting each face and factor of the situation. It wasn't and factor of the situation. It wasn't until he stepped in through the door, however, that I noticed the ugly-look-ing service revolver in his own right

hand.
"That's the bunch we want, all right," proclaimed the officer of law and order, as he turned back to the still open door. "Come up, boys, and take 'em down," he called cheerfully and companionably out through the dark-

MARY, at the answering tumult of those quick-thumping feet, crept a little closer to my side. Alarm, I suppose, had at last seeped through and crumbled the last of her Lockwood pride. The flash of waiting firearms, the strange faces, the still stranger experiences of that night, seemed to have brought about some final and unlooked for subjugation of her spirit. At least, so I thought.

for subjugation of her spirit. At least, so I thought.
"Couldn't you take me away, Parley?" she asked, a little weakly and also a little wistfully. Yet there was something about the very tone of her voice which sent a thrill through my tired body. And that thrill gave me boldness enough to reach out a proprietary arm and let the weight of her body rest against it. rest against it.

body rest against it.

"You won't want us, will you, Beiton?" I demanded. And that long-legged young officer stared about at us, abstractedly, for a moment or two, before replying. When he turned away, he did so to hide what seemed to be a slowly widening smile.

"These are the folks I want," he retorted, with a hand-wave towards his three prisoners. And without wasting

three prisoners. And without wasting further breath, or time, on them, I helped Mary out and down to the Nile-

helped Mary out and down to the Nilegreen roadster.
"No; let me," she said, as she noticed my movement to mount to the driver's seat. But she was silent for several minutes, as we threaded our way out through the silent and shadowy streets.
"Parley," she said at last, and with a gulp, "you must think I'm an—an awful coward."

"I was the coward," I proclaimed out of my sudden misery of mind. For

there were certain things which would be terribly hard to forget. "You?" she cried. "After what I've just seen? After what you've saved me from? Oh, how you must despise

me!"
"No," I said with a gulp of my own.
"That's not the word."
"It's not," she absently agreed.
"It's not," I repeated, "for I love you!"

She made no response to that foolish and untimely declaration. All her attention, in fact, seemed directed towards her driving.

wards her driving.

"But I was so cowardly in that other thing," she persisted, out of this second silence. "Judging without understanding, condemning something I was only too ready to do myself!"

"And it made you hate me?"

"No—no. I hate myself!" And her gesture was one of protest, passionate protest.

protest.

"But you must have hated me."

"Parley," she said, speaking quite low and leaning a little closer to the wheel as she spoke, as though all her thoughts were on the shadowy road ahead of her, "I never hated younever! I couldn't even make myself."

"Why?" I asked, scarcely knowing I had spoken.

never! I couldn't even make myself."

"Why?" I asked, scarcely knowing I had spoken.

"Because I've always loved you," she said in a whisper, big with bravery. And I heard a silvery little beli begin to ring in my heart, like a bird in an orchard, heralding spring.

"Stop the car!" I suddenly commanded, once the real, the glorious meaning of those six words of Mary's had sunk through to that strange core of things we call our soul.

"What for?" demanded Mary, mechanically releasing the clutch and throwing the brake-pedal down. She sat staring, startled, into my face, as we came to a stop. "What for?" she repeated.

"Because we must never un anything down again," I solemnly informed her.

"But I don't see," she began "why."

"But I don't see," she began, "why—"
"It's because I'm going to kiss you,
my beloved," I said, as I reached one
for her. "And something tells me,
Mary, that it's going to be a terrio'y
long one!"



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Raiding The Rhineland

A Last Trip-and What Happened

ON the afternoon of October 30, 1918, about twenty of us were gathered in the Map Room, when Major B——, the C. O., entered and posted the list of the objectives we were to bomb a few hours later—Frankfort, Cologne and Saarbrücken. Our crew was scheduled to visit Saarbrücken, about forty-seven

Saarbrücken. Our crew was scheduled to visit Saarbrücken, about forty-seven miles over the line, and carry eight 112-pounders and one 550-pound bomb. We were instructed to drop our explosives on the Burbach Blast Furnaces.

We immediately looked at the Meteorological report, worked out our course on the C. D. I., ruled it off on the map, and studied photographs of the Burbach works (all the principal objectives had been photographed by day squadrons, and were laid out in the Map Room. No. 55 squadron did some remarkably fine work in this regard).

The map I carried was composed of eight sheets, and when unfolded was five and a half feet long by four feet wide, about eight times the size of a daily newspaper page. The most distant points for which this map could be used were Frankfort and Bonn, about 150 miles away, so you can easily work out how large a map would be required on going to bomb Berlin. The scale of the maps used was 1:200.000, and no smaller scale was deemed practical. And, to handle these maps in a machine going through the air at sixty or more miles per hour was some trick!

As the Armistice, we expected, was a matter of days only—perhaps hours—

As the Armistice, we expected, was a matter of days only—perhaps hours—everyone was keen to get in a final "show" which would help to clinch Fritzie's determination that peace

mustn't be staved off any longer. So my pilot and I agreed before starting out that, provided no mechanical diffi-culties cropped up, nothing but an abso-lute inability to see the ground would prevent our crossing the line and mak-

we went back to our Nisson huts and prepared for the night's venture. On a prepared for the night's venture. On a long trip all members of the crew usually carried a haversack or small bag filled with useful articles of a personal nature—pajamas, shaving tackle, etc., which would come in handy should there be a forced landing, either on the Hun side or ours. Saarbrücken was a com-paratively short trip, but we packed our essential kit, nevertheless, and procured essential kit, nevertheless, and procured a quart Thermos bottle full of hot coffee, together with some eating chocolate. With all our gear on we looked like Teddy bears. Around our necks, each of us wore an electric flash lamp; we saw that they were freshly charged, and then snatched a rather hasty tea before proceeding to the aerodrome.

At 4.35 p.m.—1635, according to a regulation which came into force October 1, 1918—we climbed into the machine but, in a few minutes, just after the engines had been nicely warmed up.

the engines had been nicely warmed up, the "stand by" signal was flashed from the control tower. This meant the weather was dubious, and we were to go back to the mess and await develop-ments. "Old Meteor"—as the meteoro-logical expert was dubbed—would decide later as to the fitness of the weather,

and notify us accordingly.

As usual, we started a rubber of bridge, and were in the middle of a most interesting hand when the telephone bell rang. I remember I had just doubled







"three hearts," bid by my pilot; I had six to the jack. The hand was half played when we stopped, to listen to the 'phone conversation. Instinctively, we seemed to feel that it would be the Wing C. O. with orders for our Squadron C. O. "Get started? Right, Sir!" we heard the Major say. No orders to us were necessary, for we had dropped our cards—until the "show" was concluded—and every man detailed was on the way to the door before the Major had hung up the receiver. the receiver.

Once again we climbed up the ladder into our machine. Evans (a sterling pilot) and I were seated side by side, as into our machine. Evans (a sterling pilot) and I were seated side by side, as comfortable as in a motor car. We could see flashes of "Archies"—antiaircraft guns—bursting almost overhead, so we were ordered to "take off" without showing any lights (since these might conceivably be spotted by the Hun or Huns. presumably flying around overhead). Dull booming told us that there was quite a strafe on at the front, nine miles away. Soon the engines were run up and all other sounds shut out.

Shortly after 6.30 came the signal to "take off" and away we went. Our machines climbed beautifully, had a dandy pair of engines, and in less than half an hour we had reached 5,000 feet. We had decided to cross the line at 7,000 feet, over "B" light-house, and when this point and this altitude were reached we looked at each other, speech being difficult on account of the engines' incessant rear. The pilot saw the lock of interrogation in my eyes, nodded emphatically, and heady toward Hunland on our

gation in my eyes, nodded emphatically, and headed toward Hun-land, on our

compass course.

In less than five minutes, flashes of In less than five minutes, flashes of artillery away below showed that we were crossing the lines, and we noticed with satisfaction groups of Boche "onions." Practically no lights were visible on the ground, but we flew straight on, bothered neither by "Archie" nor searchlights. We passed two or three places that I recognized from my map, and after flying for exactly the length of time anticipated, we saw a faint glow in the distance, denoting the valley of the Saar. It looked like a necklace of lights, strung on an invisible cord, against a grey-black velvety background.

Our Objective Reached

Our Objective Reached

A FEW minutes later our particular objective town, Saarbrücken, came into view. I pointed it out to the pilot; he nodded and proceeded to make a detour of the town approaching from the direction we had agreed upon. We passed over another place which we recognized (from descriptions furnished by other observers) as the Forbach factory, and I felt a strong inclination to release an "egg" or two there, but that's not according to the canons of the game, when the prescribed objective can be reached.

when the prescribed objective can be reached.

"Archies" and searchlights left us strangely alone for a while. As we got close to our objective I went back into the engine room and fused our big 550-lb. bomb—that is, pulled out a pin, which was placed in the bomb so as to guard it against premature detonation, in the event of a forced or "crash" landing. Following this, I returned to the part where the pilot was, folded back my seat to give me more nearly adequate part where the pilot was, folded back my seat to give me more nearly adequate room, and then crawled through the door-way, about thirty by twenty inches, into the forward cock-pit, where the bemb-sight and bemb-releases were installed. 7,000 feet below I could see, as I leaned out over the nose (or prow), the city of Saarbrücken, and a belt of mist which denoted the Saar river and valley. The factory—our definite objective—loomed up indistinctly just past a bend in the river, at the extreme end of the city; in fact, it was almost a suburb. By city; in fact, it was almost a suburb. By a wave of my right or left hand I directed the pilot, and when about ten seconds from the crucial moment I signalled him to "fly straight"—which he did splendidly, giving me an ideal opportunity for sighting.

I strained my eyes down the sighting wires, and the river-bend directly underneath; a second or two later and what I judged to be the very centre of the Burbach factory cut across the exact junction of the fore-and-aft sighting wires. My hand had been on the release

handle, fairly twitching to jerk it; one tug released our big "egg." Immediately I grabbed the handle controlling the dropping of the smaller bombs; my fur glove was off, to make my grip more certain. Several rapid, pump-handle motions on this lever released the 112-pounders not more than a second after the big fellow; two salvoes let the eight go

I HUNG over the side to observe the effect, and was pleased as Punch, you can imagine, when I observed one huge burst, accompanied by several smaller ourst, accompanied by several smaller ones, plumb in the centre of the Burbach Foundry and Blast Furnaces. I crawled back beside the pilot, and shouted the news to him. He grinned, and flew for a safer region. I saw a shouted the news to him. He grinned, and flew for a safer region. I saw a dark form, apparently about 1,000 feet below, flit past, but this E. A. (enemy air-craft) remained in view barely a second. Just behind our tail the Hun "Archies" were making it as hot as possible. The first few bursts were uncomfortably close to our machine, seemingly missing us by yards only. But no searchlights caught us in their foci.

Deceiving the Archies

WITH amazing rapidity—just a few seconds—the bursts sparkled in the seconds—the bursts sparkled in the sky away in our rear, to our great relief. This was owing to the fact that we had violated the generally-accepted principles of bombing, and had decided to bomb down wind instead of up wind, or in other words, into wind. Going up wind would, of course, give us a better shot, as we would be going so much slower, but our target was so large, and the air so calm, we decided we could get results bombing at the greater speed, and so had adjusted the bomb-sight accordingly. We realized the wisdom of this (especially from the standpoint of our own personal safety), when we saw the Hun "Archie" people were taking it for granted that we were bombing into wind and were chasing us in that direction!

After we had passed the immediate danger zone, we had an opportunity to look around at the other towns within view, and it seemed such a pity that we couldn't have carried several tons of bombs so that we could visit each one, and treat it to a similar dose. The pilot bombs so that we could visit each one, and treat it to a similar dose. The pilot headed for the Forbach factory, which was on our way home. I went forward again, to get at the Lewis gun, and treated this place to a few hundred rounds. Though we had dropped 2,000 or 3,000 feet, we still were so high that probably not very much material damage resulted, but we knew it "put the wind un" them. wind up" them

Lost in the Mist

THERE was nothing urgent to do now, so we headed straight for home, greatly elated with the trip up to that point. I went back into the engine-room, where I brought forth our Thermos bottle and haversack, and treated the pilot and myself to several cups of pip-

phot and myself to several cups of pip-ing hot coffee, and some bar chocolate.

After the prescribed time we ap-proached the line, at a few minutes be-fore ten o'clock, and observed patches of grey mist forming here and there.

This was disquieting. When we reached This was disquieting. When we reached the line a huge carpet of grey mist blocked out almost everything from view. Just as we expected to see "B" light-house, which would tell us exactly where we were, all lights disappeared from our view, except an occasional one, directly below. Then they too were blotted out, and we flew for fifty miles at a stretch without seeing the earth.

We flew North, South and West—NEVER East—and when the mist dissolved somewhat I looked for a familiar landmark—but in vain. We were absolutely lost!

We saw a number of village lights, but

lutely lost!
We saw a number of village lights, but couldn't identify them. Two aerodromes were spotted, presumably French ones, and I asked Evans whether we should land there. He shook his head. It was just eleven o'clock, we were barely half way through our petrol supply, and still hoped to get home. Besides, French 'dromes are notoriously too small for a Handley to make a safe landing.

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We flew North, then South—then North, then South. We knew we were well on our own side of the line, but as the wind seemed to have changed, both in direction and velocity, we couldn't be sure which way it was drifting us, so agreed not to fly East.

The fog got worse, then better, and after midnight, realizing the hopelessness of our position, if we'd seen the lights of an aerodrome, we would certainly have come down. Several times we saw lights that looked from our 5,000 feet altitude like landing lights. On each occasion we came down lower

or 6,000 feet altitude like landing lights. On each occasion we came down lower to have a closer look, then shook our heads at each other, disappointedly.

About one o'clock, after being out of touch with the ground for some time, owing to the persistent continuity of the mist, we spotted a busy railroad centre, and came down low to have a good look. It turned out to be not a very big one, and I couldn't "pick it up" on my map. I flashed our Aldis lamp almost continuously, and 'round and 'round that town we flew, coming as low as we dared. The Aldis was flashed for two reasons; first, to inform the inhabitants we were not an E. A.; second, in the hope that someone might light fires in a suitable landing place. suitable landing place

A Forced Landing

AFTER nearly seven hours' flying we decided we must land, as it would be decided we must land, as it would be dangerous to exhaust completely our petrol supply and be forced to land without further option. We came down and had a look at neighboring fields, and, though they didn't look too promising, further seeking might show us nothing better. Also, we ran the risk of getting into a mist where we couldn't see the record before our fuel become exbefore our fuel became ex-

I saw the pilot's look of interrogation:
"Shall we chance it?" his eyes said.
I nodded.
Un we chance it?"

I nodded.

Up we went, then, to a height which would enable us to drop the Michelin dare with safety. This flare is in the form of a huge silk umbrella (the silk in each flare costs \$50), under which is supported a gigantic candle, the whole floating slowly to earth, after it has fallen like a rocket-stick for a thousand

fallen like a rocket-stick for a thousand feet or so.

We estimated, roughly, the direction of the wind, then manoeuvred so the flare would float over the desired spot. I released the flare, at a nod from the pilot; soon, it gave out light sufficient for us to see the ground below—and, oh, how small the available fields looked!

We dived until we got below the Michelin, and Evans circled around and around, close to the ground, searching for the exact spot to land. I didn't know, until the next day, of the perils we escaped by a hair's breadth, including the skimming of twenty telegraph wires—which, of course, we couldn't see—by inches only! Our aitimeter showed us about 150 feet up, but as this place happened to be on a hill, we actually were circling around at LESS THAN FIFTY FEET. If I ever were in a machine doing this by daylight, I believed to come things are I second to the some things are I second to the second to the second the second things are I second the second the

Funny how automatic some things are: I remember blowing my nose, and carefully replacing my handkerchief in my knee pocket, just at this critical inventors.

my knee pocket, just at this critical juncture.

I looked over the side and saw that we were barely thirty feet from the ground, as well as one could judge in that light. The pilot realized this before I did, but he daren't land then, as we were going down wind, and would thus land at a speed which would be our speed, plus wind. We must land, to have a chance, into wind, our faces to the wind, our air speed minus wind. The difference between these two directions was the difference between life and death.

Evans realized this, and oh, how cool he was! He calmly made another half circuit, one wing tip almost scraping the earth, and then I saw that we would touch ground in a fraction of a second. I had indicated, questioningly, the landing flares which we could light on the wings tips, wondering whether Evans would press the button which would set them blazing. More experienced in its perils than I, he shook his head.

The Michelin candle was at its last gas as we bumped.

gasp as we bumped.

We were down. It wasn't much of a bounce, and I gasped with relief. We were safe!

Caught in the Wreckage

BUT no! Before I had another thought,

BUT no! Before I had another thought, we hit the earth on the next bounce, nose down, with a sickening crunch of wood and steel. I felt pains shoot through my back and left leg: my face was flat in a ploughed field.

My first impulse was to crawl free, I was held as in a vise, in the twisted mass. Almost at the same time I glanced apprehensively to right and left to ascertain if the machine had caught fire. It hadn't, thank Heavens! I called to the pilot; Evans' answer was a faint groan. I shouted to Warneford, the observer in the rear, asking him if he were safe. I heard him say "Coming." To show how quickly all this happened Warneford says he heard me call to him, and answered, while he was still falling through space!

call to him, and answerge, content was still falling through space!

He hit the ground a few feet in front of the wreckage and crawled to us. He gave a tug at each of us, the pilot and me; it was futile. It would need a wrecking gang to free us, so I told him to run for help, and to run like the very devil

devil.

When he left I took closer stock of our positions. As I was pinned face down I couldn't see the pilot, but he apparently was unconscious, groaning: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!" My arms were free, and stretched out in front of me, my weight partly on my left. My wrist watch was intact, and showed ten minutes to two. We were a mile from lights, I had observed in coming down, and I hoped for help in half an hour, or an hour at the most.

I twisted and turned and writhed, trying to release myself, but in vain; the pain was intense; I prayed for unconsciousness. I was pinned by the ankle, knee and back. In twisting, I put my right hand as much behind me as possible, and pulled it away wet, red and "slitherv"; I had touched the pilot's face. Then I became aware of the fact that his head was resting on the small When he left I took closer stock of our

face. Then I became aware of the tact that his head was resting on the small of my back. I couldn't tell whether he was mortally injured or not.

The pain became more intense; my

when I came too, it was after four;
Evans had coased to groan; a new moon

I shouted myself hoarse; there was no

I shouted myself hoarse; there was no response.

I discovered that I was not quite so tightly pinned down, and, managing to get out my clasp-knife, cut my flying suit off at the waist. After an hour and a half's effort, a fraction of an inch at a time, I managed to crawl free, and collapsed on the cool loam in front of me. Crawling and hobbling. I set off toward the town, and shortly after six heard the shouts of a party of American engineers, who were coming to the rescue, with Warneford, who had been lost in the mist for nearly four hours. He was just a youngster, and the mental anxiety of those hours had been terrible.

When I got back to the machine, they had Evans out.

"Dead." He had a fractured jaw and hemorrhage of the brain, and couldn't have lived, the doctor said later, even if help had arrived immediately.

help had arrived immediately

WAS well cared for by the Yanks, and ultimately reached the hospital, and a fortnight later was started on the route: Langres—Paris—Rouen—Havre—English hospital—R. A. F. medical board—Liverpool—St. John, N.B.—

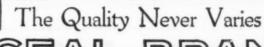
board—Liverpool—St. John, N.B.—Toronto.

One thing more; as we were traveling in the ambulance Warneford told me that all those hours he hadn't known whether he was in France or Germany. His wits became so scattered by his wanderings in the mist that when he encountered an American sentry, and was challenged in English, he took the sentry for an English-speaking Hun, In the mist and half-light of the dawning day the uniform looked grey and the headgear round.

How do you think the sentry challenged? He halted Warneford a few paces from the end of his bayonet and said:

said:
"How d'ye do?"





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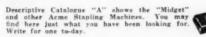
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Fitting in the Returned Man

Continued from page 28

employment so some well-intentioned friends got together and secured for him a position at fair pay. To their intense disgust, he quit at the end of the first day. They saw in the incident only another case of a returned man who did not want to work and who would not settle down. But, that man's job considered in unpacking cases of coarse crockery!

Cases of Injustice

Cases of Injustice

THEN there are so many cases of gross injustice to soldiers who are desperately eager to do their part. To quote a current newspaper editorial on the matter: "There is a case in London. Ontario, of a peculiarly callous injustice inflicted on a returned man who fought in some of the worst battles of the war, including Vimy Ridge, and who earned a good record before his discharge on account of wounds. He wrote in the Civil Service examinations and stood twentieth in a class of three hundred. He was notified that he had been given a position in the London customs office, but on presenting himself for duty was shown a telegram cancelling his appointment. Headquarters had learned that before the war he had been convicted of theft. The plight of this soldier is worse than before because the wrong done him has impelled him to publish a circumstance which he had head others would forget."

one is worse than before because the wrong done him has impelled him to publish a circumstance which he had hoped others would forget."

Others want jobs created for them by discharging old and skilled employees. Then again, in the excessively discontented class are all those, and they are many, who start out with good intentions but who meet with such unjust treatment, (such for instance as individual proposals that have been made that they should work for the regular wage of that job, less the amount of their Government pension, as in the case of a one-armed man I know), that the sufferers rapidly join the ranks of the most vicious minded.

And the alien enemy laborer question festers like a boil in the mind of the returned soldier and dominates all other phases of the employment and repatriation of returned men.

phases of the employment and repatriation of returned men.

I have been amazed by the utter disregard for human life and property which the soldier, consecrated and directed by army discipline to the destruction of both, develops. Thus, soldiers have learnt that human life is the cheapest thing there is, and because property nave learnt that human life is the cheap-est thing there is; and because property is the one great rival of human life, even of the lives of soldiers, even the best intentioned of them cannot shake off that feeling of distrust and suspicion of the motives of property which the war has aroused in the least active minded of them

Dangerous Lack of Co-operation

I KNOW a middle-aged returned soldier, of long service in the actual front, whose three sons had similar service, all wounded and one killed, who recently applied for work at a certain Toronto plant, which has made large profits directly out of the war. The foreman to whom he applied for work said: "No, we don't want any returned men here."

said: "No, we don't want any returned men here."

In another case, returned men repeatedly complained that they could not get employment. A certain Government department tested this plant. Six returned men, wearing their returned soldier buttons, dropped in at intervals and applied for work. Each one was refused. Each one withdrew, removed his button and applied again. They were all hired on the spot!

It does not follow in these cases that the employer has initiated such a policy

the employer has initiated such a policy of discrimination himself. Some of his foremen may have done that. But these things do conclusively prove that the employer is not making the matter of justice to returned men, a governing policy of his business.

policy of his business.

It will be observed that, in my desire to be fair, some of the facts I have related are not wholly to the credit of individual returned men. I sincerely trust that this fact will give added emphasis to that point I wish to make,

and that is this: in spite of the kindly attitude that the great mass of the Canadian people maintain toward the returned soldiers, there are far too many employers who are not yet making it their own individual affair to adjust their own business to this fact—that the industrial life of Canada must absorb a certain number of returning soldiers and that the business of this individual employer, because it is a part of the industrial life of Canada, must, even at some sacrifice to that business and its present employers, absorb its share of some sacrince to that business and its present employers, absorb its share of these men if serious troubles are to be avoided. A discontented soldiery offer the most fertile field imaginable for Bolshevist doctrines; a contented soldiery the surest bulwark against it, a great stabilizing influence in the life of the Dominion half a million men trainthe Dominion, half a million men, trained to arms, and because of their con-tentment pledged to the cause of good Government and to the policy of effecting all such changes as they, the sol-diers, may desire, by the orderly means of a progressive evolution of the con-stitutional instrument and not by the disorderly violence of sheer force.

Take Insurance Against Bolshevism

I F Canadian employers will view this problem from this standpoint, they will see that their intelligent co-opera-War Veterans' Association, and with all other reconstructive agencies will constitute the best possible insurance against what many employers dread, even worse than hard times—Bolaharism;

shevism! Employers must think of Reconstruc-think of it less as tion in new terms—think of it less as the problem of how they can adjust their business to peace without disturbing the stability of it or the flow of its profits and think of it more as the problem of how that business may be adjusted to absorb its fair proportion of returned men. For on that last, all thinking minds agree the other depends, absolutely. For the last involves those questions of broad humanitarian policies which underlie and govern and determine all the lesser ones of the economic structure, of industry and of profits. tion in new terms-think of it less as profits.

Central Branch, Toronto. The Central Branch, Toronto, G. W. V. A., has passed a resolution asking employers to be as eager now to advertise the number of returned men employed by them as they were in wartime, to advertise the number of their employees overseas, and to do so by exhibiting a flag similar to the service exhibiting a flag similar to the service flag, thereby initiating a kindly competition amongst themselves in the repatriation of returned men. This suggestion is here called to the attention of the readers of MacLean's Magazine and their co-operation in pushing this suggestion is asked for by the returned men. The United States has adopted the idea. Let us not be behind them.

A Canadian newspaper correspondent ecently said to me: "The returned men A Canadian newspaper correspondent recently said to me: "The returned men have too big an idea of themselves. They think they are heroes and that because they fought for the country, it is theirs to do what they like with. The Canadian people won't stand for it."

There are returned men who have such an idea, the very ignorant and the very selfish ones. But that man did either injustice to the great number of

very selfish ones. But that man of oitter injustice to the great number of returned men who are inspired only by the highest forms of patriotism in their the highest forms of patriotism in their campaign for their connrades and for their country. There are many returned men who take not the slightest credit in having been overseas, who realize that their going and another man's staying was often merely the accident of circumstance, men who are either removed from want, or else are too independent to accept special consideration either from an employer or a government, men who want nothing for themselves. But they see many of their comrades who are entitled to better treatment than they are getting, and who need it and they realize that until such neglect is remedied and even obviated, the whole spiritual and material life of Canada will suffer. They campaign for their comrades and for

MACLEAN'S for

are Canadians first and returned soldiers afterwards.

Those returned men who are impelled by this thought ask for the co-operation of all other men, the realization that the repatriation of soldiers is up to individuals as well as to governments. The latter seems at last, after years of lethargy, to be awake to the problem, but it cannot do it alone. It needs your help and mine. It is our duty as citizens of Canada to give this help, each in his own way, as his own circumstances permit and his own conscience dictates.

We do not ask you to create a favored class, but we ask for your patience and for your sympathetic understanding so that you will realize that there are other

wounds than those of the body, that there are those invisible wounds of the soul which cripple a man's efficiency and retard his mentality, perhaps for years. Be patient with nervous, inefficient, irritable returned men. Remember that these too are wounds. Help them to be-come normal. Work with them and us come normal. Work with them and us to fit our comrades into the national life so that out of the ashes of war there may arise, Phoenix-like, a newer, better Canada which in this spirit may live and thrive and advance to its own great destined end, so long as men continue to love service for the sake of service; so long as men continue to honor the sacrifice of unselfish patriotism.

A Shady Deal

yo'."
Len puckered up his brows and read slowly from the fly leaf of his notebook:
"Us, de undersigned, guarantees dat the horse, Yellow Streak, purchased by Lenix Ballister from us, is three years old and sound in min' an' lim', has no bad habits, an' in event of this bein' not as stated, we guarantee further to refund purchase money together with all costs that may accrue through any misrepresentation on the part of the present owner.

sentation on the party owner.
Signed. Abe White. Homer Hudson, X (his mark)."
Len closed the book and placed it back in his inside pocket, "How's dat deacon? Good enuff?"
"Dat's what I'll call a brass-boun' and "Dat's what I'll call a brass-boun' and "call riveted guarantee, Mister Ballis-

Good enuff?"

"Dat's what I'l! call a brass-boun' and steel-riveted guarantee, Mister Ballister. Dat's good enuff fer yo' er any udder man. Homer Hudson he's got money, an' I reckon he'd shell it out afor' he'd go ter law?"

"Yes, he'll do dat, an' so'll Abe. Course, deacon, dey's bofe frien's ob mine, but, as my ole daddy uster tell me, 'Don' trus' any man's honesty till yo've tried him on a hoss-deal!"

The deacon nodded. "Yore daddy was right, I'se t'inkin'." Then his manner changed to one of sunny affability. He turned to Lenix.

"I'se wantin ter get hold ob a young hoss fer drivin' purposes. Dem Wilbrios, I understan', am fast goers?"

"Fases' ob de fas'. Yes sir." Len drew himself up and gazed proudly at the steed hitched to the fence. "Mos' too fas' fer a pore man like me ter own," he said regretfully. "So, I aim ter deal that feller for sumfin older, slower an' more comfortable like. Sumfin Jane Ann kin dribe."

"Jus' so, jus' so." The deacon nod-

Mnn kin dribe."
"Jus' so, jus' so." The deacon nodded, and peered through his glasses at
Len's horse. Then he turned towards

"Jus' so, jus' so." The deacon nodded, and peered through his glasses at
Len's horse. Then he turned towards
Lenix, and said.

"This here ole Fanny, what I'm
dribin, is a mighty sweet ole mare.
Her's not young, but her's hones' an'
gentle wif women. My darters an' my
wife dribe her eberywhar'. I aint goin'
ter paint Fanny up in gilded colors,
Mister Ballister. She's sumfin ob a hasbeen, an' I aint denyin' it. She's nine
year-old come fall, but she's worf sixtyfive dollars ob anybody's money. Jim
Holdaway, he offered me fifty-five, but
I wouldn't look at it."

"I see," nodded Len. He felt in his
pocket for his pipe, but remembering
that he was talking to a deacon of the
Baptist church, he brought out instead a
neatly folded tract which had been
handed him by a member of the tract
society one noon down at the mill. He
had kept it intending to make pipelighters from it. Now it was a friend
in need. It bore the bold caption across
its fly-leaf:

Be Kind and Gentle

Be Kind and Gentle

"In dis here paper," said Len, handing the tract to the deacon, "it shows us dat us all mus' be keerful not to harm de dumb brutes. It's mighty fine readin'. deacon. I wanter allars keep dat paper by me. Me an' Jane Ann, us read it

"Shoo, yo' don' teil me. Is he all sound ebery way, an gentle?"

"Well, 'snear as I know, he is all dat. Anyhow, I got guarantee from de sellers dat he is. Here 'tis, right here, look yo'."

Len nuckered up his brows and read slowly from the fly leaf of his notebook:

"Us, de undersigned, guarantees dat the horse, Yellow Streak, pur-

offin my feet when I him ob em beinabused."
"Dat's a fine trait ob character, Mister Ballister," commended the deacon warmly; "I don' know ob any body I'd radder see own ole Fanny den yo'rself. Maybe us kin make a deal?"

L EN pursed up his lips, in thought.

"Well. I'se willin' ter deal," he finally admitted, "but I jes' don' take ter dealin' a hoss I knows so little 'bout as dat colt yonder ter a man I respec' as much as I does yo'-all, deacon. Howsomever, ob course, dere's de guarantee."

much as I does yo'-all, deacon. Howsomever, ob course, dere's de guarantee."

"Yes, dere's de guarantee." said the
deacon. "All I hab ter do, if I fin' out
dat hoss aint what them sellers claim,
is to lead him afore 'em an' make 'em
take him back an' pay me what ole
"anny's worf in money. It's all simple
Mister Ballister, when yo' consider it."

"Yes, it is so. Homer an' Abe, to
avoid law an' complifications, pays yo'all sixty dollars an' no hard feelins."

"Dat's it, precisely. Now den, how
yo' want ter deal?"

Len considered. "Well, if t'ines was
in little different shape, deacon, I'd say
about ten dollars boot from yo'-all
would turn de trick, but as dere's no
provision against boot-money in de
guarantee, I reckon us'll hab ter talk
straight deal. If I could conscientiously gib yo'-all an eben swap, I'd jump
at it right sma't. But, yer see, dere's
moren ten dollars difference 'tween dem
hosses."

The deacon took off his spectacles and

The deacon took off his spectacles and polished them on the tail of his linen duster. "I neber swapped hosses afore in my life, Mister Ballister," he said, "an' I aint wantin' ter take no undue advantage ob yore position. Supposin' I frow in de harness?"

Len scratched his head. Plainly, he

I frow in de harness?"

Len scratched his head. Plainly, he desired to assist the deacon, but was finding it hard. He squirmed uneasily, took a few paces up and down the road, then paused as though an inspiration had struck him.

"Jes' frow in de buck-board, an' de whip, an' de deal's on, deacon."

"I'll do it!" cried the deacon. "Now, Mister Ballister, I'll jes' clim' out an' yo'-all kin clim' in."

"Jes a minute," Len produced his notebook and pencil. "Yo'-all agrees not ter hold me ter any account, if dat hoss, Yaller Streak, I'se tradin' yo' isn't what he's guaranteed ter be. Is dat right, Deacon Stubble?"

"Dat's precisely correct, Mister Ballister. If dat hoss don't prove up, it aint yore fault, nohow. Dem udder fellers "Il settle wif me."

"Dat's all right den, deacon. Jes yo' sign dis little agreement to dat effect, den I'll dribe off."

The deacon signed, then got stiffly out of the buck-board. Lenix promptly climbed in. "Well, good-bye, deacon. I'll be right good ter ole Fanny," he said, as he picked up the lines.

"Good-bye, Mister Ballister, and

"Good-bye, Mister Ballister, and

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covered and continuous, and more them many, exceedent, sit down with such a journal as MacLean's strine for an hour's reading after a hard day's is rest indeed, ere are times when I am so busy (cheese and r maker) that I merely galance at the delily so as they come, but when MacLean's arrives as a they come, but when MacLean's arrives as the fifteen story. It is like a mail a "tobacco of the may any over so hard up "tobacco of the may any over so hard up the threed" in some form or other; supplied the held in some form or other; such that MacLean's makes no difference how has a lift MacLean's makes no difference how has a lift MacLean's

ely Yours,
('HAS, E. BINGLEMAN,
Wyscombe, Ont.

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St. Catharines, Ont.

Electric and Fire-weld Chains.

thanks," returned the deacon, as he limped over for a closer inspection of his new horse.

THE shades of night were weaving a

THE shades of night were weaving a dusky arch above sweet smelling country-fields, when a lank negro reclining at ease in a dusty buck-board drawn by a fat, comfortable sorrel horse, rounded the last curve of the road leading to Chatville East.

Lenix had spent a glorious, and a happy afternoon, driving along spicy, tree-arched, unfrequented highways. He was jogging homeward now, his neart filled with the peace that comes to one who has been lucky in the world's great warfare of man with men. Only at rare intervals, when the horse-shoe became unfastened from its moorings to paint a cold chill down his leg, did he remember that, after all, Luck had been with him, and that her smile was really what counted rather than astuteness and brains.

But it had been a great and wonderful and successful day, and he was satisfied clean from his crinkly head reposing on the back of the seat to his big feet resting at an angle of forty-five degrees on the dash-board of the vehicle.

It was just around the last curve of the road that he met Deacon Stubble

It was just around the last curve

It was just around the last curve of the road that he met Deacon Stubble coming from the opposite direction. The deacon was afoot and dusty, but the light of victory shone through his glasses, as Len "whoa'ed" the old sorrel mare up to speak with him.

The deacon, so it seemed, had learned that both he and Lenix had been wickedly duped by Hemer Hudson and Abe White. It had not taken him long to learn it, either. He had straightway sought out Homer and Abe and by threatening to take the law on them, had obliged them to make restitution. They threatening to take the law on them, had obliged them to make restitution. They had even gone so far as to attempt to deny having given the guarantee. But a third party having been brought into the argument, and having read it aloud to them and shown them their signatures at its bottom, they had paid, under violent protest, it is true, but paid, nevertheless, sixty dollars over to the deacon. And the deacon was satisfied.

fied.

"Dear me," sighed Len, at the conclusion of the deacon's account of the affair. "Oh, my, my! What crooked, mean people dere be in de worl', deacon! Gracious sakes alibe! an' who would fink dat a man's bery bes' frien's would treat him dat away! Jest yo' clim' in, Deacon, an' I'll dribe yo' as far as de las' hill?"

SUMMER moonlight rested, like a silver haze, low above the whitewashed homes of Chatville East. Peace rested like a soft, sheltering garment, peace and silence, and spicy scents from the tree-hedged river and field beyond

But in one of those whitewashed homes there rested an atmosphere of anything but peace and contentment, and that was the home of one Lenix Ballister, in which a big woman sat, darkly brooding, and a hound pup ensconced behind a wood-box watched her with sad, troubled eyes.

Jane Ann had inadvertently learned that the mill had not shut down, and that Len had lied to her. And the cruel part of it was that she had made the pies and doughnuts, and boiled the shank and cabbage with which to give him a right welcome home, before she had learned that he had deceived her again. Now she sat with the mop-handle across her knees waiting for his return.

Came a clatter of wheels, and a cheerful voice, at the gate, crying, "Whoa, Fannie."

Jane Ann arose and crept to the screen door. The pup poked his head from behind the wood-box and blinker

hopefully, Then, "Jane Ann, oh, Jane Ann. Com-out here."

out here."

It was his voice, no doubt of it. Like as not he was crippled, and was crawling home. If so, Jane Ann promised her hot heart that she'd finish the job herself. She was going to show that no-count Len something, she was so.

No, it wasn't Len, after all. It wasomebody driving a horse and rig. A constable, likely, in quest of Len. But Len was there. That was his voice calling to her, and there was no fear in it either.

in it either.

Jane Ann. followed by Orinoco, pased outside and made her way to the

SURE enough, there sat Len, his face a-grin, in a real rig attached to which was a real sorrel horse. The mop-pole fell from Jane Ann's hands as he gazed spellbound.

"Len, whose hoss am dat?" she man aged to articulate at last.

"Yo'rn, Jane Ann. Dat's Fanny yore sorrel dribin-mare. I git her al fer yo', ter-day."

yore sorrel dribin-mare. I git her al fer yo', ter-day."

"Len." Jane Ann opened the gate and approached the gentle Fanny. "Len, I knows yo'se lyin, an' dat I'll wake up an' fin' yo' in jail. How come yo' be dribin dis sorrel mare, anyhow? I'll wait ter I hear yore ans'er, nigger den I'se goin' ter jerk yo' from yore perch an' dribe yore head so fur intede road yore neck 'll crack off short. I am so. Now den, liar an' lazy-bones whose mare am dis?"

am so. Now den, liar an' lazy-bones whose mare am dis?"

"Yo'rn, Jane Ann. I'se speakin' true I got her fer yo' ter day. Yes, I admit I had ter lie a little ter get away, but Jane Ann, I wanted ter gib yo' a sur prise. Las' night Sam Jones he toleme bout dis mare, an' dat I could buy her fer sixty dollars, rig an' all. I'e saved up all but free dollars ob dat money. Well, I had to get ober to what she was afore Homer Hudson did. He wanted her right bad and was goin' ober dere dis af'ernoon. So I jes naturally beat him ober dar, an' now she's yo'rn.

beat him ober dar, an' now she's yo'rn.

"Len?" Jane Ann's arms were around
the drooping neck of the old horse. "Len
yo' mean what yo' say? Is she suran' true mine?"

"Yes, sure is yo'rn, Jane Ann. Aint
yo' right pleased?"

"Oh, Lordy," Jane Ann hugged and kissed the horse's big nose. "Len, when I learn dis af'ernoon dat yo' lie ter me 'bout dem bantum chickins, when I fin' out dat Smiff done sell den which I had out dat shift done self definition of the chickuns two months ago, I made up my min' ter lambaste yo' most unholy I was dat mad I cried good an' hard But now—Oh gollies, what's a pair ob li'l' chickuns ter a big sorrel mare what yo' kin dribe?"

"Indeed what, Jane Ann? Now den I guess I better dribe her ober to Smift's barn an' gib her a good feed ob oats Wanter come along?"

Wanter come along?"

Jane Ann sighed and shook her head "No, I gotter run long an' dish up depies an' cakes an' shank an' cabbage I cook fer yore supper. Yo' put my mare up right, niggerman, an' gib her a whole peck ob oats, kass I aims terdribe her tomorrie. Here," as Len picked up the lines, "yo' take li?! Orinoce wif yo'. I do declare dat pup hab missed yo' sore all day, bless his li?! She picked up the pure and place.

She picked up the pup and placed him on the seat beside Len. Ler chirked to the horse. "Pup," he whispered as the cold nose fumbled his face. "It takes a sma't man ter under-stan' a woman, but it takes a right sma't one ter fool her."

The Three Sapphires

A ghastly silence followed, only broken by the sound of the girl's breathing. Boelke waited to let this filter through

her brain to her heart.

Then she said in a voice that carried

no convincing force: "You are lying to

frighten me."
"I vill prove it to yourself. You haf
on der riding habit, und now I know you haf been riding to deliver dot paper to

der major; but you did not meet him recause he is a prisoner below

because he is a prisoner below."

Again there was the hush of a debate in the girl's mind; then she said: "If you will bring Major Finnerty and Captain Swinton from below, through that door, and let them go as free men, and will swear to not pursue them, I will give—get the paper, and—"

"Ach, Gott! You haf der paper! You put your hand to your breast!"

The girl cried out, startled, frightened as Boelke's gorilla form flung his chair back. He saw the rush of Finnerty and threw back the drawer of his desk; it was empty—Foley had taken the Mauser.

Mauser.

"If you open your mouth, you're a dead man!" Finnerty declared: then adding, for relief: "You hound!"

The girl, who had backed to the wall, iropped to a chair, burying her face in an arm on the desk, swept by a flood of confusion and relief.

Foley transferred the packages of rupee notes to his pockets, saying: "I've delivered the paper in Darpore, and am taking my fee," while Boelke sat blinking into a pistol that stared at him four feet away.

Finnerty said: "We're going to gag and bind you, so make no outery." When this little matter was attended

to, the doctor was dumped into a big closet and the door locked. "I'll have a look at the outside, ma-jor." Foley said. "Fancy I heard some one prowling."

WHEN the curtain slipped back to WHEN the curtain slipped back to place, blotting out Foley, Finnerty rave an inward gasp; he was left alone with the girl whom he had heard offer to barter her more than life—her reputation—for his life. A dew of perspiration stood out on his forehead; he trembled; the shyness that had been a curse to him from his boyhood made him a veritable coward. He was alone with the girl in an atmosphere of love—the most dreaded word in the whole English lexicon.

ish lexicon.

Marie held the paper in her hand, looking upon it as though she were crystal gazing, using it as a magnet to focus her own multitudinous emotions. Before her stood a man that was like a Greek god—the man who had twice saved her life; though the saving of her life, while it would have wakened feelings of deep gratitude, could not have filled her soul with the passionate yearning that was there—the surging soul warmth that submerges everything.

The man was like a child. Words utterly failed to shape themselves into a

The man was like a child. Words utterly failed to shape themselves into a fitting coherence for utterance. He stepped to the wall and swung the little Ganesha panel, peering vacantly into the dark passage. He came back and cazed out into the hall.

"I want to tell you something—"
The girl's voice started him as though he had been struck; his nerves were frightful. "I want to tell you," she said again, a wan smile striving to master her trembling lips, "why I didn't give up this paper on the trail to-day."

"I understand," he interrupted; "it would not have cleared you."

"No; Captain Swinton would have thought that I had given it up under compulsion. But if I had lost it, all I have gone through would have been for nothing. That's what frightened me so when Doctor Boelke discovered I had it. I did wrong in keeping it; I was selfish."

The girl's tensed nerves were being lacked by her words; expression was

The girl's tensed nerves were being slacked by her words; expression was easing the tightened coils as the striking of a clock unwinds the spring; the relief was loosening tears; they flooded the great dark eyes, and one had fallen on the paper, for an instant like a pearl before it was absorbed.

This trivial thing was a power that

before it was absorbed.

This trivial thing was a power that swept away the bondage of shyness that held the giant. He put his hand on the girl's shoulder; his voice was trembling. "Marie," he said, "I must speak—something. Don't mind, colleen, if you can't understand what I say; for I feel just ike a boy at home in Ireland. I'm just mad with love for you; I can't live without you. All my life I've been alone. I love beautiful things—birds and trees and flowers and animals—and I've starved here, where all is treachery and work—nothing but just work."

I T was a torrent, words trembling from the lips of a man whose soul was on fire, and the blue eyes had turned deep like rich sapphires.

The girl rose from her chair and stood against the wall, holding up her hand as if she would repel him, crying: "You mustn't say that; you must not! Oh, my God! Why didn't you let me diewhy did you save my life, that I might now know the bitterness of living!"

Finnerty recoiled. His hand caught the corner of the desk; his voice was husky, full of despair: "You don't—don't—I'm too late? Is it Lord Victor that—"

"There is no one!" The girl's voice.

that "
"There is no one!" The girl's voice

was almost fierce.
"What is it, then? Am I not worthy

"It is I who am not worthy. You not worthy? And you heard, standing behind the curtain, that I bargained my all for your life."
"Yes, I heard that. Then how are you not worthy of the love of a man if he

not worthy of the love of a man if he were a hundred times better than I

am?"
"You could not marry me. My father was a traitor, a gambler—we are the same blood."

Finnerty took a step forward and grasped the girl's wrist. The touch steadied him. "Hush, colleen: don't say that. Your father was just a brave, generous Irishman when I knew him before the gambling got into his blood. Fear he did not know. He didn't know how to do a mean act; he'd give away his last penny—the gambling got into his blood. Wasn't that what got him into this? It was India that scorched and seared his soul—the life here. The others had money, and here they lavish it. throw it about, gamble. He tried to keep his end up, for he was game. He was unlucky—it was a second name for him in the service—'Unlucky' Foley. I tell you it got into his blood, the wild Irish blood that boils so easily—that is not cold and sluggish from dilution from the essence of self."

It was curious the metamorphosis of love, the glamor of it that roused the imaginative symnathy of Finnerty, till, for the girl's sake, all her geese were swans. And yet there was truth in what he said; only a Celt could have understood Foley as Finnerty did.

Finnerty's hand had taken the other wrist. He drew the girl's hands up and placed them either side of his neck, and looked into her eyes. "Colleen; I love you. Nothing in the world is going to take you from me—nothing. I'm going to seal that with a kiss, and neither man nor devil is going to part us after that."

As his arms went around the girl a tremor shook the earth, the bungalow rocked drunkenly, they heard the crashing of rocks and trees somewhere on the plateau. Finnerty took a step forward and grasped the girl's wrist. The touch steadied him. "Hush, colleen: don't say

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I Thad been easy for Darna Singh to smuggle Swinton through the tiger garden gate, for the guard were tribesmen of his own—rajputs who really hated Ananda.

And now the two sat in a room, of the palace, at Swinton's elbow a switch that, at a shift, would send a current of eruptive force into the magazine. Through a closed lattice they looked out upon the terrace thronged with natives—Mussulmans, Hindus, Buddhists; and, eazing, Swinton thought that it was like bringing together different explosive—a spark would perhaps fan a sudden mental conflagration among these fanatics. Silence reigned—a hush hung over the many-colored throng as if something of this held them on guard.

Darna Singh was explaining in a whisper:

"Ananda has called these chiefs to

Darna Singh was explaining in a whisper:
"Ananda has called these chiefs to sign a blood pact against the sircar. The two men of the big beards are from Khyber way—Pathans whose trade is war; one is Ghazi Khan and the other is Dhera Ishmael. They will not sign the blood pact unless Ananda shows them the paper wherein the sircar is to force their young men to war. The maharajah will not be here, but whether he is true to the sircar no man knows, and sometimes, sahib, he does not know himself, because

sahib, he does not know himself, because of the brandy."

They could see Burra Moti upon her lended legs on the marble-slabbed terrace, a rich cloth, sparkling with jewels,

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draping her head and neck and body. Huge gold rings had been driven upon her ivory tusks.

Darna Singh whispered:
"Look, sahib, at the two men that stand beside the elephant's neck; they are my blood brothers, and when we entered at the teakwood gate I told them of the sapphire bell. They have their mission."

Beyond, the Lake of the Golden Coin, Beyond, the Lake of the Golden Colli, rich in its gorgeous drape of shadow and moon gold, lay serene, placid, undisturbed by the puny man passion that throbbed like a ticking watch above its

The droning hum of voices, like the buzz of bees, died to silence, and fore-heads were bowed to the marble floor as heads were bowed to the marble floor as Prince Ananda, clothed in a coarse yellow robe, came forth and strode like a Roman senator to a table at which sat with the two Pathans a dozen petty rajahs, nawaba. and Mussulman chiefs. "They are waiting to have the paper translated to them by a moonshi and to see the sircar's seal upon it, for they all know that mark," Darna Singh said. "What will happen if the paper does."

know that mark," Darna Singh said.
"What will happen if the paper does not come?" Swinton asked.
"They will not sign the blood bond; they will think that Rajah Ananda has told them lies. Also the two men who are my brothers will place another lie in the mouth of Ananda, if it is Kismet, and at that time the sahib will blow up the wine."

in the mouth of Ananda, if it is kismet, and at that time the sahib will blow up the mine."

From below the voice of Ananda came floating up to their ears as he talked to the chiefs in impassioned words of hatred to the British raj. He told them of the machine guns and ammunition he had below; that the great German nation would send an army, for even now they had sent men to train the soldiers of the revolt.

To Swinton it was simply the mad exhortation of a mind crazed by ambition, but he knew that scores of revolts against the British had originated in just this way; the untutored natives, taught hatred of the British from their birth, would believe every word.

The voice of Ghazi Khan, rough as the bellow of a bull as it came through an opening in his heavy, matted beard, was heard asking:

"What will happen if the paper does."

opening in his heavy, matted beard, was heard asking:

"What will happen if the paper does is written that the sircar commands our sons to cross the black water to fight against the caliph and to destroy Mecca—even to destroy the faith of Mohammed, as thou has said?"

"Wa also. Rainh Darnore," the

"We also, Rajah Darpore," the Nawab of Attabad said, "would see first the sealed order of the sircar, that we, too, are forced to cross the black water too, are forced to cross the black water to the destruction of our caste—to fight battles that are not the battle of India. Thou hast said, rajah, that it is so commanded in a state paper that was to have been put in the Lord Sahib's hands as he sat in council in Calcutta, and though no doubt it is true we would see it, for way is not to be taken in words.

though no doubt it is true we would see
it, for war is not to be taken in words
that are spoken."

Ananda explained that the paper
would be brought soon by his German
officer, and he would show it to them

Then Ananda, lowering his voice to tragic intensity, said: "It is written

that if the three sacred sapphires come into the hand of a man it is because the gods have bestowed upon him wisdom and goodness and power; that he is to lead. It is also written that if, having the three sapphires, he stand beside the Lake of the Golden Coin at midnight in Lake of the Golden Coin at midnight in the full bloom of the mhowa tree King Jogwendra will appear in his golden boat if he be selected to lead. I will take the ordeal to-night, for the mhowa is in bloom and the three sapphires have been sent."

SWINTON saw Ananda throw open his Syellow robe, disclosing two sapphires, and heard him say: "The third is here on the neck of the sacred elephant in a bell."

Twelve times the gong throbbed as it ouivered from a blow, and as the last whimpering note died away in a forest echo a circling ripple spread from the shadow of a pipal, and now the rippling waves came fast, darting here and there like serpents of gold or silver in the moonlight.

Men gasped in awe; some touched their foreheads prone to the marble floor as a boat of gold, its prow a serpent's head with gleaming ruby eyes, came up out of the water and floated upon the surface.

King Jogwendra clothed in a rich garment, his turban gleaming red and blue and white and gold where the moon flashed upon jewels, rose from a bier and lifted a hand as if to invoke the favor of the gods upon the prince who had called him from his long sleep.

Even Swinton, knowing that it was Twelve times the gong throbbed as it

Even Swinton, knowing that it was but a trick of the German engineers. shivered as if he caught a fragment of the spell that almost stilled the beating

the spell that almost stilled the beating of hearts below.

And then from the sal forest came floating to this stillness of death the soft, sweet "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle threw up her trunk, uttering a cry that was like the sob of a frightened child, and cocked her huge ears. As the bell called again. "Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," she thrust her trunk beneath her neck cloth; but her fingers found no bell; it had been stolen.

With a scream of rage she surged to her feet, and, trampling men, throw-

With a scream of rage she surged to her feet, and, trampling men, throwing them to one side like bags of chaff with her ivory spears, she crashed through the table and fled.

"Now, sahib!" Darna Singh cried.

In answer to Swinton's pull of the lever the plateau rose up, the palace quivered, the waters of the Lake of the Golden Coin swept across the terrace over a flattened, yellow-robed figure that had been Prince Ananda, and then was sucked back to disappear through a yawning crevice.

"Come, sahib; there will be no revolt

"Come, sahib; there will be no revolt for Ananda is dead," Darna Singh said

SOMETIMES when the mhowa tree is in full bloom the soft tinkle of the sapphire bell is heard up in the salcovered hills; then the natives whisper: "The spirit of Rajah Ananda rides forth on the Brown Elephant."

THE END.

Fakers and Others

Continued from page 33

A message was sent at once to Dawson City for assistance and an engineer came out by dog train to the seene of the catastrophe. The water was still rising—rising fast—and he decided that the only hope lay in blocking the mouth of the shaft. Sprouting oil-wells. can be stopped by foreing bags of linseed into the pipe. The linseed expands and stops the flow. Unfortunately there was no linseed in Dawson, so the engineer and his assistants took the next best course. They took bushels of good beans and bag after bag of oats and chucked them into the hole. All to no avail. The water floated the bags out as fast as they were thrown in.

By this time the whole town was under water and it was even running over the window-sills. In many places it was frozen solid. A message was sent at once to Daw-

"If we don't get this hole plugged soon," said the engineer, "the whole town will be one solid block of ice."

Then, suddenly, the water started to subside. subside. No more came out of the hole and such of it as had not frozen up proceeded to drain away.

The explanation was simple enough after all. In previous winters a spring high up on the mountain-side had always overflowed and formed a miniature glacier. It was found later that this spring had ceased to flow. Apparently Hayden had struck the subterranean reservoir which supplied the spring, and had allowed it all to gush out.

The enisade cost the Government \$60.

The episode cost the Government \$60,000 altogether. Hayden left the Yukon. His popularity in Grand Forks, such as he had enjoyed, had gone.

Transformation

Continued from page 64

"I suppose that's why you ran away?"

"And have forced you to carry me up-hill? You might have insisted, you know, considering my ankle. No, no; I wished to spare you, and—Welcome to Langlenshire Hall!"

Alexander stared. "You aren't going to try to --to have me thrown out?"

"What an idea!"

Alexander considered. What treachery was her ladyship planning? He gazed cautiously around.

"I'll have Pelton show you to your suite." said the lady.

"My which?"

"Your suite! The king once occupied it, and, in the past, other royal guests have added to the royal guests.

it, and, in the past, other royal guests have condescended to sleep therein."

Alexander searched her face. Was this a trap? Would the royal bed sink

this a trap? Would the royal bed sink into a cellar, or other subterranean depth? Would the top of the bed descend and suffocate him? Alexander had heard of these inhospitable devices. had heard of these innospitable devices. It might be safer to sleep on the floor. A royal bed had too royal a sound. Phose figures in armor, too, standing around, did not look too reassuring. One of them had a battle-ax swung over the shoulder, and there were lances—

WHAT if some one poked a lance WHAT if some one poked a lance through an open window, into him, while he slept? There was quite a lot of money coming to Alexander, and what easier way to get out of paying the same? Alexander made up his mind to sleep with his weather eye open. "Pelton!" The lady was calling to

"Pelton!"
her servitor.
Pelton appeared quickly from somewhere. Probably he had been listening

where. Probably he had been listening close at hand.
"Show this gentleman to the blue

"Show this gentleman to the blue suite!" commanded her ladyship. "And see that his every want is satisfied. His every want!—Do you understand?" "Ye-es," stammered Pelton. At the same time he could not help wondering what would be the gentleman's "every want." He looked as if he might call for raw beef. But not Pelton's to reason why.

ison why.
"Follow me, sir," he said in a choked

Alexander looked at the lady. "How

Alexander looked at the lady. How do I know you won't—" he began.
"Give you the slip? Well if I did, wouldn't I have to leave you the nouse?"
"Leave 'im the 'ouse!" From Pelton.
"What better guarantee would you ask?" she went on, as Alexander considered. "Would you not find my little bijection amply represented?"

"Little obligation!" Pelton thought. Her ladyship must be frightfully in-

"Surely, the entire estate would cover

"Surely, the entire estate would cover the indebtedness to you?" she continued. "Entire estate!" Pelton wiped his brow. He so far forgot himself. Alexander hesitated. "I guess it's alright," he observed. "But no tricks!" Great 'eavens! Tricks!" muttered Pelton. "Such langwidge, to 'er lady-Pelton.

Pelton. "Such langwinge, to exhibit ship!"

"Here, get a move on you!" said Alexander to Pelton.

And Pelton did. But his back bristled all the way to the royal suite. Had it not been for deserting her ladyship, in time of stress, he would have resigned then and there, for never before had his feelings been so outraged.

"See you later!" said Alexander to the lady.

lady.

And to Pelton the words sounded like a threat.

CHAPTER VIII.

Alexander Makes Himself at Home

DELTON threw open the door leading into the royal suite and, with nose elevated, waited for the visitor to nose elevated, waited for the visitor to enter. Alexander did so. He walked as if he had been accustomed to royal suites all his days, and to being usher-ed into them by such superior beings as Pelton. He trod the thick rugs with unconcern; his eyes hardly dwelt upon the beautiful hangings or furniture. He

threw himself into a delicate chair that fairly grouned beneath that rough treatment. Pelton threw up his hands. Suppose it broke down? A good hundred guineas gone to smash! Pelton strove to lure Alexander from the

"Here is the bawthroom," he said

"Here is the bawthroom," he said nervously, throwing open a door.

Alexander looked. It was a bathroom fit for Venus. Alexander didn't seem to find it inappropriate for him.

"Humph! Good enough!" he said.
Pelton nearly fell over. And this, from a 'uman-tiger! I'd 'ave you know that the last one of the nobility"—with an accent—"I 'ad the 'onor of h'ushering 'ere, threw up 'er 'ands at the sight of the bawthroom, exclaiming—"

"Where's the soap?" interrupted Alexander.

Alexander.

"Before your h'eyes!" From Pelton, viciously. As he spoke he picked up one of the daintily-covered cakes. "I didn't suppose as 'ow you'd be recognizing of it!"

it!"
Alexander sniffed. "Got any other kind? I don't like the smell."
"Smell! 'E calls perfume 'smell'!
'Eavenly h'aroma; that's w'at the duchess said it was! And now, to hear h'it called a 'smell'! And by a 'uman-tiger!"
"What's that?" said Alexander fierce-

ly.
"Nothing!" Hastily.
Alexander towered over him. "That last word!"

"H'I was speakin' of h'aromas," said the discomforted Pelton. "We 'as other varieties, h'of course! Try wood violet! "ave heard it's good for the complexion.
r 'eliotrope!"
"Bring both," said Alexander in that

"Bring both," said Alexander in that same menacing tone.

"Quite so, sir! I dare say they'll go very well mixed. H'I think you will find h'all the other conveniences, sir." Force of habit would count. Pelton was now sprinkling his effusions with the customary "sirs."

"You'll find bawth-robes and dressing-owns, and is there anything h'else, sir?

gowns, and is there anything neise, sir. What about your luggage, sir?"
"Haven't got any!"
"Bless my soul! A-spendin' a week in noble 'ouse'old, and without a change of a shirt, not to mention 'is socks! Beggin' your pardon, sir. 'ow do you Beggin' your pardon, sir.
mean to get on?"
"Get on?" Frowning.

"Get on?" Frowning.

"Arfter you've 'ad your bawth, and later! W'en you meet 'er ladyship? You h'expect to neet 'er ladyship, don't you? Or, perhaps"—hopefully—"you're not going to stay?"

"You bet I'm going to stay!"

"Which bein' the case," went on Pelton, feeling himself more hopelessly involved, "'ow are you going to appear for dinner? And do you h'expect to dine with"—desperately—" 'er ladyship?"

"Dine with her!" In booming tones.
"Of course! That is, I suppose you mean, eat? You bet we eat together. That is"—tapping his chest—"if I want to!"

"You!" Pelton's eyes began to pop out again. The visitor's assurance was even more than confusing. Pelton could find no precedent by which to gauge it. "Me?" repeated Alexander. "She knows. No woman can tie me to her apron." With an ugly sneer.

"Meaning 'er ladyship." breathed Pelton, eying the visitor with weird fascination.

"Meaning 'er l Pelton, eying the fascination.

"Of course!"
"Of course!" Weakly from Pelton.
The visitor's hold on her ladyship was The visitor's hold on her ladyship was assuming even more prodigious proportions. Only a murder, committed, could account for it. A murder, committed by her ladyship! Impossible!—and yet—Alas, her ladyship was eccentric. Pelton remembered many artistic conversations over teacups in the past, wherein her ladyship had professed to yearn for new and outre sensations. Cubic ultra-inventory of the conversations. and outré sensations. Cubic, ultra-im-pressionistic talk!

PELTON'S head went round; some thing extraordinary had happened He felt quite incapable of grappling

The Lash of Perfidy

What would you think of a soldier who stole the Victoria Cross from a comrade as he lay wounded unto death? Would you consider it sufficient punishment that his friend knew who stole it but did not denounce the theft? Would you think it a just retribution that the wounded man recovered and married the woman the thief loved or would you call it perfidy?

Lieut. Sydney E. Collard has quite fully covered this problem of ethics for you in a realistically truthful story "The Lash of Perfidy" appearing in the March issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. You will not want to miss this tale of swift retribution. Did the punishment fit the crime or did the second Victoria Cross, which the thief honestly won compensate his Don't fail to read Lieut. Collard's vital story "The Lash of Perfidy" in the March issue.

Graphic Features for March

"THE CAMEL OF HAN." By Samuel Merwin, is the first of a thrilling two-part serial by the author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Hanne," and others. A colorful page-Passionate Filgrim, "Temperamental Henry," and others. A colorful page-ant of Oriental life skilfully weaves its wicked web about a beautiful young English girl. You'll want to unravel the net that entangles her

"GET READY THE WREATHS." The final installment of Fannie Hurst's magnetic story which began in the February issue.

"HICKORY DOCK." By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "Molly-Make-Believe" and "The Sick-a-Bed-Lady." An old-fashioned love story handled in a new-fashioned way of a man and a girl and a clock that would not strike eleven.

"MY FOUR YEARS A PRISONER IN GERMANY." The concluding instal-ment of the three-part article by Jeannette Beland Mathieu, graphically relating her personal experience un-der German rule in Belgium.

"MYSTERY—WE HAVE ALL HAD A LITTLE OF IT." The subject of the supernatural occupies a front page position in the public interest right now and you'll find this a vitally interesting subject of weird and uncanny experiences with the supernatural that have happened to other people—possibly to you.

"MINIMUM WAGE FOR MAXIMUM ENDEAVOUR." A masterly argument in support of a living salary for working girls. This is a question every woman should be interested in.

"FILM LAND'S FAIREST IN THEIR FLUFFIEST." An illustrated page of your favorite feminine moving pic-ture stars, featuring fashion's latest

"WOMEN IN BUSINESS." Women "WOMEN IN BUSINESS." Women are a deciding factor in the business world to-day. The war has proved it. Madge Macbeth presents an interesting sketch of the commercial achievements of Miss Jessie Plaxton. What one woman has done others may likewise accomplish.

"THE LARGE AND SMALL VEGE-TABLE GARDENS." Illustrated with diagrams and explanatory notes, showing how to plan them.

"LITTLE LESSONS ON LETTERS." What does your handwriting denote? Prof. Arthur B. Farmer continues his interesting character tests delineated eresting chara handwriting.

"IN THE PIPING DAYS OF PEACE." A humorous prophecy of the male and female labor question in these please ant times of peace.

"THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK." A page of timely news and interesting items from everywhere and relating to everything.

"RAG TAGS AND BOB TAILS," being a valuable page of economy and thrift hints for the busy housewife.

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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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WRITERS IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

Samuel Merwin Lieut. Sydney Collard Fannie Hurst Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

Jeannette Beland Mathieu Madge Macbeth Norah Holland Katherine Caldwell

Helen Cornelius Mary M. Murphy Jean Blewett And others.

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On All News Stands

CANADIAN COURIER

The Paper That Mines Canada

Fire-rangers and Indians used to tramp all over what is now Cobalt and Porcupine and talk about California and the Klondike. Then somebody kicked up a piece of ore one day along the new Government road and a new mining area was given to the world.

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The Canadian Courier is mining Canada for human interest. That's not all we are doing. But it's a very important item. What troubles us most is how to live on 26 issues a year without leaving half the things undeveloped.

A Few Pay-Streaks

You will find in the next two or three issues a few evidences of the mining. First a word or two about the art end of the paper.

DESIGN—We are putting the lay-out of the paper in the hands of an artist who will see that every page attracts the eye. All a matter of art editing; of being up-to-date without imitation. Not so long ago a Canadian paper was made up by the yard. So many columns of type; so many pictures; headings between—done. It's different nowadays. T. W. McLean, former staff illustrator, will do the designing. Other artists will look offer the illustrations. artists will look after the illustrations.

COVERS—Here again we are changing. From now on our covers will be worthy of what's inside—or go "on their own." Watch for our March 1 cover by R. E. Johnston. Then three or four more by the same able colorist and plate expert who will shortly be in New York.

STORIES—You will get another Jenkins—the man from Fort William; this time The Idol-Smasher, a good-as-gold humoresque on a character that will please anybody. Also one from that capable humorous delineator with philosophy at the bottom, John Francis Slater, the man who wrote The Spell of the Lonesome Wild, in one of our January

In our last talk we merely gave a sketch outline of Spindexter, Beethoven, the new serial just started last month. This is right along the line of what people are talking about since the war, concerning the man who wondered why he was always on the edge of big things and never nailed them because he was so confoundedly absorbed in the interests of other people.

SATIRE—Isaac Phipps comes in every issue. From 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. was his latest. Watch for Phipps. His dialogues with Crustius always have a jab in them for the foibles and fallacies of the times.

MOVIES—We claim some pioneering in this field—What's Wrong With Our Moving Pictures? We are following this up. Reforms are in the air. Canadian movies are on the way. You will want to know

MUSIC-Our Music Editor will turn you out some practical experiences in how not to buy a piano. All experience; a lot of it not

JOHN BARLEYCORN—A. M. Chisholm comes back in March with a sparkling analysis of the argument between the Wets and the Drys.

RAGGS—You may not know her. It was a name they gave her on stage. Raggs is on her way to California. She will send back a few things that the average man will read because they are written with rare human interest by a woman.

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Certain mechanical changes which were effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the One Dollar price to paid-inadvance subscribers, and at the same time, greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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Canadian Courier, 181 Simcoe St., Toronto

mured weakly, "was, supposin' you do dine with her ladyship, how are you go-ing to do it?"
"How? how?" repeats

"How? how?" repeated Alexander.
"When you eat, you eat!"
"But in what?"
"Eat in? Of course you eat in. You wouldn't eat out." Alexander was getting angry. What was Pelton doing? Trying to make a monkey of him—Alexander?

Trying to make a monkey of him—Alexander?

"W'ot I mean," said Pelton, more helplessly than ever, "is, you as to wear somethink, don't you, to eat in?"

"You mean my clothes?"

"That's it!" said Pelton. "And look at that shirt!" Despairingly. "And im in the royal suite!"

"Bah!" exclaimed Alexander ferociously. "I don't mind." repeated Pelton.

"And if I don't mind, it don't matter."

"You mean, about w'ot clothes you h'appears in?"

"Yes."
"At dinner?"

"At dinner?"
"Of course!"
"With 'er ladyship?"
"Of course!"

Pelton clapped his hand to his brow.
"H'I'm crazy," he said.
"Only thing you've said that's worth
while "remarked Alexander brusquely."

"Only thing you've said that's worth while," remarked Alexander brusquely. "Or, maybe, h'it's only a dream!" Staring at Alexander. "Makes me feel like 'Enery H'Irving. 'Is this a dagger?' Or, 'H'out, vile spot'!" "Meaning me!" "No, no!" Hastily. It was Alexander's turn to stare. "I see where she gets it," he muttered at least

see last. "W'ot?"

"W'ot?"
"It's catching!"
"W'ot?" asked Pelton, a second time.
"Talking, without saying anything!"
Pelton breathed hard. "I'd like to say something," he remarked, with a nasty accent. "I could say something."
"I'm waiting," said Alexander.

PELTON looked at him, and discretion became the better part of valor. He remembered the reputation her ladyship had given this most unwelcome caller. "Wot h'I was about to say, was—"He paused. "Was—was—oh, that h'I might be able to find a change of garments for you, sir."

might be able to find a change of garments for you, sir."

"Ha!" said Alexander. He was not offended. The proffer of old clothes did not cut his proud and haughty spirit. Avarice shone from his eyes.

"H'outer and h'inner," went on Pelton.

"And some socks which, doubtless, will be h'acceptable, when you 'ave your hawth!"

bawth!"
"Ha! Now you talk sense!"
"H'of course, the garments 'arn't
guaranteed to fit. H'at least, a perfect

fit!"
"Poof!" said Alexander. He was not concerned about a perfect fit.
"And there's shoes!"
"Of course!" From Alexander. No old-clothes man could have been in a more receptive mood. "Bring plenty! That's as it should be."
"His h'it?"
"Didn't I lose my old duds? And on

"His hit?"

"Didn't I lose my old duds? And on account of her!"

"You did? You and 'er were together?" With awe.

"You bet!" Grinning.
"I beg your pardon, sir, this is so extraordinary, but you spoke not long ago as hif you wouldn't take it hout of the h'ordinary, dining with 'er ladyship? Am h'I to infer, by h'any chance, you 'as ever ate with 'er ladyship?"

"Bah!" said Alexander. "We ate from the same sausage!"

"Good heavings!" murmured Pelton.
"A Langlenshire, and 'im, from the same sausage!"

"Yes, I gave her a piece," said Alexander.

"Yes, I gave her a piece," said Alexander virtuously. "I always believe in treating them well." from the stupe-

"In treating 'er well!" from the stupe-fied Pelton.
"That is," added Alexander, "when they behave!"
"Behave! 'Er, behave! To 'im!"
"It was a fine sausage, too! A first-class sausage!"
"Heaven be praised it were first-class!"
"I could have eaten it all, too," rumin-

"I could have eaten it all, too," ruminated Alexander, a faint regret in his tone. "I can still eat. When you go for the duds you might tell her to bring me something to eat."
"Tell 'er—to bring you"—
"Can't you hear?" Fiercely.
"I don't think h'I can!" Feebly.
"Tell 'er—"

"I don't think "
"Tell 'er—"
"Bah! Hasn't she waited on me before, and carried bundles."
"Bundles! 'Er!"
"Old duds!"
"Magnin' old clothes?"

"Meanin' old clothes?"
"Sure! Old clothes! Mine!"

"Meanin' old clothes?"
"Sure! Old clothes! Mine!"
"Yours?"
"Mine!"
"Er, carryin' your—" But it was too much. Further comment along this line failed Pelton. He shook his head. "Help yourself," he said with a vague gesture.
"I will," said Alexander.
Pelton looked at him as if he saw him at a great distance. "Kings has washed theirselves in there," he said, looking toward the bathroom.
"Tub's pretty small," said Alexander with a curl of the lip.
"Kings has bore with h'it!"
"Well, wishin' won't make it bigger."
"It won't." Then Pelton walked toward the door; he could still walk. He was thankful for that. This visitor had a very benumbing effect on him. He managed to stagger out. A short time later Alexander was splashing in the tub.

CHAPTER IX.

Fine Feathers

Fine Feathers

"MAY I enter?" asked her ladyship, gazing toward the closed door at the far end of the royal suite.

As she spoke she held herself poised rervously; she had not closed the door leading out into the hall from the sitting-room, where she now stood. She wished, no doubt, to leave the way open for a quick and precipitate retreat, should the occasion or necessity arise for such action on her part. One couldn't depend upon Alexander. He was an unknown quantity—such a

couldn't depend upon Alexander. He was an unknown quantity—such a simple child of nature!

"Why do you say 'May I come in?' when you have?" rumbled a powerful masculine voice from the royal bathroom, in answer to her ladyship's somewhat timid inquiry.

"The question dees seem superfluous," assented the lady "But"—apologetically—"I knocked and you did not hear. So I took the liberty—shall I say, the very great liberty?—of entering."

"Be out in a moment!" called Alexander.

ander.

And he was. The lady started violently. Her heart had pounded; then, subsided. There was no occasion for alarm. She could regard Alexander calmly—not to say admiringly. He was arrayed in a dressing-gown of gorgeous Chinese pattern. He gleamed and glistened with butterflies and dragons. He was resplendent as a Mogul emperor. All he needed was the Temple of Heaven to complete the illusion.

All he needed was the reinple of Heaven to complete the illusion. "Oh!" said the lady. This gorgeous vision!—this new Alexander!—this great, big exotic butterfly! It was too everwhelming! "Pelton told me you

vision!—this new Alexander:—this great, big exotic butterfly! It was too cverwhelming! "Pelton told me you wished something to eat, and I was to serve you," she murmured humbly.

"Yes," said Alexander absently, occupied with his own reflection in a long mirror. He hardly looked at the ladv.

The latter smiled. She was recalling certain vague apprehensions of a few moments before. How needless they had been! Alexander in a mood to bestow upon her unweiceme attentions? Alexander, a possible cave man? It "was to laugh." His mood was, essentially, non-amatory. Or, if he was in love, she knew with whom it was. No such poor, little, insignificant object as herself! Alexander was in love with a big, magnificent male-man. He was an amplified Narcissus! He could stand for hours and contemplate his own reflection. My! but he made her feel insignificant.

"Pelton told me you were hungry."

tion. My! but he made her feel insignificant.

"Pelton told me you were hungry," she said in that same humble tone.

"I am!" Still looking at himself.

"I brought up a pork pie and beer." Alexander condescended to turn—to look at her—or the beer!

"Give it to me!" He was referring to the beer. Meekly she obeyed. He raised the pitcher to his lips.

raised the pitcher to his lips.

"Here is a glass."
"What I want that for?" Alexander drank from the pitcher. "Ha!" he said, wiping his lips.
"Meaning: 'Good'?"
"You bet."

"Meaning: 'Good?'
"You bet."
"I am pleased"—she began demurely.
"More!" interrupted Alexander. His
tone was brusque—peremptory. It awoke
a little spark in the lady's breast. A
butterfly may be a butterfly, but a worm
is also a worm. From time immemorial
it has been privileged to turn. Her
adyship rang for Jane. There was a
limit to this personal service business,
even if you did happen to be married to
the object of it.
"More, indeed!" she remarked. "Your
name ought to be Oliver. And drinking
out of the pitcher! What will the servants think?"

ALEXANDER did not answer. He was too busy, strutting. His self-adulation began to get on the lady's

"I suppose you think I ought to be proud to wait on you?—to fetch and carry?—to bring you beer?—to serve your every whin?"

"Proud?" said Alexander absently.
"Such a magnificent specimen! I suppose I should get down on my knees before you!"

"If you want!" From Alexander.
"I don't care."
"No?" The lady caught her breath.
"You have but one concern." Looking at the reflection. As she spoke she clasped her hands mockingly. "Do let me worship you, from a distance!"

"If you like!" In that same tone.
"Thanks! I—"
"Where's the beer?"
"Beer?" She caught her breath. "I ask permission to worship and he answers: 'Beer'!"

"Didn't I tell you to get more?"
Accusingly.
"I believe you did." With rising

Accusingly.
"I believe you did." With rising

"I believe you did." With rising breast.

"Well?" Sternly.
"I told Jane to get it!"
"Jane?" Alexander looked at her.
"But why?" Alexander looked at her.
"I am still just a little lame!" Alexander's face changed slightly. "Not much! Besides, it is hard to tear myself from your presence. Can you not understand that? You who are so—so—what shall I call it? Not beautiful!"
"Grand," suggested Alexander modestly.

"Grand," suggested Alexander modcstly.
"Yes; that's it. You do forgive me
for sending Jane under the circumstances, that I may obey that impulse
to tarry here and gaze?"
"You poke fun?" asked Alexander
suspiciously.
"Fun! He calls these love-pangs
fun!"

fun!"
"You don't feel well?"
"What do you care? Narcissus!"
"Is that pet-name?"
"It is the name of a man who was turned into a tree."
"Yes. For despising our poor sex!
As you do!"
"Me?"
"Don't you?"

"Not all!" Gallantly. "There was dish washer once—big, pot-washing woman"—he opened his arms—"Whew!"

"Why do you say: 'Whew'?"

"What you have me say? "I?" Haughtily.

"She fine big woman," said Alexander with tender reminiscences in his tone. "A pot-washer preferred to me."

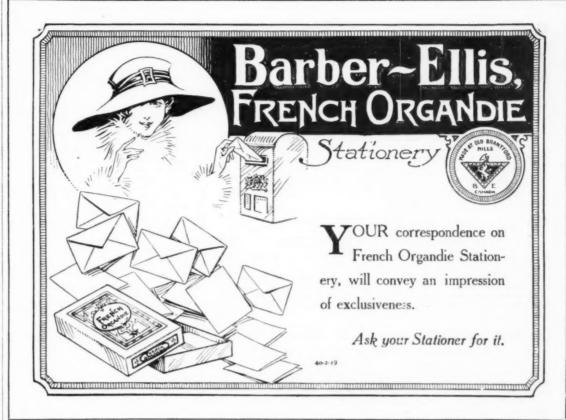
"A pot-washer preferred to me."

A PEAL of merriment rang from the lady's lips. And then she obeyed one of those aberrant impulses that sometimes swept over her. Her little hand swept out; it caught the grinning, boastful Alexander fair on the cheek. Smack! Not a ladylike performance? Anyhow, the lady felt better. Almost at once. She smiled divinely.

"Oh, my poor Alexander! Did I hurt you?" she cooed.

Alexander rubbed the spot. The uncouth grin had forsaken his features. The arms he had extended as if embracing a barrel, fell to his side.

"Oh, oh! Such a shocking temper!" she murmured "All the Langlenshires





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have shocking tempers. They're so high-bred, you see. You must make allowances, dear, dear Alexander!" Alexander continued to rub. "Am I dreaming?" said his expression.

"I shall never forgive myself," mur-

"I shall never forgive myself," murmured the lady.
"You!" Suddenly he turned, a rumbling sound in his throat. So a mighty beast might roar before it leapt upon its prey. Did he expect to see the lady run? To flee for her life? If so, Alexander was doomed to disappointment. It is true she became paler, but she stood her ground. Not only that, she looked the 'uman-tiger in the eye—proudly, fearlessly. So a high-bred Langlenshire lady had once looked the executioner in the eye, in the dim and distant past, and gone proudly to her doom. gone proudly to her doom,

gone proudly to her doom.

That look held Alexander, for a second. "You know, I can break you in two?" he growled.

"It is possible." Tranquilly.

"Or toss you up to the ceiling?"

"Also, no doubt!?

"Or out of the window?"

"Brownshly incontropartible!"

"Or out of the window?"
"Presumably incontrovertible!"
"You, not afraid?"
'I am afraid not."
"Of being thrown out of the window

"Of being thrown out of the window?"
"I have always wanted to fly. It has been my childhood dream."
Alexander sighed. What are you going to do with a wife like that? Preconceived notions disintegrated. She wasn't afraid of him or anything.
"You not afraid of being beaten?"
"Try it and see!" With a smile.
"You wouldn't mind?" Still puzzled.
"Why should I, if it gave you pleasure?" she said softly.
"That sounds all right," said Alexander dubiously. "You do what I say, and you won't catch it!"
"You will find me a regular Griselle."
"Who she?"
"A lady who always minded her hus-

"A lady who always minded her hus-

tand."

"I like to know her."
"But you can't. She lived about five hundred years ago."
"Humph!" said Alexander. "Not many of them left!"
"Say not so!"
"My wife obey! You bet."
"But there are few men like you!"
Dotingly.

"Yes. Lots of women look at me."
"Can you blame them?"
"Bah! I don't let them bother me."
"What a relief to hear you say that!"
"I look at them if I want to, though!"
said Alexander.

'Let me catch you!" Half-hysterically. "You think I'm only for you?"

"You think I'm only for you?"
"I did have some such notion."
"Huh!" said Alexander. Such an immoral "Huh!" She was so glad Pelton didn't hear him; or the curate!
"You go see about that beer," said Alexander. "Why it doesn't come!"
"That odious word again. Beer!"
"I like it foamy, and bigger pitcher!"
A moment the lady looked at him. Words seemed about to leap from her lips, but they didn't. Instead, she smiled queerly.

ed queerly.

"Shall I take your boots and have them blacked?"

Yes; take 'em away," said Alexan-But don't forget to bring 'em

back!"
"I'll try not to!" murmured the lady, and picked up the mighty boots in her small hands. "If there is anything else, call me!"
"I will. You bet," said Alexander, and tackled the pork pie.

"MY eye! did you see that?" said Tommy to Pelton, whom he met coming upstairs with an armful of old clothes.

upstairs with an armful of old clothes.
"'Er ladyship, with 'is boots!"
"Did I see h'it?" Pelton groaned.
"'Ave I lived to see h'it, you shoud be arsking. W'ot a hold 'e must 'ave on 'er! But hurry arfter 'er, Tommy.
"For why?"
"It wouldn't surprise me, h'if 'er ladyship mined 'em h'up, with 'er own delicate, 'igh-bred 'ands!"
"My eye!" said Tommy. And then:

"My eve!" said Tommy. And then:
"Did you hear that?"
"I did." Peering down.

"I did." Peering down.
"She dropped 'em! Over the banisers! And Jane 'as them!" avn't going to brush them 'erself, 'eaven be praised!" said Pelton "Amen!" said Tommy.

CHAPTER X.

The Monster and the Artist

The Monster and the Artist

"HO are you?" said Alexander.
staring at the intruder.
"I am, monsieur, the valet?"

"Valley, eh?"
Alexander still in the butterfly gownstood surrounded by old clothes that looked new to him. This little "doubleradish of a man" had blown in after Pelton, with the old duds. He danced around vivaciously and seemed trying to give a good impression. Pelton, himself, had hurriedly retreated after having brought the old garments.

Alexander looked while the little maspread out this garment and that. Hehopped from trousers to waistcoat, and

hopped from trousers to waistcoat, and then, with birdlike agility, hopped from neckties to collars and shirts, laying them out on chairs and settees, and springing back and forth, to contemplate the general effect, from different angles. And while thus contemplating the visitor, Alexander's gaze seemed to say: "Why is it? And why has Pelton wished it on me? Where did it come from? And will it hop out of the window next?"

"Monsieur can address me as Jacques," observed the little man, in cheery tones that seemed to fit the birdlike motions.

"Jack!" rumbled Alexander. "Jumping-Jack, I should say!" opped from trousers to waistcoat, and

ilke motions.
"Jack!" rumbled Alexander. "Jumping-Jack, I should say!"
"As monsieur pleases," said the littleman amiably. "I think ze garments.
zey fit monsieur. I find zem in ze dia card."
"Look like new to me!"

"Look like new to me!"

"Zey belong to male relative of her ladyship. He leave them behind. We resurrect for monsieur. I sponge out ze shine. But I hear monsieur has suffered ze shipwreck? Zat all hees magnifique wardrobe, ett is lost?"

"Magnif— What?"

"Ze haif-dozen trunks, with ze priceless wardrobe of monsieur—Ze cruel waves have engulfed zem?"

"Who's been talking?" growled Alexander.

ander.
"Her ladyship. She tell Jane.
"Alexander. He wo

"Oh!" said Alexander. He would be-prepared for anything now.
"Ze ship, he sink, suddenly! Mon-sieur, he grab ze first clothes—a sailor's."
And so, he come ashore!"
"Humph!" growled Alexander. His wife's imagination was paralyzing to

wife's imagination was paralyzing to him sometimes.

while simagination was paralyzing to him sometimes. "Hear anything else?" "Nossing! But ze cook, she say her ladyship hint at a great, a very great secret!"

A LEXANDER pondered. What new and subtle treachery was her lady ship planning? Apparently he had dropped into the very lap of luxury All the gifts of the gods were his for the asking. Gifts! Ha! When Greeks come bearing gifts, look out! So ran the old saying. Why should it apply only to Greeks? the old saying.

Alexander regarded the old clothes Alexander regarded the old counes Gifts! Heaps of them! This fair daughter of the North was a veritable goddess of plenty. Look out for her' Alexander regarded the jumping-jack

Alexander regarded the Jumping-Jack her minion, suspiciously.

"If monsieur will recline in ze big-chair, I will bestow upon monsieur ze-shave!"

"Give me a shave, eh?" said Alex-

"Give me a shave, eh?" said Alexander. Suppose Jacques should cut his throat? Would her ladyship proceed to such extremity? Alexander knew of people along the water-fronts of his native land, who had cut throats for less than was at stake in this instance. He knew of one sanguinary transaction that had involved only about a sixpence—Now her ladyship was indebted to Alexander for about three thousand—

Jacques prepared his razors. Jacques prepared his razors. Alexander watched. The little man's expression was blithe and inoffensive; he seemed as cheerful as a Mozart Allegro He hummed a gay air, as he tested a sharp edge with his finger. Alexander decided to trust him. He sat down and elevated his chin. Jacques shaved him with little angel-touches. Alexander

"When are you going to begin?" growled Alexander.
"I have begun. I have ze one cheek all finished."

all finished."

Alexander felt something like a roseieaf brushing his other cheek. "Here,
don't tickle!"

"Eet is ze razaire, monsieur."

"Razor?" said Alexander. His idea
of a razor was something that ripped
and tore—at least, of something you
were aware of! "I don't hardly feel
it"

"Oh, monsieur, I am ze artiste, not ze butchaire!"
"Hope you'll know when you've got it done!" said Alexander. "I wouldn't!"
"Monsieur is not pleased?"
"Well, when I get shaved I like to know it."

ACQUES hippety-hopped about some more: flicked and fluttered with his fingers, and then announced with the pride of a master:
"Eet is finished!"
"Where's the perfume?" demanded

"Where's the personne."

Alexander.
"I have already a very delicate essence applied, monsieur."

"Can't smell it!"

"Oh, monsieur, eet is not, zee what you call pronounced smell. Eet is aristocratic perfume—of ze bon-ton!"

"Gimma me something you can

Jacques made a despairing gesture.
"What's that big bottle of stuff in
there?" demanded Alexander, pointing
to the bathroom.

to the bathroom.

"Zat, monsieur, is ze powerful cologne we have use, some time ago, when a rat, he die in ze wall."

"Ha, ha!" roared Alexander.

"He very aristocratic rat; he die in wall of royal suite. Mon Dieu! perhaps he royal rat, but he smell just like common rat. Oh, ze terrible aroma! I rush to ze pharmacy. I call for ze strongest perfume. 'Give me ze perfume zat drown ze dead-rat aroma,' I call for. Zey give me zat. I sprinkle near ze grave of ze rat, but I know not which—Mon Dieu!—is ze worse"—

"Go bring it!"

Jacques obeyed. Alexander poured

which—Mon Dieu!—is ze worse"—
"Go bring it!"
Jacques obeyed. Alexander poured
some in his hands. Then he sniffed.
"That's something like," he said, and
applied the same. "Now I know I've
had a shave!"
Jacques drooped. Also he sniffed.
"Alas, monsieur, eet revive zee
memory of zee sad obsequies!"
"None of your woman's perfume for
ne!" said Alexander, getting up and
surveying himself once more in the long
mirror. "And speaking of women—any
good-looking women down in the servants' quarters?" he asked. As he
spoke, he winked. What he intended
to imply was that few women could
resist that combination of him (Alexander) and the perfume. Alexander
had been almost irresistible before, but
now—his leer was devastating.
"Oh, monsieur!" cried the shocked
Jacques. "Monsieur would not look in
the servants' quarters. He would turn
up hees nose at zee women zare."
"Wait till I have a look at 'em!" said
Alexander.

Alexander.

JACQUES leaned against the wall. JACQUES leaned against the wall.

"A monstaire!—a devastating monstaire!" he thought. Pelton had been right. A 'uman-tiger, that's what the visitor was. And now he was getting ready to devastate the servants' quarters! A shiver ran down Jacques' back. The sweet Marguerite—the laundress—and the idol of Jacques' heart!—would she be sacrificed to this insatiable monster—this Minotaur?

"Zee women, in zee servants' quarters,

"Zee women, in zee servants' quarters, zey are all hideous," murmured Jacques.
"Then I won't waste any time," said Alexander. "Unless they're big like this—" He put out his arms.
Jacques' heart leaped hopefully. His sweetheart was petite—the littlest creature. He began to skip around once more. Not his to worry about Cook, a three-hundred-pounder—
"And now, if monsieur would kindly discard zee gorgeous dressing-gown?" "Take this off!"

"How can monsieur dress for zee dinnaire unless he discard him?" Jacques blithely.

A LEXANDER heaved a sigh; like-wise, he heaved off his beautiful tutterfly robe. As he stood in the newfound union suit Pelton had managed to provide, Jacques chirped with new approval. Never had he valeted for a finer put-up gentleman!—or monster. True, he was terrifically odorous, but that, after all, was a matter of taste. If he preferred to reek with that anti-dote to lifeless-rodent aroma, was it not his own concern? Jacques was a true Frenchman in his belief in the per-

not his own concern? Jacques was a true Frenchman in his belief in the per-sonal-liberty idea. Every one to his taste! Monsieur was a free agent. So Jacques adjusted a stiff white shirt upon Alexander and held the trousers for him to wedge into. A trousers for him to wedge into. A quarter of an hour or so, and a different Alexander walked up and down. His face showed approval. That butterfly gown was beautiful, no doubt, and becoming to him; but this garb, too, had its advantages. It "showed off" Alexander's superb athletic contours. In that other garb, one looked more at the butterflies.

Alexander's superb athletic contours. In that other garb, one looked more at the butterflies.

"My, what fine shoes!" True, they pinched Alexander's toes, but what mattered that? They were so shiny. One could gaze and gaze at them. Alexander did. He stuck out his feet and surveyed them from different angles. He was thus agreeably occupied when Pelton again looked in.

"Dinner is served, sir!"

"Dinner?" Alexander had, shortly before, demolished a pork-pie, but he displayed marked interest in Pelton's announcement. "Where do I eat?"

"H'I will lead the way," said Pelton haughtily. And then, as if to explain his own condescension: "'Er lady-ship's orders!"

CHAPTER XI.

Prestidigitation

Prestidigitation

PELTON ushered Alexander into the library, the former apparently suffering, en route, for he sniffed hard and breathed harder.

"Great 'eavens! w'ot h'am I a-usherin' into 'er ladyship's presence!"

Her ladyship, reclining in a large chair, looked up at Alexander's entrance.

"Oh, what a charming fragrance!" she observed languidly. "Charming!" Pelton nearly exploded, but managed, somehow, to efface himself.

nimself.
"Mad! Stark mad!" he confided to
Jane. "'Ere he comes down, smellin'
like a pestilence, and her elevates her
delicate nostrils and says: ''Ow charmin!"

in'!"

"Not mad, I call it," answered Jane.
"I has my theory. Once I saw a play, and in it a lady falls in love with a donkey, and she acted that foolish, aticklin' of 'is long ears, I could 'ardly hold in. But she couldn't 'elp it, poor thing, 'cause she'd had a love-potion. My theory is: He's give her a love-potion."

"Bless my 'eart!" cried the startled

"And she can't help a-lovin' him! That's the secret of the 'old he has on

her."
But Pelton shook his head. "H'I'm stickin' to the crime theory!"

MEANWHILE, her ladyship, in the library, was examining Alexander with a critical and astonished eye. "Stand still!" Alexander obeyed. "Wonderful!" said the lady. Alexander held himself with the ease of one to the manner born. He even shoved a hand negligently in his trousers pocket and leaned with careless grace against the mantel.

pocket and leaned with careless grace against the mantel.

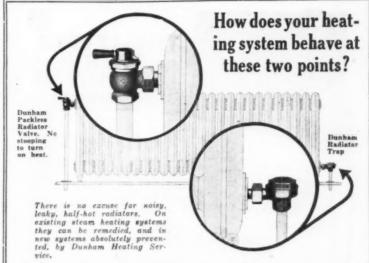
"Wonderful!" repeated the lady once more. "Don't move."

Alexander found pleasure in obeying. "I could never had believed it!"

Then she heaved a sigh. "A perfect prototype of one of Du Maurier's perfect masculine drawing-room creations!"

Alexander shifted to a supplementation of the supplementation of the

Alexander shifted to a new posture



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of grace, leaning the other arm against the mantel and shoving the other hand in his trousers pocket.

"Well, of course, I'll believe anything after this," she murmured. "What a pity the illusion will have to be dis-

"What's that?" said Alexander. As he spoke, he moved partly across the room. The lady noticed his stride(tight shoes!) was no longer bold and devastating. He didn't knock over any chairs, or upset and ruin priceless vases. He negotiated the distance between the mantel and the table safely. Having progressed thus far, Alexander leaned with one hand on the table and the other

with one hand on the table and the other on his hip.

Another perfect Du Maurier heropose! To continue to regard Alexander was almost as good pastime as turning the pages of an old, and eminently respectable, volume of Punch. Alexander not only did not outwardly offend; he was a positive artistic pleasure. was a positive artistic pleasure.

was a positive artistic pleasure.

"What was I saying?" murmured the lady. "Oh, something about illusions being dispelled later. I was thinking of dinner." She might have added: And the manner in which he would eat it! But she didn't. Sufficient unto the moment, etc. Why disturb the perfect spell of the moment? Why not enjoy Alexander—though briefly—when one could? Let Pelton wait, out there, in the dining-room! Let the soup get a bit cold! Discipline had been thrown to the winds anyhow.

cold! Discipline had been thrown to the winds anyhow.

"How do you like ny gown?" she asked of Alexander.

He contemplated her. It was a "dream," and the lady's perfect shoulders and arms completed a dazz-

shoulders and arms completed a dazzling picture.

"All right!" he said. Perfect nonchaiance! No true Britisher could have surveyed that enticing vision with greater lethargy. In the presence of attractions like unto those of Hebe, Alexander seemed to suffer from coma or a stroke of mental paralysis. What could have been more perfectly high-bred? The lady clapped her hands.

"Wonderful!" she said for the third time. And Alexander didn't even ask what was wonder at. He didn't seem to care. Abserted of curiosity! How his virtues, were piling up! What the lady had previously considered stupidity and ignorance, she now discovered to be insouciance.

to be insouciance.
Insouciance!— Yes, that was it.

Alexander (dressed up!) had the most perfect insouciance in the world.

"Too bad?" she murmured. "But I suppose we'll have to go in! If we don't, Pelton will probably give me notice."

As she spoke she arose. Alexander, divining her action was the signal that they were to eat, negotiated his way, without mishap, to the diningroom door. He didn't enter the room first, either. Perhaps his shoes had begun to pinch worse than ever and therefore his progress was retarded? Or, possibly, her ladyship walked a little more quickly than her wont. Be that as it may, she reached the threshold first and so was enabled to enter the room ahead of Alexander.

If the latter noted this remissness, or want of manners, on her part, he did not speak of it, or reprove her. Perhaps he was considering, more primarily, a tureen of steaming soup which refreshed his vision as he stepped into the noble banqueting-room. A servant had but removed the lid, and the massive proportions of the bowl were reassuring. The lady did not intend to starve him, whatever dire plans and conspiracies were brewing in her brain. Pelton looked after the lady's chair and Alexander sauntered—with in-

Pelton looked after the lady's chair and Alexander sauntered—with insouciance—to his place. He couldn't have done it better, if he had rehearsed for months. He didn't seem overwhelmed at the sight of rare china and massive silver place though his eye did

for months. He didn't seem overwhelmed at the sight of rare china and
massive silver plate, though his eye did
rove toward the soup. But even the
most impervious of men may display
a passing interest in soup, though they
may regard their beautiful hostess as
but a species of china doll. The lady
noticed the glance and did not disapprove. She beamed on Alexander. Even
Pelton, she concluded, would have to
be impressed by that insouciance.
And then, a sudden dread assailed
her. All this was too good to last. Why
had she not thought, in time, to have
the soup cut out? Alexander looked
slightly surprised when he saw Pelton
serve her ladyship first. The lady imagined it was on the point of his tongue
te expostulate, but, fortunately, before
his slow brain had time to formulate
an expression of protest, Pelton had
placed the soup before Alexander. The
lady shuddered. But Alexander

the advantage of the spoon.

The lady shuddered. But Alexander sipped noiselessly.

(To be Continued)

We Aim To Please

To get back to matters that are of more concern to the Cabinet it is admitted that pensions are bound to come admitted that pensions are bound to come in for serious consideration. Last session a committee studied the pension problem for weeks and presented a report that was squelched in half an hour. It came up at an unfortunate moment. The Premier wanted to get away to England, the Governor-General's social train was lying ready to take him to the Woodbine to see the King's Plate run, the speaker had an engagement to fishing and the private members had ran, the speaker had an engagement of of shing and the private members had their indemnity checks in their pockets and could already hear the low sweet call of the cows in the pasture field. and could already hear the low sweet call of the cows in the pasture field. So the pension report was side-tracked. It may be that as a consequence the families of a few wounded soldiers have had to practise something more than wartime thrift. But trifles such as that are never allowed to clog the actions of the truly great. Anyway Hon. Arthur Meighen in a recent speech announced that another committee is to again consider the pension question. And this time there is hope that the report will not run into such a complication of adverse circumstances if it does the voice of Donald Sutherland will be heard in the House—and many another voice besides.

The alien within our gates will also be a fertile topic of consideration. It was promised last session that, if something was not done, the returned soldier was liable to handle the alien per-

sonally. The something was not done and the promise is being kept. And this with the majority of the soldiers still overseas. It is one of the most troublesome matters with which the Union Government has to deal. For some of its own members, such as F. B. Carvell, have ere this lifted up their voices and moaned because the Austrians and Germans were deprived of their votes. Shrieks of anguish may be expected if an attempt is made to deprive them of their jobs. But the returned soldier appears to be making up his mind to that effect. And if he starts out to do it you can see political as well as physical troubles in front of the Government that tries to stop him. Nor can you expect any sane Government to further aggregate matters by giving the enemy aliens back their votes. There is a new Federal Franchise Act coming down. It will replace the Wartimes Franchise Act. But information from well-advised quarters is to the effect that the antialien clauses in it will be strong enough to suit even the Ginger group and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have ample opportunity to continue his remarks regarding the noble qualities of the Germans as a people.

What About Reconstruction?

What About Reconstruction?

ALL the foregoing is in addition to the reconstruction and repatriation work. That is the Government's excuse for continuing to live. What about

these two greatest problems with which any young nation ever wrestled? Aye what? And again, what? Hon. J. A. Calder has gone forth and spoken to a listening public. So have Hon. Sidney Mewburn and Hon. Arthur Meighen and Hon. Frank Carvell. And of course Hon. Wesley Rowell simply must speak once or twice a week. The children cry for him. And when you have heard them all you go back and sit down and again ask yourself: "What?" That is as far as reconstruction is concerned. You finally conclude that reconstruction is far as reconstruction is concerned. You inally conclude that reconstruction is evolution under another name and that the country will just blunder back to a peace basis as best it may. The Government might help a little by an early statement of its tariff policy. But how can it do that and keep all the promises it has made?

BUT it is different with repatriation.
That has all been arranged for.
H. J. Daly is looking after that himself. Who is H. J. Daly? He is a "find" of Hon. Gideon Robertson's.
He is a Napoleon of industry and organization—his press agents say so. He also owns and operates a departmental store in Ottawa. Incidentally he is a director of repatriation, and while he is not operating the store he will gently take three or four hundred thousand Canadian soldiers by the hands and lead them into the peaceful paths of civilian life. That looks like a large order for a small man. But Mr. Daly is not a small man except in a physical way. Also he keeps a most complete staff of press agents, any one of whom will tell you that repatriation is safe in the hands of H. J. Daly. They have told it to the Government. The Government believes it. It has heaved a great sigh of relief and exclaimed: "Thank heaven that problem is solved!"

The New Napoleon

The New Napoleon
YES it was Hon. Gideon Robertson
who discovered Mr. Daly. That is
Gideon's lifework. When Sir Robert
Borden went down to Welland he picked
up a more or less obscure official of the
Telegraphers' Union and made him first
a Senator and then Minister of Labor.
You perhaps wondered what the object a Senator and then Minister of Labor. You perhaps wondered what the object of it all was. You've kept on wonder-ing as you watched Gideon wrestling with statesmanship. But you know now that the clear-headed Borden was even at this early date solving the prob-lems of repatriation. He was discov-ering Gideon that Gideon might discover H. J. Daly.

NOW be warned and don't take the above list of activities as a schedule that Parliament will work to. It will vary of its own accord. Moreover, that Parliament will work to. It will vary of its own accord. Moreover, there are influences that will furnish other variations and even discords. There are somewhere between 900 and 9,000 orders-in-council that have been sorted out. Most of them go into the discard. But some of them come along to be transformed into regular laws. And when they do you'll hear Col. J. A. Currie and many another besides say things about that order-in-council machine that may start an argument. And when they do you'll hear Col. J. A. Currie and many another besides say things about that order-in-council machine that may start an argument. Then some one will get' curious as to Victory bonds that were taxless but not commissionless. That will start W. J. Kennedy of North Essex making remarks—and again others will join in the conversation. Some day someone will mention daylight saving. That will bring Uncle Billy Smith to his feet. He will use a few well-placed words that will start a regular farmers' tornado.

As a matter of fact almost anything may happen in this session — except dissolution. They've all resolved to carefully avoid going that far. And if this Government has as much political brains as James Calder is said to carry under its hat it will encourage conversation on almost everything before it gets to its real troubles, the tariff and the aliens. For a talked-out House is easier to handle.

and the aliens. For a talked-out House is easier to handle. How long will the session last? Well a Cabinet Minister figures it at four months. So you can throw in a couple more months for contingencies and hope that the rural members will be home in time to help in with the harvest.

hocolate-a food

T is now universally admitted that chocolate is a food—a sustaining

During the war millions of tons of chocolate were sent to the Front.

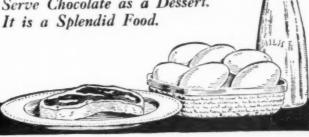
Our Canadian soldiers early found that eating chocolate was not only pleasing to the taste, but restored vitality and gave renewed energy.

Brigadier-General L. W. Waller of the U.S. Marines, referring to the food value of chocolate, said-

"I never went into a campaign without chocolaic. I always have a few cakes in my haversack when I go into action. Men fight like the devil on chocolate. Seasoned soldiers take it on the march with them."

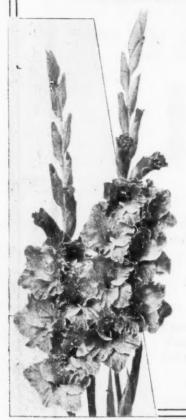
It is a matter of actual scientific demonstration that one pound of chocolate produces the same amount of body-building nutriment as six eggs, a pint of milk and one pound of steak.

As a ready, nourishing and sustaining food, chocolate is unequalled. Serve Chocolate as a Dessert.



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Spring Garden Planning

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Grow More---Consume Less---This Year

POOD is the only effective weapon to combat famine as Hoover has pointed out, and it is just as important this year as in 1916, '17 and '18, for Canadians to continue their home garden production. Don't think you can slacken off because the armistice was signed last November. Freight cars are scarce, ships are scarce, labor is scarce—therefore there will be a world shortage of food in 1919.

There are two ways of augmenting the world's food supply—by growing more food, and by using wisely and economically the food actually produced. Grow more—consume less—that will solve this year's problem.

economically the food actually produced. Grow more—consume less—that will solve this year's problem.

Labor may be more plentiful for the harvesting, but for the spring we shall have to get along without the services of the vast army of Canadian farmers, and farmers' sons, which we hope will be back from the battle-fields by August or September.

or September.

As a result of the scarcity of labor, commercial gardeners must, of necessity, grow those things which require little hand labor. For this reason smaller vegetables will have to be grown in home gardens if our country is to be well supplied.

For reasons of supply and demand, as well as those of the pocket-book, vege-tables must largely take the place of meat in our diet this year. Many of us have enjoyed this limiting of the meat ration, and have profited in more ways

than one.

So, plan to have your garden this year, whether small or large. Raise only the tried things of known value, and be sure to plant those things you and your family enjoy most. That gets the whole family interested, and distributes whatever burden may be involved. Grow some favorite vegetable for each member, and then you'll notice that these vegetables are not so liable to suffer from neglect.

PLAN YOUR GARDEN INTELLIGENTLY

By R. Laird Briscoe

THE months of February and March are those when most Canadians who intend to have gardens during the present year are studying the seed catalogs. This is one of the best ways to get information and if you discuss various types with your neighbor, and talk over types with your neighbor, and talk over your problems with him you will be able to make up your seed list and get your seeds early. Give the seedsman plenty of time to put up your order and in this way you will be running less danger of securing mixed or poor seeds.

Plan your garden just as you would plan your business—intelligently. With

plan your business—intelligently. With a plan which is well worked out some little time ahead, your garden will be found to run much more smoothly than if you left everything until the inspiration of the final moment. In Canada many plants must be started in the greenhouse, hot-bed or window, if you are to have the earliest plants for the garden. The first requisite for good seed germination, aside from seed of good quality, is a good seedbed. This is obtained by mixing a soil that is fine, friable, and reasonably rich, a soil that will not pack hard when it is watered, and one that is not too loose and open, or that will dry out quickly. or that will dry out quickly.
This type of soil may be purchased

from the florist or it may be procurable from some vacant lot, or woods, in your locality. It should be composed of garden soil, leaf mold and sand, well sifted and mixed together.

The method of sowing the seed will vary with the kind that is planted. Very often seed such as calcular personners, and

ory with the kind that is planted. Very often seed, such as celery, pansy and petunia, should be just barely covered with soil. A cigar-box or flower-pot is very useful for this purpose. The soil should be free from sticks, stones and small clods of earth. Do not pack it hard. The seed may be sown broadcast or, as a rule, a better plan may be to make a shallow trench, depending on the size of the seed, and sow in rows. Celery seed is frequently scattered over the top of the ground, or scattered in trenches and pressed into the soil. A piece of tissue-paper may be placed over this and watered. Sometimes a dampeloth may be laid to good purpose on the soil, to keep it moist until the seed germinates.

soil, to keep it moist until the seed germinates.

The watering of the seed is important. The soil should be in the very best of condition when put into whatever box or pot is being used and where coarser seeds are used a fine rose on the watering can should be used to distribute the water coarse, which water the seeds are used to distribute the

water evenly without washing.
Seeds that may be started in March
for transplanting to hotbeds, are celery
pansies, verbenas and lettuce, and any other slow germinating or slow growing seed varieties

SWEET PEAS, EVER **POPULAR**

By Scott I. Duthey

THE Sweet Pea is one flower which

THE Sweet Pea is one flower which will never lose its popularity with Canadians. It is a general favorite, both for the reason it is very easy to grow, and also because when it has attained its bloom many people believe that there is no flower which, in beauty and fragrancy, can excel it.

There are two methods of handling Sweet Peas. One is to sow the seed in pots in the greenhouse sometime during March—preferably the early part of the month—and after a hardening process set the plant out as soon as the weather becomes favorable. The other is to sow directly into rows out of doors, just as soon as the ground can be worked Either method will give good results, but where a green house or other accommodation for pots is available, experts assert that the former is to be preferred. When starting indoors several seeds are sown in a 4 in. pot. These are later thinned out to one plant, of course always selecting the strongest. The soil used should not contain too much fertilizing value or the plant will respond with an undesirably heavy growth. The primary object to seek is to get a well-established root with a minimum of top growth. These pots should be placed in a cool greenhouse or frame and the night temperature should never exceed 50°. If sown early in March, about April 1 the hardening-off process can be started. It should be gradual but thorough, and ought to take from three to four weeks, in order to be on the safe side.

The trenches outside should be well prepared and it is not enough to the proper to the safe side.

The trenches outside should be well prepared and it is not enough just to dig under a little manure. The soil the plants are to grow in must be lavishly rich; this is the big factor in the pro-







duction of Sweet Peas. The best way to prepare the ground is to dig trenches 2 feet deep, placing the top soil at one side of the trench and the bottom soil at the other. Then place several inches of well-rotted manure in the bottom, and over this put about 6 in. of soil into which has been worked a quantity of bone meal—for example, about a 6 in. pot full to a row 25 ft. lone, and about twice the amount of lime as of bone meal. Then put in a few inches of manure and again the same soil mixture. Leaf mold is also excellent for Leaf mold is also excellent for

ture. Lear mold is also excellent for this purpose.

Don't set the plants too deep; in fact, the ball of earth around the roots should be practically flush with the ground. Always break the bottom of the ball of roots which has formed in the pot so as the given the roots a quick start. The to give the roots a quick start. The plants should be watered immediately after planting, to settle the earth around the roots.

The method of preparing the trench The method or preparing the trench for direct sowing out of doors is exactly the same, only when filling the trench it may be finished about 4 in. from the level of the surrounding soil. The seeds level of the surrounding soil. The seeds can then be sown broadcast, but be careful to not sow too thickly; the resultant ful to not sow too thickly; the resultant crowding would then prevent a healthy growth. The seeds may be covered to a depth of 2 in. to 4 in. Label each color and variety separately so that you will know the names of those you prefer. And don't neglect to thin out the young plants to about 2 in. apart. For support good birch brush or 2 in. poultry wire is about the best thing procurable.

KEEP IT UP, SAYS HORTI-**CULTURAL SOCIETY**

CREATER food production, through the growing of vegetables, was the greatest work undertaken by the Horticultural Societies of the Province last year, according to Thos. D. Dockray, president of the Ontario Horticultural

president of the Ontario Horticultural Society, who addressed the thirteenth annual convention of the society at its opening session in Foresters' Hall.

Mr. Dockray went on to review the manner in which various branches of the society had encouraged gardening among the school children. In communities where there was a Horticultural Society, a large amount of success for greater production was assured.

Varieties of Vegetables Recom-mended For Home Garden

ball, rv, Early-White Plume, Paris Golden

Yellow.
Celery, Late-Giant Pascal.
Corn, Sweet-Bantam, Crosby, Stowell Ever-

green. umbers Chicago Pickling, White Spine

Corn, Sweet—Bantam, Crossy, Stowell Evergreen.
Cucumbers—Chicago Pickling, White Spine,
Davis Perfect.
Eggpant—New York Purple and Black Beauty,
Endive—Green Curled and Batavian.
Horse Radish Roots.
Kaie—Dwarf and Tall Curled Scotch.
Kohl-Rabi—Vienna.
Lettuce, Leaf—Grand Rapids, Black Seeded
Simpson, Seiceted Nonpareil.
Lettuce, Head—Big Boston, Hanson.
Muskmelon—Montreal, Early Hackensack.
Onion—Red, Yellow and White Globe.
Onion Sets—Any color or kind.
Parsnip—Hollow Crown, Guernesy.
Parsley—Moss Curled.
Peas, Early—Thomas Laxton, Marvel, Blue
Bantam.
Peas, Late—Telephone, Champion of England
Peppers—Bell, Ruby King, Cayenne,
Potatoes—Early Ohio, Irish Cobbler.
Pumukins—Long or Japanese Pie.
Radish—Searlet Globe, Icicle.
Radishes, Winter—Long and Round Black
Sunnish.
Rubbarb Roots—Victoria.
Rutabaga—Purple Top, Swede, Canadian Gem.
Salsify—Sandwich Island.
Swinsch—Long Standing, Bloomsdale.
Saussh, Summer—Scallon, Crookneck
Soussh, Winter—Hubbard.
Swiss Chard—Lucullus.
Tometoes, Late—Stone,
Turnios—Purple Top, Egg.
Watermelons—Tom Watson, Cole's Early, Early,
Watermelons—Tom Watson, Cole's Early, Early

Baer.
Tomotocs, Late—Stone.
Turnips—Purpis Top. Egg.
Watermelons—Tom Watson, Cole's Early, Early
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LET THE PRESTON MINERAL SPRIV.

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ward stands the town of Heppeler, with its great woollen milis
peler is "idylwiid," a beautiful routic picnicking park, owned
Three miles west of Preston, on the banks of the Grand River,
miles east of Preston is Fusilinch Lake, where sailing, boating,
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—the millionaire can't buy better paint anywhere.
—and the man who owns the humble cottage can't save money any surer way than with MAPLE LEAF.

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The Best Seller

N "Three Times and Out" (Thomas

In "Three Times and Out" (Thomas Allen) Mrs. McClung tells the story of Private Simmons of the 7th Battalion, 1st Division, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, from his capture on the 24th April, 1915, to his escape from Germany in August, 1916.

To the wounded prisoners the rough treatment as they were taken through Belgium to the prison camp at Giessen made the journey a nightmare of horror. But Pte. Simmons does not dwell on his own sufferings; it is the rough treatment meted out to his fellow prisoners, whose plight was often worse than his, whose plight was often worse than his, that fills him with pity and dismay. The guards seem to delight in every device calculated to add to the discomfort of their unfortunate captives and to eventually break their spirit. That is the whole idea: the poor, underfed, over-worked bodies are belabored and broken in a desire to reach the unquenchable spirit. Having witnessed the torturing of some Russians who showed rebellion at being forced to work on farms for long hours without sufficient food, and having seen those same men return to work with vacant faces and tottering

naving seen those same men return to work with vacant faces and tottering feet, spent in mind and body, Simmons is more than ever determined to escape.

Twice he makes the attempt, only to be recaptured and subjected to further vindictiveness for his temerity.

To those who have read "The Escape of a Princess Pat.," by George Pearson, Mrs. McClung's account of Private Simmons' adventure with Sergeant Edwardes, during the third and successful attempt to escape, will come as a "Twice Told Tale," but for all who may take a legal delight in testing the truth of an adventurous tale by comparing the accounts of the different participants in the same adventure there is here a distinct opportunity.

Record of New Books FICTION

FICTION

The Tin Soldier. Temple Bailey. (Copp. Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, \$1.50). The story is the answer to the question—should a promise to the dead stand between a man and his patriotism at the time of his country's need?

Minniglen. Agnes & Egerton Castle. (Copp. Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, \$1.50). Tells of the complicated love affair of a spirited English society girl and the young laird of Minniglen. The Man Nobody Knew. Holworthy Hall. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50). Tells of a man to whom modern surgery gave a new face, the old one being almost carried away by shrapnel. He returns home as a stranger and begins a new life which leads to unusual complications and finally to a satisfactory conclusion.

The Curious Quest. E. Philips Oppenheim. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50). An unusual plot of which the scenes are laid in London before the war. It tells of the adventures of Mr. Ernest Bliss, a young millionaire who makes a bet that he can start out with a five-pound note and live for a year on what he can earn.

The Roll-Call. Arnold Bennett. (McClelland & Clelland & Clelland

earn.

The Roll-Call. Arnold Bennett. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).

Tells of George Cannon's rise from
obscurity to fame, of his marriage to
a strange girl and of another girl
whose existence leads to complications.

tions.

Shops and Houses. Frank Swinnerton.
(McClelland & Stewart, Toronto,
\$1.50). A humorous picture of smalltown snobbishness, telling of modern
life in an English suburban town.

Dr. Paul. Ethel Penman Hope. (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, \$1.50).
The romance of a young physician
and his former fiancée who, unknown
to him, becomes his housekeeper. The tions.

tangle is finally straightened out to everyone's satisfaction and the story brought to a doubly happy conclusion. Kiddies. J. J. Bell. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, \$1.50). The many friends of "Wee MacGreegor," will enjoy this story, which is written mainly around that interesting character. The Common Cause. Samuel H. Adams. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.40). A story of easy-going Americanism slowly waking to the force and danger of pro-German intrigue.

slowly washing to the force and danger of pro-German intrigue.

Simister House. Leland Hall. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). A mystery story, telling of a man and woman passionately in love, but haunted by the sinister spirit of the man's former wife, that broods over the old house by the river. wife, that broods over the old house by the river.

The Apartment Next Door. Wm. John-

ston. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). A story of German con-spiracy in the United States, telling of their audacious plans of destruction and the ingenious ways in which they were thwarted. ho Cares? Cosmo Hamilton.

were thwarted.

Who Cares? Cosmo Hamilton.

(Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.50). A story of adolescence, telling of the adventures of a boy and girl flung suddenly upon their own resources, buying their own experiences and coming through it all unscathed.

Buck. Being some Account of his Rise in the Great City of Chicago. Charles D. Stewart. (Thomas Allen, Toronto, \$1.60). Tells of a hustling, bighearted son of the Middle West, who comes to Chicago from his Indiana University with nothing but the knack of making friends everywhere and of lighting always on his feet.

The Solitary House. E. R. Punshon. (Oxford University Press, Toronto, \$1.50). An exciting story of crime, mystery and romance, for which the deserted house in the gloomy woods forms a suitable setting.

Java Head. Joseph Hergesheimer. (Oxford University Press, Toronto, \$1.50. An unusual and intriguing story which has already scored a big success.

The White Rook. J. B. Harris-Burland.

success.

The White Rook. J. B. Harris-Burland.
(Oxford University Press, Toronto,
\$1.35). Tells of a beautiful woman
married to a distinguished but dis-\$1.55). Iells of a beautiful woman married to a distinguished but disagreeable man very much her senior, whose sudden death creates a sensation and a mystery. There is also a besieged fortress (Indian), an overbearing peer, and a mysterious Chinaman to contribute to the excitement of the story.

Moon of Israel. H. Rider Haggard. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50). A book giving a colorful picture of life in ancient Egypt as it was known to the wealthy and high-born. The love interest of the tale is furnished by its heroine, a Hebrew lady named Merapi, Moon of Israel.

The Tezan. James B. Hendryx. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.25). A story of the cattle country and the mountains—of red-blooded men and brave women.

brave women.

Sir Isumbras at the Ford. D. K. Broster.
(William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.25). A
romance which includes a description

romance which includes a description of the expedition which, in 1795—as in 1914—left Southampton to fight in France.

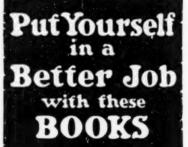
Past As the Wind. Nat Gould. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50). A story of horses and racing, in which the mystery of a past crime and a prison escape are interwoven to make an exciting narrative.

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lue Aloes. Cynthia Stockley. (William Briggs, Toronto, \$1.50). A book
conveying the fierce charm of Africa
that Africa which forms such a citing narrative ue Aloes. Cynt spacious background for the drama of

big deeds.
nat's Me All Over, Mable. E. Street That's Me All Over, Mable. E. Streeter.
(William Briggs, Toronto, 75c). Here we have Bill's final letters from camp and transport which form a suitable sequel to "Dere Mable."





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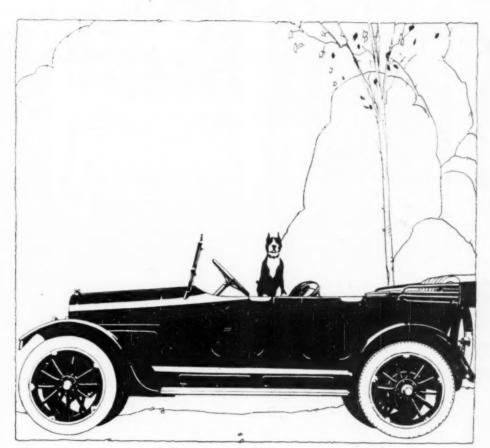
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The Color Idea in Home Decoration

THEN we think of color as a

HEN we think of color as a means of expressing an idea—exhilaration, restfulness, warmth, coolness, irritation, we begin to see the wonderful possibilities of creating an atmosphere in our homes by a carefully thought out scheme of decoration.

Beginning with the primary colors, yellow, blue and red, and shading out to all their various tones and combinations, every color tone has a distinct "temperamental" quality of its own.

Yellow is more than any other color, like the sun or artificial light, and just as light brings cheer into a darkened room, so yellow entering into any color scheme introduces a feeling of light, cheer, buoyancy and life. It is therefore especially good for poorly lighted rooms or rooms with a northern exposure. This does not mean that a perfectly full, intense, brilliant yellow should be used, but a color tone in which yellow is the dominating element. Buff, cream, lemon, ecru and even some shades yellow is the dominating element. Buff, cream, lemon, ecru and even some shades of fawn come under this head, but beware of mustard shades. In paints and other finishes most colors go on darker and stronger than they appear in the sample, the exception being the light shades of fawn.

sample, the exception being the light shades of fawn.

Blue is a non-aggressive color usually cool and restful and varying in its different shades from the blue of the sky on the lake on a summer day to the cold blue of ice or the sky on a winter night. It is an excellent antidote to tone down the vivid yellows and reds, and may be used in combination with these, especially with yellow, for example a soft blue wall-paper with light oak woodwork. Such a combination as these, when it is good, is what artists call a harmony of contrast. In using blue for a bedroom it may verge on the "baby blues." For a living-room or diningroom look for soft or old blues or those with a shade of gray or green.

Red is a masterful color, suggesting either warmth or irritation. It also, because it seems to reach one's consciousness more on wickly then blue

either warmth or irritation. It also, because it seems to reach one's consciousness more quickly than blue, makes the walls appear nearer, or makes the room look smaller. The skilful use of red brings out a quality of warmth and hospitality especially de-

sirable in a cold north room, but if you sirable in a cold north room, but if you desire much red in a room use a gray or white, even a dull gold wall, and put the red in the rug, curtains, or furniture coverings. The same may be said of rose which is beautiful for draperies or coverings with gray or white walls, but too strong for a whole room.

GREEN is not only yellow and blue combined, but light and coolness, cheer and repose. It is a color both restful to the eyes and soothing to the nerves, and as some of the modern soft tapestry papers show in their blur of gray-green foliage with touches of yel-low, brown, blue, gold or pink, it can be used with a wide variety of colors. Red and green, however, are extremely diffi-cult to use together.

Orange, a combination of red and yel-low, is an extremely difficult color to live with, as it arouses all the qualities of light, heat, cheer, irritation and of light, heat, cheer, irritation and vitality, destroying anything restful unless it is well toned down by counterbalancing colors and used on small areas; its accessory hues run into bright browns and buffer and buffer and the second seco browns, red buffs and many wood colors. In combining any of the bright, aggressive colors with the dull or neutral tones, it is well to remember that in a dullcolored room a few bright notes give character, but in a strongly colored room, a few dull notes would be lost.

roaracter, but in a strongly colored room, a few dull notes would be lost.

Purple, a product of red and blue cannot be said to express the combined qualities of these two colors. It has always been used with a mystic significance by the church and suggests mourning, shade and dignity. In Poe's poem, "The Raven," where the bird of ill-omen comes to haunt him with memories of Lenore, the repeated mention of "the curtain's violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er" is not the least effective of the influences that go to create the general melancholy atmosphere of the room. Purple in its varying shades of violet, mauve, "London smoke," "elephant's breath," etc., is too depressing to be used extensively in home decoration. Its only place would be in draperies and coverings in a very formal parlor.

A COLOR scheme doesn't mean having a room done entirely in one color, even in varying shades of one color—a decoration of this kind would be likely to be both monotonous and uninteresting, but a color scheme does require that the room shall be "keyed" to a certain color, any other colors that are introduced being subordinated to this keyed idea. The home decorator who can use the unexpected or accidental color idea at the right time and place can add infinitely to the charm and in terest of a room. These accidental notewill be brought out best in little touches in furniture coverings, rugs, curtains or

can add infinitely to the charm and in terest of a room. These accidental note-will be brought out best in little touches in furniture coverings, rugs, curtains or in wall paper borders.

Because the walls of a room make the background for furniture, pictures, even for people, they must be kept quiet in both color tone and pattern. It is a fundamental and final principle that "backgrounds must be less intense in color than objects which are to be effectively shown on them," and anyone knows the distracting effect of showy patterns. There are certain wall-paper designs and patterns too which are actually disturbing in themselves. I have in mind a paper in a bedroom showing on every square foot of wall space a little brown jungle of bulrushes, half-hiding the figure of a man pointing a gun. It was enough to quite spoil the sleep of a sensitive soul. More common and almost equally tiring are the large floral designs that might give the impression of bunches of roses being thrown at one from every direction. On a very fine quality of paper for a living-room or den I have seen the picture of a smouldering grate with a red parrot perched above it and the whole half blurred with smoke fumes. The contrasting grey and red colors might have been used very well if say the walls had been gray with touches of red in hangings and coverings, but the whole picture repeated monotonously all over the walls was most distressing. The smoky fumes seemed to give the room a stuffy, suffocating air and there are times when no one wants to be surrounded by a few scores of parrots. It is a pretty safe rule that the less pattern we have on a wall the better, and where





One of the beauties of the style of home decorating popular to-day is the appreciation of the charm of a restful background. Mention MacLean's Magazine-It will identify you.

a pattern is used as in a border or panel-ing, the conventional designs are usually the conventional designs are usually better than even a simple floral pattern. The tapestry papers where a mass of foliage is woven into a soft blur in delicate or rather neutral tints, are of ourse eventions to this rule.

cate or rather neutral tints, are of ourse, exceptions to this rule. Another law to be considered in a fecorative scheme is to keep the tarkest colors nearest the floor, working up to the lighter tones in the ceiling. This is natural and reasonable, since the sky is lighter than the faraway hills, and the hills lighter than the surrounding country farther below the horizon.

horizon.

It is not enough, in decorating a home, to think of each room separately. The house should be thought of as a whole with regard to the vistas we may get from one room to another. It is not necessary to have all the wall papers match, or even be the same in tone, but all must be considered together. Either harmony or contrast may be attractive. all must be considered together. Either harmony or contrast may be attractive, but an unrelated treatment of rooms that naturally group themselves together is almost as jarring as if the two treatments were used in the one room. If a house is very small keep it as much in one tone as possible, even with one paper all over the lower floor. Variety can be had in different draperies and furniture.

To make your home your own, ex-pressing your own individual idea of beauty and fitness, you must work out your own plan of decoration. Some of beauty and fitness, you must work out your own plan of decoration. Some combinations that may be used with an endless number of variations are: Soft brown walls, darker brown rug, buff or tan ceiling with touches of yellow and old blue in hangings and coverings; gray-green or bronze-green for a room of warm or cool exposure, with bits of mulberry or yellow in borders and hangings; gray walls with a warm red in curtains and rugs; blue-gray walls with silver and peacock blue and perhaps a little pale yellow in hangings and rugs; gray (or ivory for a bedroom) with old rose; soft Dutch blue or gray-blue walls with light oak woodwork, a treatment that is particularly good in a room with a buff brick fireplace. The new tapestry papers can be had in many combinations of color blurred together and softened by some neutral many combinations of color blurred together and softened by some neutral tone so that no one color intrudes, but that the whole is keyed to some shade of tan, ecru, fawn, soft blue, blue-gray, gray-green or one of the many shades of brown; and in these papers we always find some touch of brightening colorpink, rose, yellow, even peacock blue, or red, which gives a cue to introducing a live touch of color in hangings, rugs and furniture coverings. furniture coverings.

The Demobilization of the Woman Army

By LOUISA W. PEAT
Author of "Tanda," "Sayonara," "The White Feather,"
"Mrs. Private Peat."

HE more I study the title of my article, the longer I think about it, the more certain I am that in a

The woman's army cannot be demobilized. It is a working army, an army of qualified labor, and essential to the continuance of the world's trade, it is necessary to the ouilding up of new enterprises.

ouilding up of new enterprises.

No; it cannot be demobilization as a nighting force is demobilized, but it can be remodelling, readjustment to new spheres and conditions of work, that is certainly the truer sense of my subject.

We women assumed work—our reward or our punishment, which you will, is that we continue, continue indefinitely, not "three years or the duration," but for all time. Not we alone, but our daughters and our daughters' daughters. How to make this alteration and do this remodelling, that is the question and a vital question of the moment.

There are ten million widows, mothers and children—dependents on the pen-

There are ten million widows, mothers and children—dependents on the pension list of Great Britain. There are, roughly, five million women workers; there are, also roughly, over a million who have taken men's places and are competent in men's jobs. There are about half a million of these women who, until war, never worked before for money, and who now say never again can they return to the accepted dependent life of women, even where no necessity arises for earning a livelihood. And there is, as I understand it, a six million woman vote in England, there is proportionately as large a woman vote in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand.

I only quote figures from the Old Country because they are the largest for the moment. There are the women workers of Canada, of Australia, of South Africa, of India, of America and of France.

What about it? What about what? I hear the question. What about the return of the women from war to peace conditions? What about her readjustment and her reconstruction?

There is an organization already, to a contribution of the readjustment and the reconstruction of the readjustment is the readjustment of the readjustment in the readjustment is the readjustment of the readjustment

There is an organization already, to a certain extent, in being for the readjustment of the boys, apart from the homes and such like for those blind and disabled. So far I have only heard of the classification by the Old Country Government of the women who wish to continue working, who must continue, and the woman who does not want to continue. The last named may think so now when she is still living in the grime and dust cast up by war, but when peace is

ratified, when compelling labor ceases, when she is met with that peculiar "lost" feeling of nothing to do, I doubt if any woman who has had four years of fullness, can go back to a morning of desultory house-keeping, an afternoon of social calls, a tennis party, a bridge tea and a conversazione!

I THINK there are four main troubles I THINK there are four main troubles in the organizing of women workers. First, there is our own inaction. We are afraid to make a definite onward move. We fear to test our own initiative. Whether four years of war and four years of responsibility borne alone will have eliminated this fear and firmly solidified our initiative, remains to be seen.

seen.

Second, we, that is the majority of young girls, are too fond of a "good time." It is quite possible to work and have a good time, more, it is possible to work and have a better time. Work does not interfere with recreation. All play and no work is as bad as all work and

not interfere with recreation. All play and no work is as bad as all work and no play.

Third, mothers are to blame largely in placing difficulties in the way of work organization. Mothers want to shelter their girls. Very rightly, to a certain extent, but—remember your daughter is not owned by you. She is a living, sentient, thinking being. She and she only can work out her own salvation, she and she only is responsible to the Divine Mind for that Inner Mind which is she. You have nothing to do with it, hard though it may seem. Mothers "don't" too much. They order and devise and plan and bias. Let the girl develop alone. Help her if you and she think you can. Why should she not choose a career as does her brother?

What is William going to be?"

"What is Edna going to do?"

See, the difference in the questions. William is to make something of himself, to develop and expand, to be. Edna—why Edna has to put in her time somehow till she marries, if she does—if she does not—oh, well—

So, will a profession, will work interfere with marriage? No, not after four years of war and a world jolted more or less into common sense. Work fits a girl all the better for marriage; it teaches her to companion her husband. Let her keep her work up when her children are come, it teaches her how to companion her children. No comic paper ever printed a silly joke of a business girl bride purchasing a ten pound

ss girl bride purchasing a ten pound

What the War Has Taught Us About Corsets



EVER in the world's history has any one article of cloth-ing been so prominently brought before the world as an economic force, as has the corset by the part it played in the Great War.

It was demonstrated to the Governments of Europe in the early stages of the conflict that women could not stand the burden of their unaccustomed duties unless they were properly corseted.

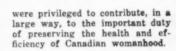
Thousands broke down under the strain of the new work and production suffered. When these same women were put into proper corsets, sickness decreased and in many instances production was practically doubled

From then on, corsets were recognized as an essential in war work.

GOSSARD

Corsets

The Original Front-Lacing, Corsets



Daily it was demonstrated that the correctly corseted woman was cap-able of greater and more sustained effort than her uncorseted or poorly corseted sister. The hygienic body support of a correctly designed and fitted corset kept thou-sands of willing workers well and sustained that splendid woman power that was one of the greatest forces contributing to the con-clusion of a successful peace.

Not only has the war taught every thinking woman the value of cor-rect corseting; it has taught her the wisdom of buying only corsets that are hygienically correct; it has taught her to be fitted carefully and to adjust her corset each time it is worn so she may realize its full benefit and service.

Gossard Corsets are the complete expression of modern corsetry. If possible, the new Spring and Summer corsets are superior to those of the past season which were generally acknowledged to be with-out equal in meeting the needs of active womanhood from the stand-point of comfort, hygiene and

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Before you decide upon your Spring Clothes, you should consult the SPRING FASHION NUMBER of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The ending of the War has caused many changes in Woman's Styles. The severe lines have given way to those more be-coming to Peace times. Months of time have been spent obtaining information concerning models, colors, fabrics and designs that will be becoming and at the same time up-to-date for Canadian Women.

The results are shown in our SPRING FASHION NUMBER. making it the most attractive issue to Women of any magazine ever published in Canada. We do not depend upon Fashions alone, to make the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a valuable magazine for our Women. There are hundreds of other good things in our March Number.

Readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will be sent a sample copy upon request.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

71 Richmond Street West

TORONTO, ONT.

roast for two people, "because mother bought that." The business girl has a trained mind, an expert brain which can be switched in its activity from the things of the store, the office or the studio, to the home and do things by the rule of qualified commonsense.

Someone long ago evolved the mistaken idea that man's brain was superior to ours. It is not, it is only different. The reason of this mistake was because men have accomplished more. Let the question pass—do they?

In new things, if a man accomplishes more, it is because man is willing to try what he has never seen before. The chief reason why he tries new things, sometimes with success, sometimes without, is this—THERE IS NO ONE TO JEER OR LAUGH AT HIS FAIL-URES. On the other hand woman undertaking a new enterprise has had to handle the task, plus combatting the probable ridicule of the male onlooker. Four and a half years of war will have eliminated ridicule. Only the deliberate slacker will dare, and his attempts at his own publicity will not be of long lasting in the company of the men who were "there."

The army of women workers has merely to be changed from an army of

were "there."

The army of women workers has merely to be changed from an army of war rating to one of peace. Each woman who has worked for the freeing of the world, must continue in the work

WE women are on our own merits now. W in England, as I have said, there are some six million women voters, women can sit in the House of Commons, which can sit in the House of Commons, which is the prime ruling centre, a bill is being passed opening all professions to women. No longer can we have the excuse that men held us out of the better professions. They did, but that day is done. Uranus is in the ascendant, the star of woman—the woman-age is here—are we worth?

We have to find new work—the world.

We have to find new work-the world We have to find new work—the world is our field. We must go out and look for ourselves. For generations we have seen things which we wanted and urged men to get them for us. It was never satisfactory. If we do not accomplish for ourselves, we will never have the best things of life.

The world is woman's working field—every profession is open, every career

The world is woman's working field—every profession is open, every career possible. Parents must give the girls equal chances with the boys, properties must be willed fairly. All this is good,

but before a near approach to satisfaction is attained one very particular readjustment has to be made. The married woman, who is housekeeper, mother, and wife must be salaried also. She must be recompensed, not in cash for wifehood or motherhood—love can only repay the agonies and joys of both, but for the manual labor, the mental effort attendant on those. The successful homemaker has as great right to a separate payment as has the successful stenographer. Because the man receives the pay envelope is no reason why the money should be all his. The good and capable wife of a successful man earns as great a part of that salary or that income as but before a near approach to satisfac a part of that salary or that income as does the man himself. The half is hers, hers to do with as she likes—pay her share from it into the common exchequer of living and spend her pocketmoney as she see fit.

chequer of living and spend her pocketmoney as she see fit.

THESE things are in the years, for
the immediate need prompt action
will avert many a disaster, avoid many
a tragedy. "Back to the land" is a cry
doubly of moment now, and "back to the
land" will appeal to many of the
demobilizing woman army. There are
vast tracts of unbroken country, teeming with richness, in Canada, Australia,
Africa; there are hungry multitudes to
be fed, there are scores of qualified, efficient women, young, muscular. trained
to the last point of physical fitness in
over four years of war; full of endurance, full of ambition—who of Canada's
women is going to be first to establish
a woman's farm? A woman, or women
of means, or a women's club, to acquire
property—a half dozen trained women
farmers, a few foresters, a few tractor
drivers, a veterinary, an electrician, a
plumber, a few carpenters—they are all
to be had—working thereon, and then a
profit to be shared.

The matter after all seems simple.
The land is there, the market is assured,
the women eager to help their fellow
women, all that remains is the establishment of a deputy, a someone who
can intercede between the parties, approach the right women workers, arrange the details of finance, fix business
matters with speed and accumen, and
bring to the returning women soldiers
of industry a story of hard work 'tis
true, but one also of broad acres, swelling wheat lands, health, energy, vitality, happiness, hope, harmony and accomplishment.

Candy a Wholesome Food

ONE of the extravagances which the ONE of the extravagances which the food economist has always held before us is our wasteful tendency to spend a large share of our food money on sugar and sweet stuffs instead of upon plainer and supposedly more wholesome articles in the diet list. In reality however, roughly speaking, a pound of sugar has about the same number of calories or heat units as a pound of wheat flour, a pound of fresh meat or a pound of rice, and within the limits of its ready digestibility—that is up to one-quarter of a pound a day—is more quickly absorbed and cleanly burned than any of them. And it is no mere whim or blind self-indulgence which has sent up our sugar consumption from a few pounds to nearly eighty pounds per capita per annum, but a second appreciation of a value ble food

tion from a few pounds to nearly eighty pounds per capita per annum, but a sound appreciation of a valuable food to increase our national horse-power. Dr. Hutchison says: "It is interest-ing to note that the English give sugar to their blood horses in order to sus-tain them in their tests. To Swiss guides and Arctic explorers too, the value of such a saccharine food as chocolate has long been familiar. It was not until the year 1893, however, that not until the year 1893, however, that Mosso first put the value of sugar as a muscle food to the test of experiment. He was able to show that sugar has a He was able to show that sugar has a notable effect in lessening muscular fatigue, and that its effects are rapidly exerted. This is very clear when we remember that the starch we take in such foods as bread, potatoes, cereals, etc., must be changed to sugar by the digestive system before it can be assimilated or used for body fuel.

The child's craving for sugar is a natural appetite. Children can assimilate more sugar than adults because of their relatively active muscular energy and relatively large body surface for losing heat in proportion to their size. They do not as a rule care for fat meat and prefer sweets as a natural substitute. Good, wholesome candy, made from pure materials and free from injurious colorings and flavorings, is one of the most useful as well as the most attractive forms in which sugar can be given. Most candies contain large quantities of cane sugar with frequently some fats such as butter, nuts and fruits, corn syrup, starch and chocolate. All of these elements are useful foods. The danger of candy injuring the teeth is overcome by proper cleaning of the teeth, a necessary safeguard ing of the teeth, a necessary safeguard under any condition. The lack of sugar is more likely to injure a child's teeth through poor nutrition."

The following recipes will be found most practical for home-made candy:

Soft Cream Candy

2 cups sugar 2/3 cup milk or thin cream 2 tablespoons butter 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Stir sugar and milk over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, then boil without stirring for eight minutes. Add the butter and boil to the soft ball stage or until a little of the mixture dropped into cold water will roll into a soft ball between the fingers. Remove from the fire, add flavoring and beat until

How the Barnet Guards Health



66 OH, if I only could know how my little ones get sick," exclaims the mother. "I choose their food with the greatest care." But the doctor reminds her that choice is not everything. "This child's illness could be caused by nothing else but contaminated food," he says. And he advises her to get a first class refrigerator.

Take milk for instance, the children's most used food, the doctor knows that it is the easiest of all to be contaminated. It is a magnet for dangerous germs. In milk they multiply like wildfire. One disease germ at 68 degrees may breed 357,500 in only 48 hours—and milk, when you get it, is generally 24 to 36 hours old. If you haven't a good refrigerator the milk stands exposed.



Germs thrive best at 80 to 98 degrees Fahrenheit. At 50 degrees rapid growth is checked at once. The temperature in the Barnet Refrigerator is maintained as low as 36 degrees! Surely the health of your precious children justifies such splendid protection against the ever prevalent danger of disease. Think of the doctor's bills you are sure to save!

Germs thrive in dampness. They cannot multiply in dry atmosphere. Food left in damp, humid atmosphere soon moulds and becomes unfit for consumption. Here the splendid patented syphon ventilating system of the Barnet Refrigerator again protects health. The syphons are a means of bringing the air into contact with a greater surface of ice than if only admitted at the top and bottom as in ordinary refrigerators, while the condensed odors and stale air are drawn off through the vents in the top. This means continuous and rapid circulation of dry, cold air in which germs cannot multiply.

Needless to say, cleanliness in your refrigerator is fatal to germ life. And what could be more easily kept spotlessly clean than the snow white stone-like surface of the Barnet's genuine vitreous porcelain lining.

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Get a Barnet and stop worrying about spoiled foods. The Barnet has patented adjustable non-rustable shelves which make every inch of valuable space in your provision chamber usable at all times. We have the size and style to suit you.

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HARTT shoes because of their fine quality are the most economical in the end. Then think of the satisfaction of having your feet groomed to perfection. Made of soft glove-like leathers, that keep their shape.

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creamy or until it becomes sugary around the edges.

Variations for Cream Candy:
(1) Fruit Fudge: Chopped nuts. dates and raisins may be added while beating the hot cream.

(2) Cocoanut Creams: Add one cup grated cocoanut, drop in spoonfuls on a greased tin, and put a candied cherry

a greased tin, and put a candied cherry on each.

(3) Chocolate Fudge: Add one-half ounce chocolate to each cup of sugar before boiling.

(4) Maple cream: Use equal quantities of white or brown and maplesugar or flavor with mapleine.

PARISIAN SWEETS

1 cup figs or raisins

I cup figs or raisins
I cup dates
I cup English walnuts.
Put all through a meat grinder, dust
a moulding board with powdered sugar
knead the mixture into a lump, roll out
with the rolling-pin and cut in small cubes.

MEXICAN CANDY

cups granulated sugar

1 cup golden syrup
1 cup water
2 to 4 egg whites
1 cup walnuts. Flavoring.
Boil sugar, syrup and water 3 or 4 min. Beat egg whites until stiff. Remove 1 cup of the syrup and beat it integg white. Boil the rest to nearly hard ball stage. Add gradually to beaten egg mixture, beating constantly Add flavoring and nuts and pour integrated near a greased pan

Kurt Eisner

Sketch of the Career of the Founder of the Bavarian Republic

 $O_{
m little\ known\ to\ the\ world\ but}^{
m NE\ of\ the\ characters\ previously}$ brought into prominence by the war $\boldsymbol{\sigma}$ rather by the termination of the was is Kurt Eisner, the chief of the new Bavarian Republic. S. Zimand, in the Nation (New York) gives the follow ing details of his career:

Kurt Eisner, who presided at this meeting of the Council, was born in 1867. He became known first for his aesthetic critical writings. From 1890 to 1895 he was contributing editor to the Frankfurter Zeitung. On account of one article written against the Kaiser he was sentenced to nine months in prison. He left the radical press and became a contributor to Socialist papers. After the death of William Liebknecht the father of Karl Liebknecht, he became editor-in-chief of the Vorwarts, the central organ of the Socialist party in Germany. As editor-in-chief of Vorwarts he inclined more to the tendencies of the so-called "Revisionist" wing of the Socialist party. On account of those tendencies he was forced by the Socialist organization of Berlin, which was Marxian, to resign from the paper with five other editors. But in the field of international politics he was by the Socialist organization of Berlin, which was Marxian, to resign from the paper with five other editors. But in the field of international politics he was always very radical. Witness for that is his book, "Der Sultan des Weltkrieges," written twelve years ago, which gives a good picture of German diplomacy. The ethical, aesthetic Eisner transformed himself in this book into a sharp critic of the Oriental policy of William the Second. Very interesting is his "Das Ende Des Reiches," which tells the story of the fall of the old German Empire. From Berlin Kurt Eisner went to Nuremberg, where he became in 1907 the editor-in-chief of the Frankiesche Tagespost. Again he became involved in a controversy and left this paper in 1910. A few years before the war he was active as a free-lance writer for various southern Socialist papers.

The revolution brought Eisner to the foremost position of leadership in the Bavarian Republic. The future will show his capacity for that constructive statesmanship so much needed in Germany now.

many now.

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